J. EDGAR HOOVER on DEATH IN HEADLINES

Collier's

August 13, 1938

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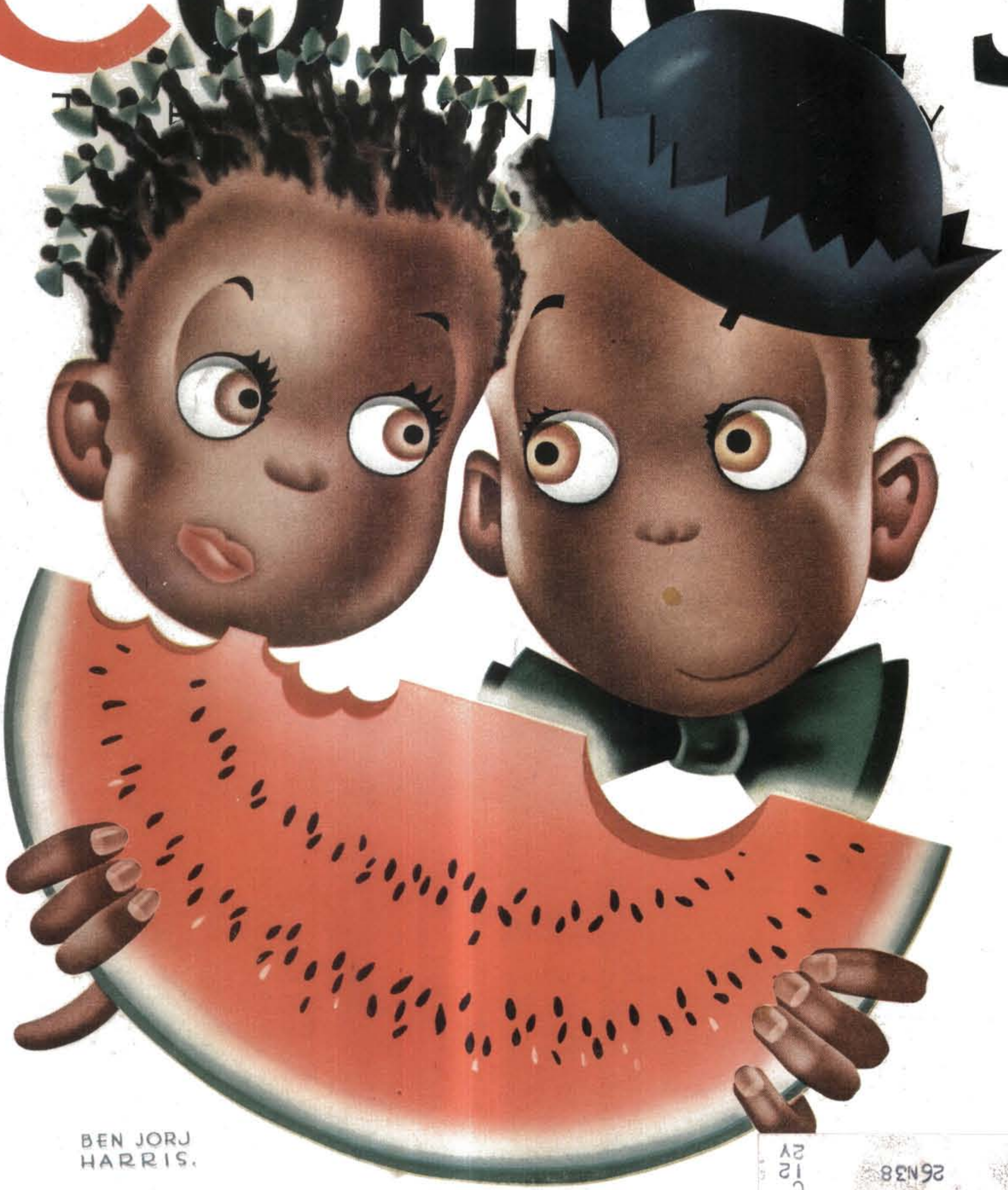
BEN JORJ
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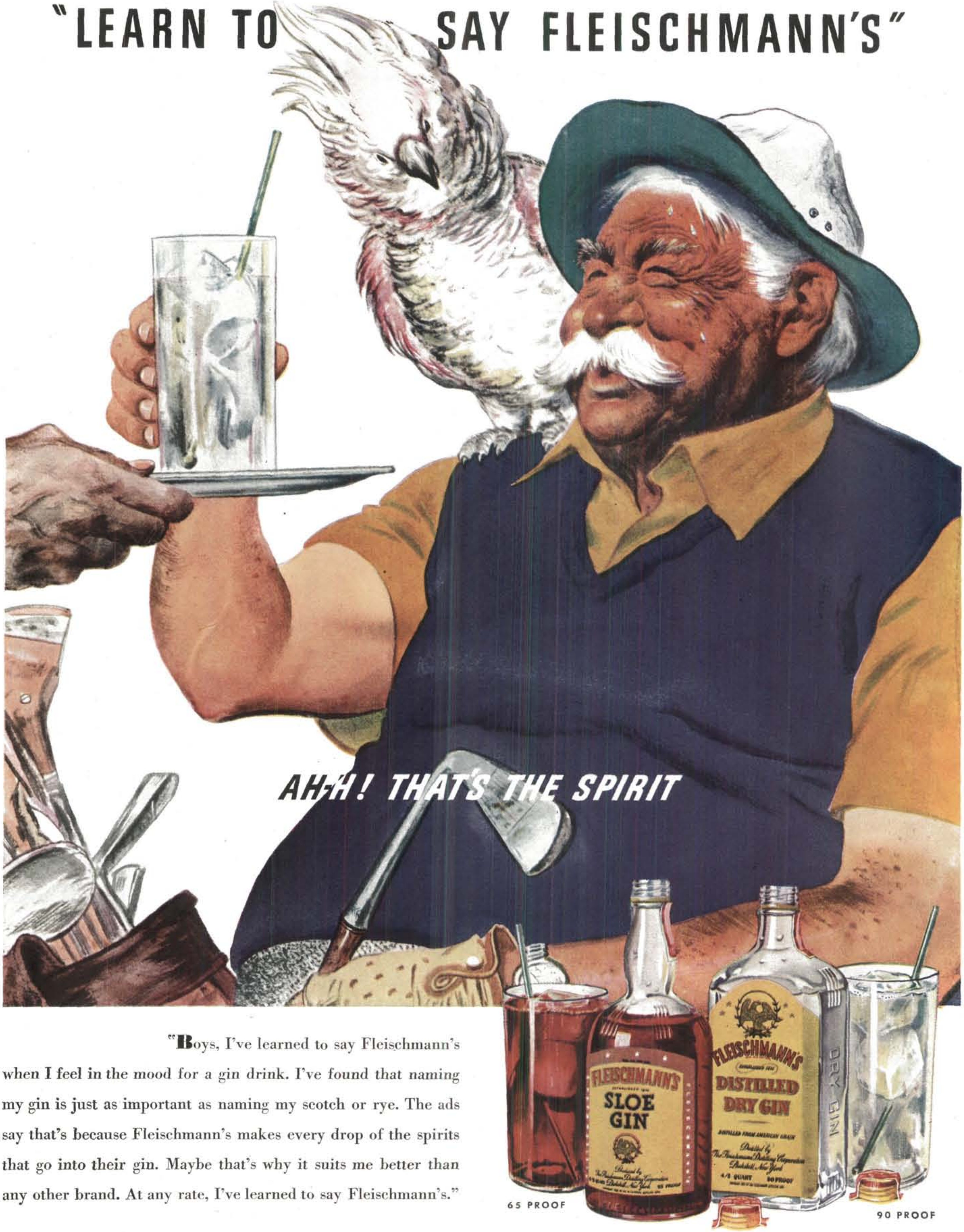
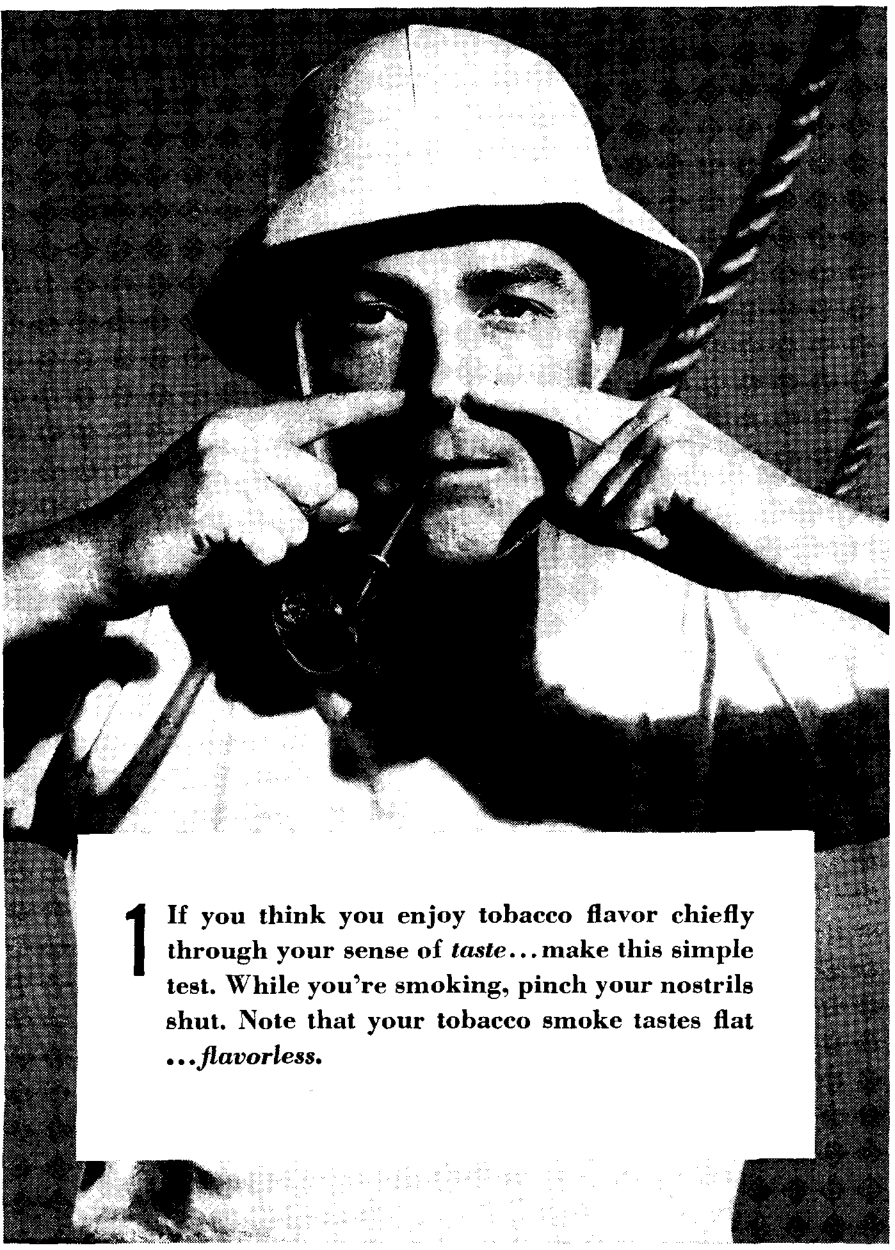
"LEARN TO SAY FLEISCHMANN'S"


AH-H! THAT'S THE SPIRIT
FLEISCHMANN'S
SLOE GIN
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DRY GIN
65 PROOF
90 PROOF

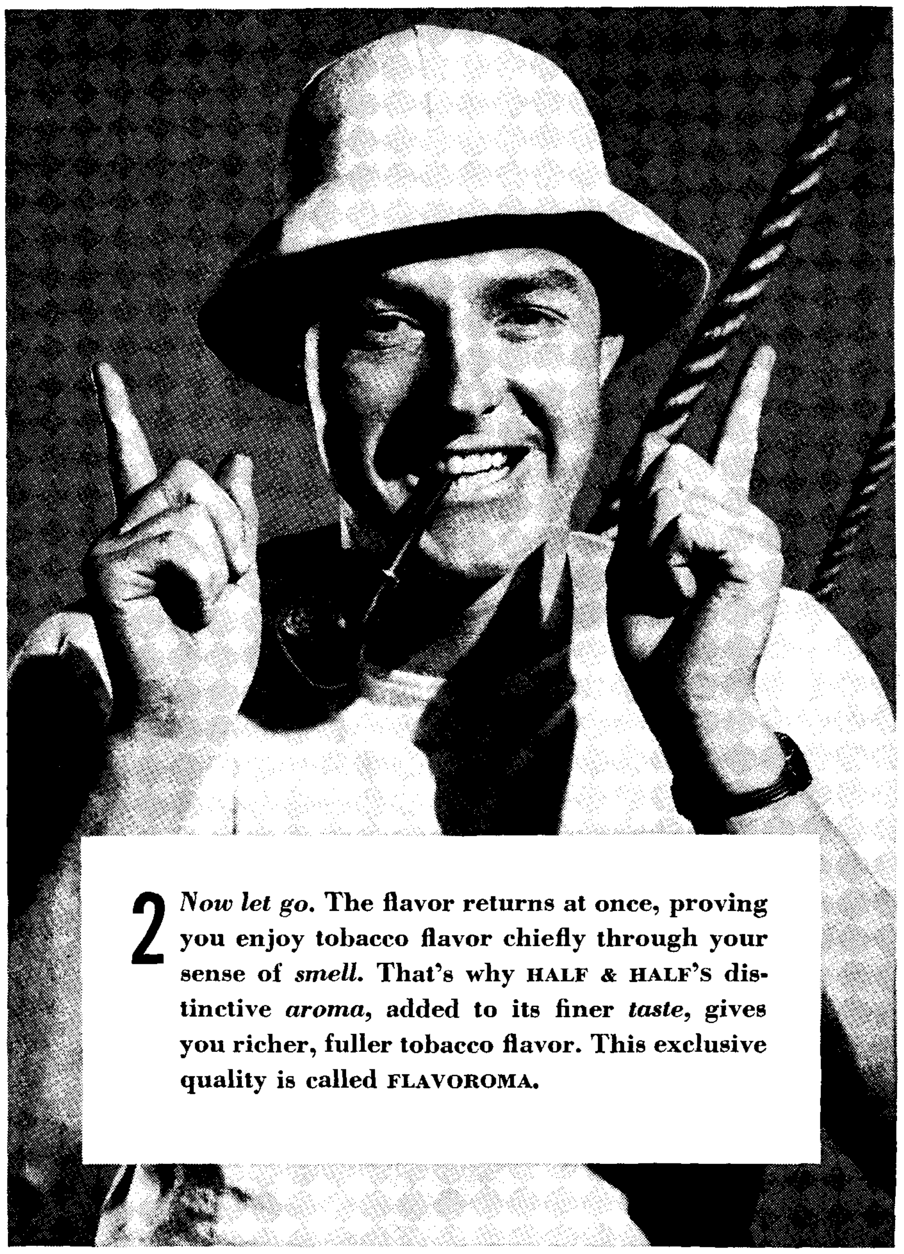
"Boys, I've learned to say Fleischmann's when I feel in the mood for a gin drink. I've found that naming my gin is just as important as naming my scotch or rye. The ads say that's because Fleischmann's makes every drop of the spirits that go into their gin. Maybe that's why it suits me better than any other brand. At any rate, I've learned to say Fleischmann's."

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin: Distilled from American Grain. Copyright 1938, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

Let this Test lead you to FLAVOROMA!



1 If you think you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *taste*... make this simple test. While you're smoking, pinch your nostrils shut. Note that your tobacco smoke tastes flat ...*flavorless.*



2 *Now let go.* The flavor returns at once, proving you enjoy tobacco flavor chiefly through your sense of *smell.* That's why HALF & HALF'S distinctive *aroma,* added to its finer *taste,* gives you richer, fuller tobacco flavor. This exclusive quality is called FLAVOROMA.

Why you get FLAVOROMA only from Half & Half

As the test shows, you enjoy tobacco flavor only *partly* through your sense of taste, *largely* through your sense of smell.

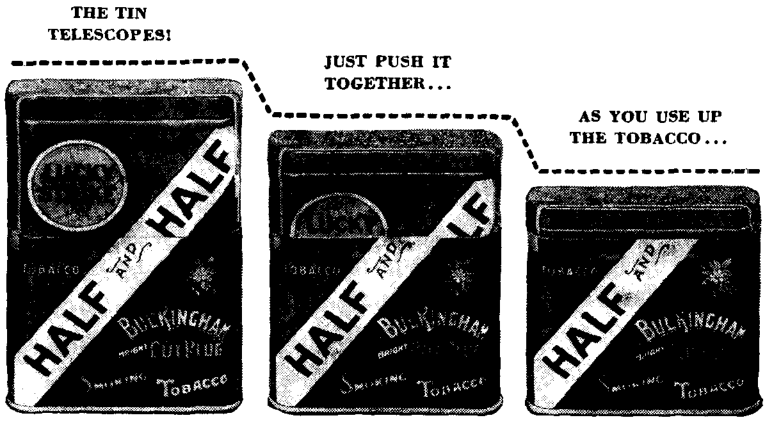
Knowing this, we set out to blend a tobacco appealing partly to your tongue, but *especially* to the keen nerves at the back of your nose.

In HALF & HALF, we finally got a blend that does just that. A blend with a very special quality which we call FLAVOROMA... a perfect combination of AROMA and TASTE that produces finer tobacco flavor.

It is this exclusive quality of FLAVOROMA in Half & Half that gives you more pipe-smoking pleasure than you've ever known before.

Try HALF & HALF yourself. Learn why FLAVOROMA is switching so many pipe-smokers to this tobacco every day.

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company


THE TIN TELESCOPES!
JUST PUSH IT TOGETHER...
AS YOU USE UP THE TOBACCO...
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

The Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use it, makes tobacco easy to get at all the way down. No scraped fingers as you reach down for the last load. (Patent No. 1,770,920.)

Enjoy the FLAVOROMA of

HALF AND HALF

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

August 13, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

IT'S a safe bet there was never anyone else like Admiral Cheshire, "The Spymaster" in E. Phillips Oppenheim's new mystery romance. That's as it should be, for no one has ever had to perform the task assigned to the admiral. To be brief, the fate of civilization lay in his hands. He alone held the threads of the immensely complicated web of espionage and counterespionage that constituted the world's one chance of escaping catastrophe.

Pitted against him you will see the most sinister of Oppenheim villains, Florestan, the man of many lives. And on the admiral's side the lovely Elida Pelucchi and the mysterious Deborrah Florestan. You will begin next week a serial as up to date as tomorrow's headlines.

ONE morning the pioneers who settled Montana woke up to find the trout had practically vanished from their streams. It didn't occur to them to connect that fact with their campaign against mountain lions. Only recently have we found out just what the connection was. It's one simple case of nature's astounding "Balancing Act." Hannah Lees gives you a handful more.

"YOU can give me something I want more than anything else in the world," Anne said. "Give me a present of your chances to win the Nationals." It was a lot to ask of a tennis player. Jock Dunn had the world at his feet and he was to give it up—for a girl and a career. It was too much to ask of anyone. Plenty of time to think about a career after he'd given the game a whirl. "Tin Cups," by Lew Dietz, shows you how Jock was given a second chance to make a present.

THE girls have taken over softball. The only question that remains is whether softball will oust baseball. Within one hundred miles of the city of Los Angeles there are, by official count, nine thousand softball teams. In "Fast and Pretty," Frank J. Taylor exposes, with ample illustrations, this new menace.

IT WAS by mistake that a German sub wasted a torpedo on the fishing boat of Albert Macfee. That made no difference to Macfee: he set out to get his enemy. Patiently, with a lightship for bait and sandbars for hook, he fished for U-boat 303. In a tense story of the Scotch islands, Gordon Carroll shows you how he landed his "Big Fish."

ALAN LEMAY, Ernest Haycox, Richard Wormser, Kathleen Norris and others complete the issue.

This Week

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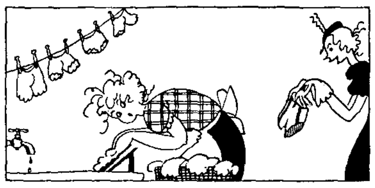
COVER BEN JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

SOMEONE once asked Damon Runyon the secret of writing. The D-man, as he is known around the newspapers and race tracks of the land, hesitated and then said, "Writing is just putting one word down after another." A great many people have been putting one word down after another and sending them to Any Week.

By far the most intriguing information to come our way this week is contained in a letter signed A Mother. She takes up the case for, if you'll pardon our baby talk, rubber panties. It was all brought about by Kathleen Norris, who wrote of a mother who had to wash too many pieces of baby apparel every day.



"Someone should tell Kathleen Norris the facts of life," our correspondent says. "Any mother who has that many articles of baby clothing to wash each day is either a glutton for work or a fool. Hasn't the lady ever heard of rubber pants? I raised two small girls in them, day and night shifts, and even my mother-in-law approved." But being neither a mother nor a baby, we won't try to settle the issue.

ANY time we receive a communication from New Orleans concerning food we are all ears. Mr. Leon H. Steiner writes: "Some time ago I saw in this column your idea of a humorous lunchroom sign, 'Eat here and save your wife for a pet.' Herewith I offer one I saw along the Mississippi River on Highway 90, 'Please Stop and Eat Here Before We Both Starve.' To me this is a new high for sheer pathos."

MR. WILLIAM REES of Youngstown, Ohio, takes Ernest Haycox to task for a sentence he wrote in a recent story. The offending sentence was: "He saw the blast from a blast furnace reflected against the nocturnal heavens." "The long finger of light which you see at night," Mr. Rees informs, "is not the blast from a blast furnace. It is the reflection of a Bessemer furnace."

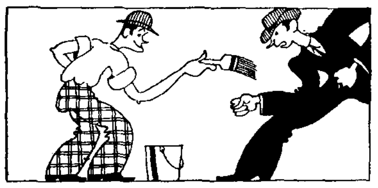
Fun is fun, Mr. Rees, but please don't bring up the subject of blast furnaces at this stage of the game. Bugs Baer once wrote, "It was so hot that when a dog chased a rabbit both were walking." It's like that today, Mr. Rees, and now you've made it ten degrees hotter.

A FEW issues ago we printed a story about the career of Lord Beaverbrook, England's most powerful newspaper publisher. His lordship apparently liked the story. He sent the following cable to the author of it: "Dear Quentin Reynolds, you picture me in Collier's so pleasantly and in such flattering terms that I am determined now to become like what you think I am. Beaverbrook."

That's the kind of earnest young reader we're looking for.

A MRS. WARREN of Los Angeles thinks that something should be done about race-track tipsters. "I bought one of those dope sheets," she says unhappily, "and bet two dollars on each horse selected. All seven horses lost. I think it is terrible that such people are allowed to swindle the public. Don't you?"

Far be it from us even to disagree with a lady. Now, Mrs. Warren, did you ever hear about a man named Terry the Tout? He did nothing all day but bet on horse races and even when he didn't have any money he kept right on betting. So finally they took him away, as the saying goes, and put him in a nice cool laughing academy. It was a pleasant institution and they allowed him to do anything he wanted. He wanted to paint, so they gave him a bucket and a brush and he cheerfully set about painting the asylum. Of course there was no paint in the bucket, but Terry the Tout didn't mind that. One day he was painting away furiously when a visitor came along.



"Have a bet on Looney in the fifth at Empire," Terry the Tout whispered out of the side of his mouth.

"Is he going to win?" the visitor asked.

"Can't lose," Terry the Tout said, going on with his painting.

The visitor hurried away but returned the next day in high dudgeon.

"You told me that horse couldn't lose," he stormed, "and he finished last."

"Did you bet on him?" said Terry the Tout, painting away.

"Yes, I did," the visitor said.

"Here," Terry the Tout said, "take my brush."

CATCH on, Mrs. Warren?

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AFTER 7,000,000 MILES WE SAY IT AGAIN!

On April 25, 1936, a Budd advertisement made this statement:

"*American advancement is measured by a willingness to throw away outmoded materials and forms in order to adopt new and better ones.*"

At that time there were five Budd-built streamlined trains of stainless steel in service. They had rolled up a mileage exceeding 1 million. Today there are 24 of these gleaming, light-weight modern trains in operation, testifying to the progressive spirit of American railroads. They have covered more than 7 million miles, carried millions of delighted passengers. Not only have they revolutionized ideas of railroad transportation, but they have made good money for the railroads owning them.

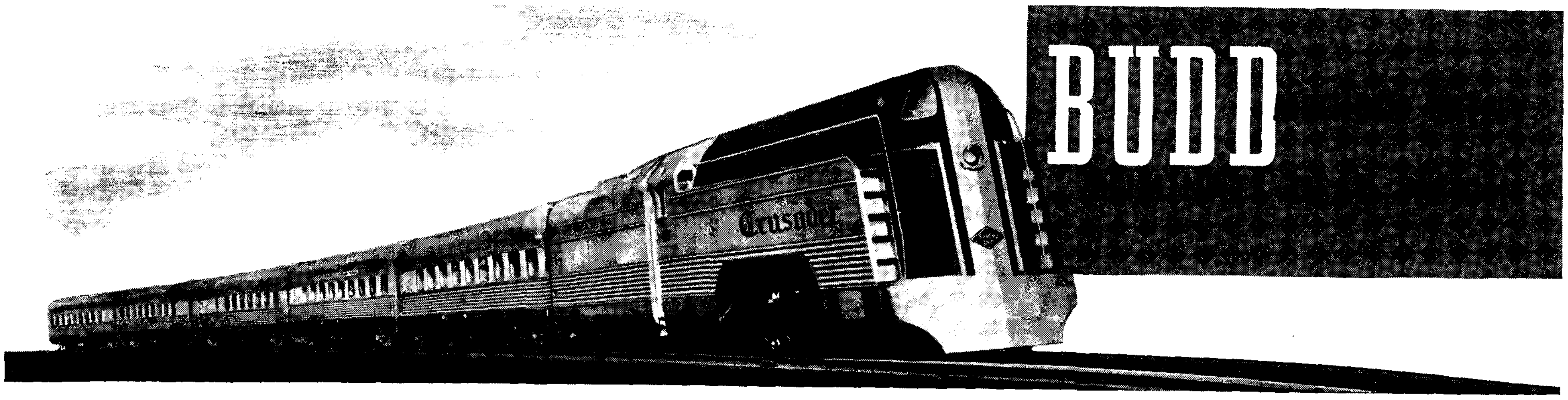
Experience has shown, as science predicted, that stainless steel, the chrome-nickel alloy with four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel, is the best of all materials for railway-car structure. Budd trains are stainless steel, not only on the surface but through and through. It is because of this unique feature that Budd-built trains have true light-weight with safety.

Stainless steel is non-corrosive. Welded by the SHOTWELD★ process which Budd originated and exclusively controls, it is well-nigh indestructible.

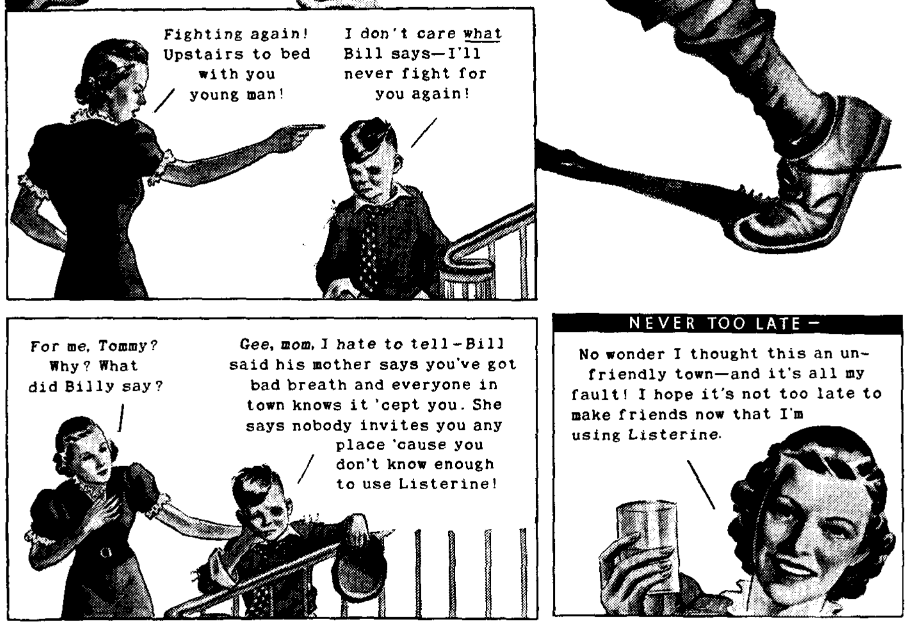
Wherever there is the handicap of excess weight to overcome—in railway car, airplane or steamship—stainless steel is the new and better material which marks advancement.

★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA • DETROIT



Take back what you said about my Mother!


Fighting again! Upstairs to bed with you young man!
I don't care what Bill says—I'll never fight for you again!
For me, Tommy? Why? What did Billy say?
Gee, mom, I hate to tell—Bill said his mother says you've got bad breath and everyone in town knows it 'cept you. She says nobody invites you any place 'cause you don't know enough to use Listerine!
NEVER TOO LATE—
No wonder I thought this an unfriendly town—and it's all my fault! I hope it's not too late to make friends now that I'm using Listerine.

Don't guess about *your* breath— Play Safe!

If you guess—you may be offending others right this minute with halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do and avoid you.

Don't take a chance of offending! Sweeten your breath by rinsing your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your mouth is refreshed and clean feeling and your breath is sweeter, more fragrant, more wholesome.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before social or business engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

From 1776 to 1911, American social dancing was virtually confined to six dances: the polka, reel, square dance, minuet, waltz and two-step. From 1911 to 1938, more than twenty-five new dances have been introduced, among them being the turkey trot, grizzly bear, Texas tommy, bunny hug, hesitation, tango, maxixe, one-step, Castle walk, fox trot, Charleston, black bottom, Lindy hop, rumba and the big apple.

Live steam, while traveling through the vanes and blades of a turbine, is reduced in temperature from 800° F. to 80° F. within 3-100ths of a second.

The females of certain species of ticks often eat enough food at one meal to increase their weight thirty times.—*By Ruth Kumke, Mount Vernon, New York.*

As all countries draw their maps on different scales and projections and use a variety of signs, symbols, zero meridians and methods of showing physical relief, a standardized "International Map of the World" was agreed upon by 34 nations in Paris in 1913. Work on it began in Southampton, England, in 1914 but, so far, only 48 per cent is finished. At this rate, the map will not be completed until 1965. —*By Louise Duncan Ray, Detroit, Michigan.*

Although ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany has been an exile and outcast for almost twenty years, he has abandoned none of his royal prerogatives. The gentleman still refuses to see visitors until they have been informed how to act in his presence, a set of rules that even includes "the proper way to walk" into his audience chamber.

The destruction of the Bastille in Paris, shortly after its seizure and the release of its prisoners on July 14, 1789, revealed hundreds of books that were also serving sentences. All had been duly arrested, tried and convicted of containing criticism of the past four kings. —*By Kathlyn Smith, Alliance, Ohio.*

In this country today, the manufacture of opium for smoking purposes is permitted under a federal law. The maker must be an American citizen, provide a bond of $100,000 and pay an internal revenue tax of $300 a pound.—*By Charles R. Coward, Darby, Pennsylvania.*

Fingernails not only grow more in the summer than in the winter and twice as fast as toenails, but each is believed to grow at a rate based on the length of the finger, the nail growth of the middle digit being the fastest and that of the little digit being the slowest.—*By Dr. Iago Galston, New York City.*

Many rural peoples in Europe still announce the birth of a baby by hanging a symbol on the front door. In most countries, this natal sign is a wreath of laurel, ivy or parsley. In Sweden, however, it is a crocheted ball and, in the Netherlands, a rosette of lace.—*By Louis Riguad, Equinunk, Pennsylvania.*

In 1848 in Hydesville, New York, two little girls, Kate and Margaret Fox, "communicated with the dead through rappings"—and modern Spiritualism was born. Today America alone has 1,000 societies, 22 state organizations, 1,500 public mediums, 500 ordained ministers, and 200 churches with 75,000 members and more than 1,500,000 other believers.—*By Robert J. Morris, De Land, Florida.*

Various kinds of plants have been found growing profusely over different kinds of mineral deposits. As examples, a species of violet is indicative of the presence of calamine, or zinc ore, in Belgium, and beech trees usually grow in profusion over the limestone beds of England.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. *This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly.* **None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Dollars and sense say "Buy it!"

TODAY'S most stirring news about cars is this startling low price for which you can buy the big, stunningly styled, completely equipped new Studebaker Commander.

How proud you'll be to own it! Nothing finer rides the streets. It's new clear through—with lines that prompted the authoritative Magazine of Art to select Studebaker as best-designed car of the year.

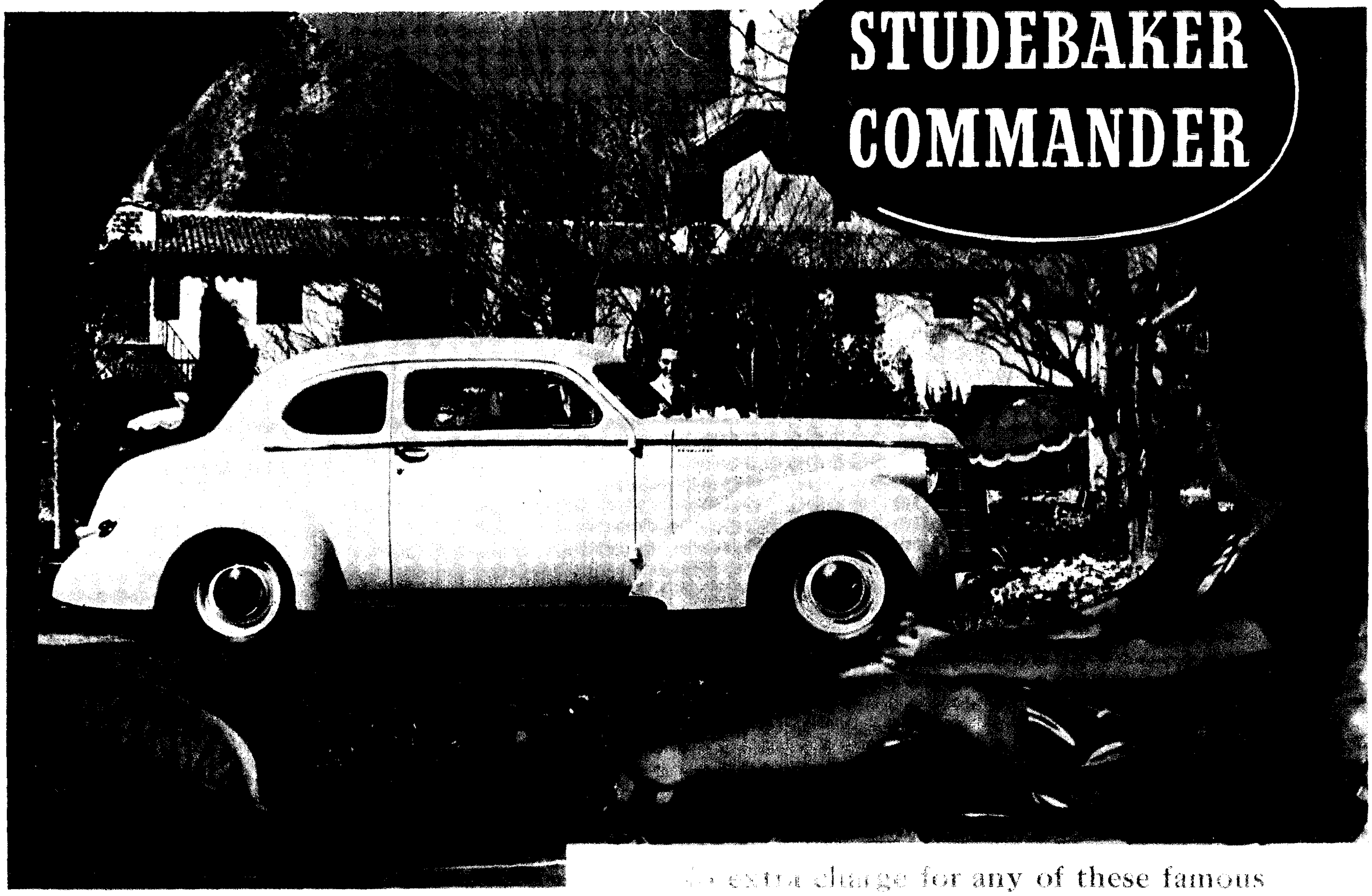
Just a 10-mile driving trial will convince you that this Commander runs, rides, steers, brakes, accelerates, climbs hills and handles better than any car you've known.

Economical? It led its class with better than 24 miles per gallon in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite run. And your Studebaker dealer has authenticated proof of the Commander's high trade-in value. Low down payment—easy C.I.T. terms.

$875

FOR A
3-PASS. COUPE,
COMPLETE,
DELIVERED AT
SOUTH BEND,
INDIANA,
INCLUDING
FEDERAL TAX

STUDEBAKER COMMANDER



COMMANDER CLUB SEDAN, ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, $965

delivered at South Bend, complete with all equipment listed in panel at right, including Federal Tax.

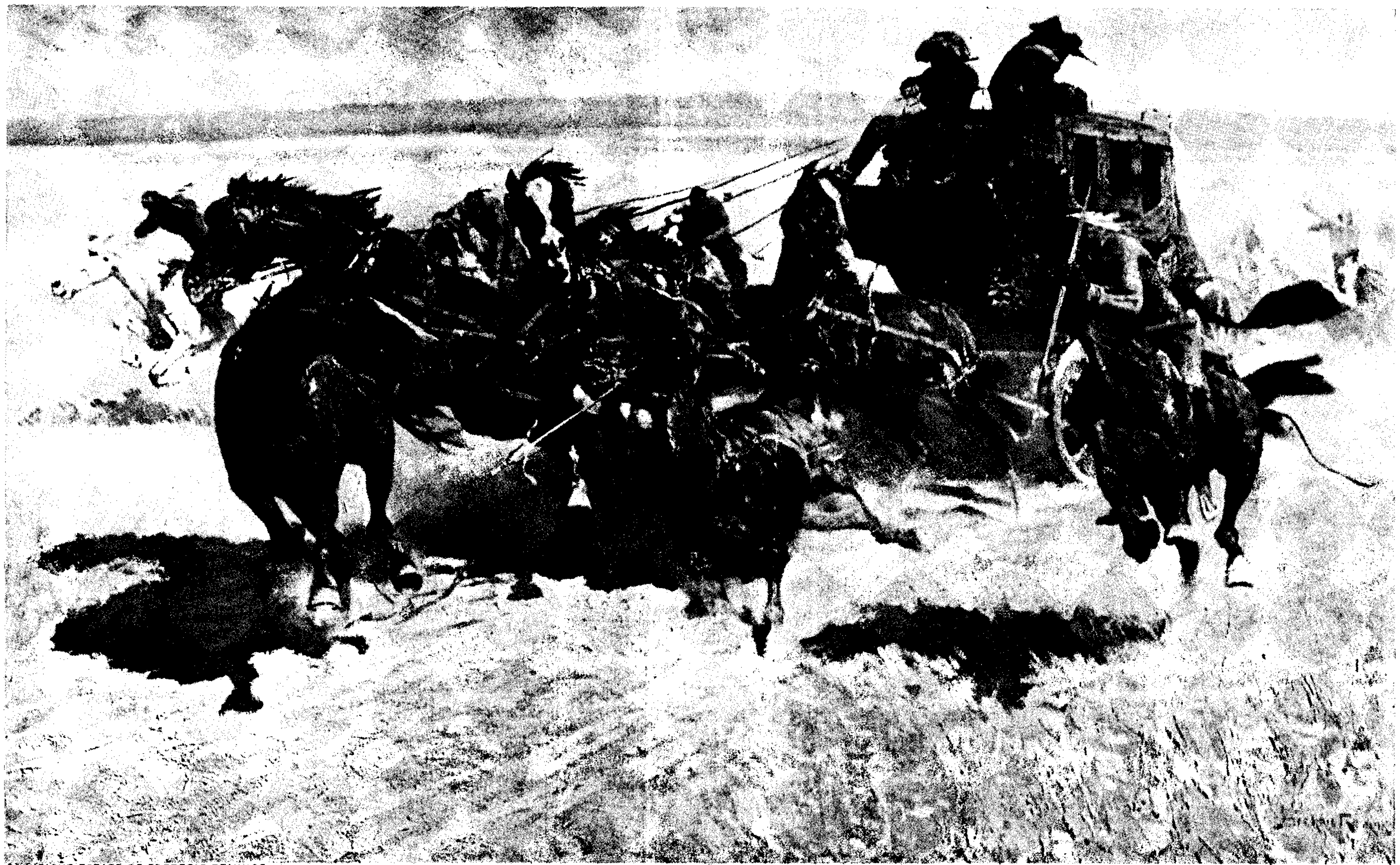
Good men and true build Studebakers

No transients are ever employed at Studebaker. Every one of the 7,300 Studebaker artisans is more than a master craftsman—he is a long-time Studebaker employee and a permanent resident of South Bend. The average age is 40 years. Pictured are the veteran Janowiaks, one of the many famous Studebaker "father and son" teams.

No extra charge for any of these famous Studebaker advancements

- Planar independent suspension ... The famous Miracle Ride
- Automatic hill holder ... No rolling back on up-grade stops
- Non-slam rotary door latches ... Finger-touch closing
- One-piece steel body reinforced with box-section steel girders ... Battleship construction
- Fram oil cleaner and floating oil screen ... Better oil and motor economy
- Finest hydraulic shock absorbers ... Lullaby comfort
- Variable ratio steering ... Easier parking and better control
- Horizontal transmission ... Restfully level front floors
- Oversize weather-tight trunk ... Giant luggage capacity
- Front seat 55 inches wide ... Seats three comfortably
- Safety glass all around ... Indispensable protection
- Feather-touch hydraulic brakes ... Swift, sure stopping
- Hypoid gear rear axle ... Greater quiet

Front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, metal spring covers, two windshield wipers, fender tail lamp, license bracket tail lamp, sun visor, cloth upholstery, five painted disc wheels, extra tire and tube. *Vacuum-actuated Miracle Shift and Gas-saving Automatic Overdrive available at extra cost.*



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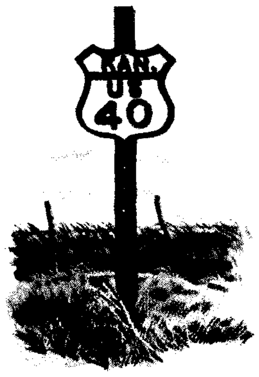
FROM A FREDERIC REMINGTON PAINTING OWNED BY MR. LINCOLN ELLSWORTH

Incident on U. S. 40



ONE morning in 1865, the Butterfield stage rumbled westward across the unfriendly plains of Kansas, on a newly opened route to Denver.

On board was Fred Merwin of New York, who little more than a month before had left his mother back East with tears in her eyes and apprehension in her heart.

Some 400 miles from its destination, the dusty stage made a noon-time halt. Suddenly, without so much as a warning whoop, a band of Indians attacked the coach.

The driver's whip struck out like an angry snake and the horses dashed forward with all the speed they could muster. But they could not outrun the arrow that sped from the bow of one of the galloping Indians. It *crashed through the window* and Fred Merwin *crumpled in* his seat.

Mother Merwin's worst fears had come true.

But Fred Merwin had been foresighted indeed. He had insured himself against accident and left his mother well provided for. His $10,000 claim was among the first paid by The Travelers Insurance Company, just one year old in 1865.

Today, the old Butterfield stage route has been replaced by U. S. Highway No. 40. Hostile Indians have given way to new perils of the road. But those who travel still need the protection Fred Merwin had. For *their* chances of meeting up with accident are greater than ever before. The automobile injured more than a million people last year!

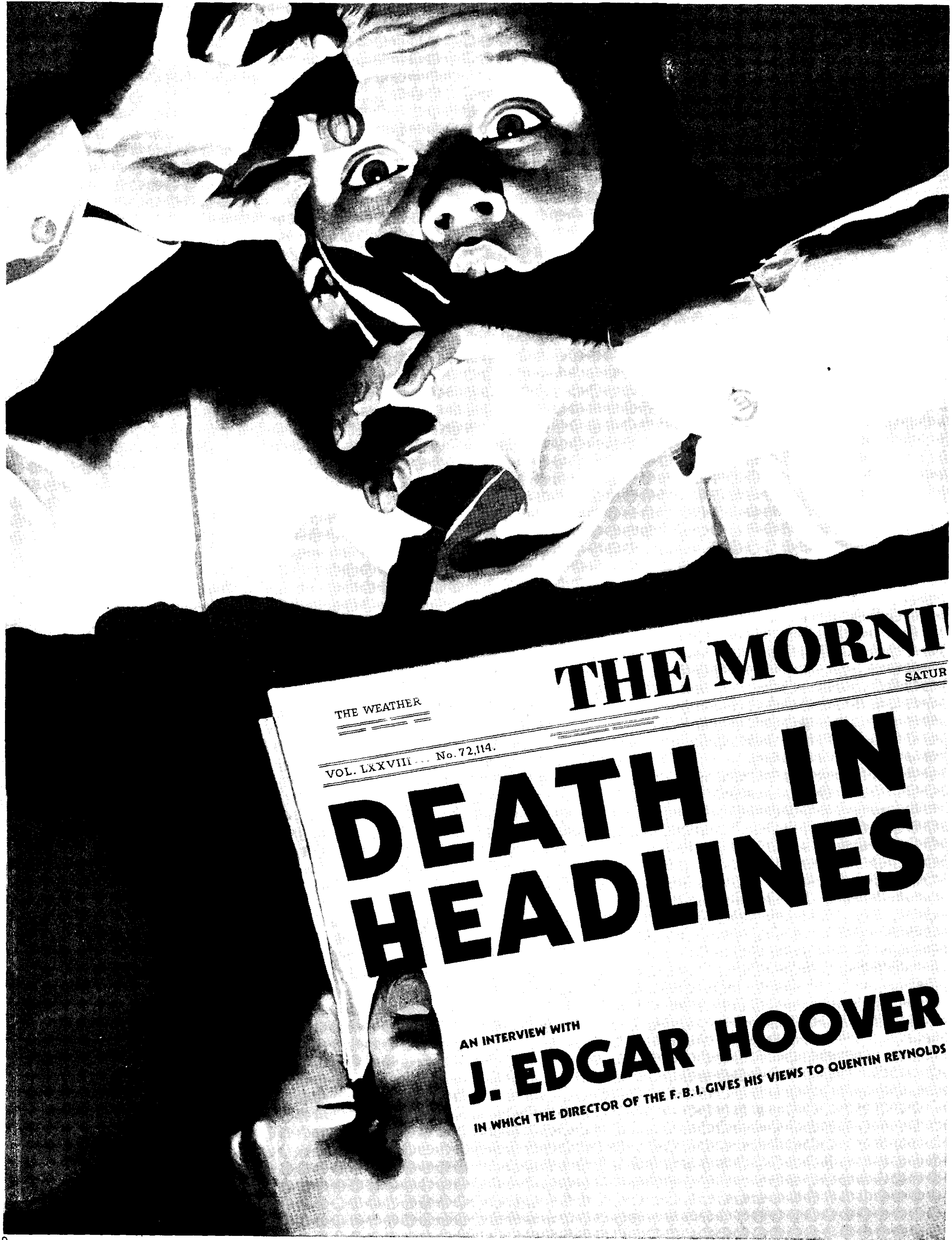
Today an accident policy in The Travelers provides not only a principal sum in case of accidental death, but pays an income in case of injury, plus hospital and medical expenses. An automobile liability policy in The Travelers protects you also against damage claims resulting from an automobile accident.

Everyone who drives needs these two forms of insurance. Consult your Travelers representative now.

• • •

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company. The Travelers Indemnity Company. The Travelers Fire Insurance Company. Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for August 13, 1938


THE MORNI
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THE WEATHER
VOL. LXXVIII . . . No. 72,114.
DEATH IN HEADLINES
AN INTERVIEW WITH
J. EDGAR HOOVER
IN WHICH THE DIRECTOR OF THE F. B. I. GIVES HIS VIEWS TO QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Story on next page

ONE of the ransom notes sent to the father of little Peter Levine said "If you report the kidnaping to either the police or the newspapers we will kill the child."

Every precaution humanly possible to keep the kidnaping from becoming known was taken by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Somehow the family of the child felt that the kidnaper might keep his word. However, rumors spread around New Rochelle that the boy had been kidnaped. The story was denied, special agents of the F. B. I. hoping against hope that contact could be made, the ransom paid, and the boy restored to his home before the newspapers got hold of the story. The freedom of the press was not infringed upon. An effort was being made to save a child's life, and the details surrounding the boy's abduction were not considered public news so long as his life was in jeopardy. Two days after the child had been taken the phone rang. "Do you know where your son is?" a voice said to Murray Levine, the child's father. "What will you do to get your son?"

"You must tell me who you are before I talk to you," the anxious father pleaded.

"Call me Mr. X. . . . Will you put a personal in the paper tomorrow morning?" the voice said, and when the father answered "Yes," the phone went dead. Levine, frantic with worry, waited for further instructions. Shortly thereafter the phone rang again. It was the same voice.

"Mr. Levine," the voice said, "this is the guy that talked to you a minute ago. Mr. X, I called myself. I don't want to arouse any foolish ideas in your mind. I wanted to get some information that we couldn't get any other way, so I asked you some questions. My name is . . ."

When this reporter's story appeared about the kidnaping in his New York newspaper, he had the audacity to bring a copy of the paper and leave it at Mr. Levine's door.

A New York City newspaper got a beat on its rivals, the reporter probably received acclaim for a smart piece of work—and many weeks later the mutilated body of the child was washed up on the shore of Long Island Sound. The kidnaper had kept his grim promise. Perhaps he saw that story in the paper, became panicky and killed the child.

John Edgar Hoover was telling me the story of the Levine kidnaping. He spoke as dispassionately and calmly as any man talks about his business. His business is to direct the hunt for criminals, a business at which he has been phenomenally successful. When he reached this point of the story some of his calm left him.

"Maybe that reporter broke no law," Hoover said forcefully. "However, I am sorry that he could not have seen the pitiful remains that were washed up on the shore of Long Island Sound some time later. He probably would not have slept soundly that night. I know I didn't. One never gets accustomed to the sight of murdered children. Each time you see the corpse of a murdered child it is as though it were for the first time. The sight is especially horrible when you realize that the murder was needless."

Hoover says that usually newspapers are immensely helpful to the F. B. I. in kidnaping cases. Often during the investigation of a case reporters are told things "off the record," with the request that these matters be considered confidential as the printing of such facts would hinder progress of the investigation and in some cases cause death to a kidnaped person. Seldom has a newspaper man violated these "off the record" confidences.

Any newspaper publisher might argue that the duty of a paper is to print the news, no matter what the consequences. In most cases this is true, but where the life of a person is at stake newspapers should temper their eagerness to collect news with common sense and expediency. There seems to be but one question to be asked and that is whether it is more important to have a headline than it is to save the life of an innocent child.

The reporter who phoned Mr. Levine certainly showed very little common sense, ethics or decency. His fellow reporters on the case had nothing but contempt for the trick he worked. His actions were in strange contrast to those of a widely known columnist in New York City who withheld publication for over twenty-four hours of information concerning Bruno Richard Hauptmann's participation in the Lindbergh kidnaping. That writer could have had one of the greatest newspaper "scoops" in history, but he did not take advantage of it because he felt it would hinder the investigation of that atrocious crime.

The Need for Silence

In cases where a human life is involved, it would seem that newspapers have an obligation that even exceeds their responsibility to their readers. It is a responsibility that to date some of them have not fully recognized. Publicity can be a helpful weapon against crime; sometimes, however, it can be used as a weapon leveled against justice.

The newspapers have publicized the activities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation freely during the past few years. In some quarters the Bureau has been criticized for allowing this publicity.

However, the Bureau has felt that the public is entitled to know how the public funds of the taxpayers of this country are utilized in the field of law enforcement and, furthermore, it feels that accomplishments of law-enforcement organizations, properly presented, secure the support of the decent and law-abiding citizens of the country and instill fear in the minds of the criminally inclined. However, it has always been the policy of the F. B. I. not to disclose or discuss for publication any information or facts concerning an active investigation in order that the criminal may not secure the benefit of the information developed and evidence gathered by the federal authorities in advance of trial.

The Bureau has a total personnel of some 1,820 employees, including only about 675 special agents, who are either lawyers or expert accountants. Despite this small force, which covers the entire United States, Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, it has been asserted by many that the F. B. I. is one of the most efficient crime-detecting organizations in the world. The special agents of the Bureau are intelligent, loyal and hardworking. They look upon every crime they are assigned to work upon as a personal challenge.

When John Edgar Hoover stood, early in the morning, amid the tangled undergrowth of the Everglades and gazed down on the body of little James Bailey Cash, he heard his assistant, Clyde Tolson, say through clenched teeth, "I'd give a year's pay to catch the man who did that." A half hundred men worked with Hoover in Florida to break that case, and scores of others followed out "leads" in other parts of the country. It was truly a "we" job and not an "I" job, yet each agent felt a sense of deep personal satisfaction when Franklin Pierce McCall's confession was secured, the body of the child recovered, and the ransom money located. The agents look upon their work as something more than a mere job; it represents an opportunity to help rid their country of the frightful menace of crime.

The newspapers gave much space to the kidnaping of the little Cash boy. When all evidence had been procured and a full confession obtained the salient facts were made available to the press, which in turn gave considerable prominence to the record-breaking-time solution of the case. "Crime doesn't pay" may be a bromide, but every time the papers write of one more rat who has been cornered it does discourage other potential criminals. The F. B. I. is proud of the fact that criminals dread the G-Men. The newspapers have instilled this fear into the hearts of lawbreakers, and by doing that they have rendered a real public service to all law enforcement.

There were more men working on the Cash kidnaping in Florida last month than on the Lindbergh case. In salaries, travel and expenses of all kinds, solving the Cash kidnaping cost the government quite a sum of money. Yet it was money well spent. It showed the country that the government is just as anxious to solve a crime committed against an obscure country merchant's family as it is to solve crimes committed against the wealthy.

After McCall had signed his confession Hoover said to him, "Mac, you were a fool to pull that kidnaping. You should have known that we'd get after you and trip you up in the end."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Mr. Hoover, I never thought you G-Men would bother your heads about a poor little Cracker kid like the Cash boy."

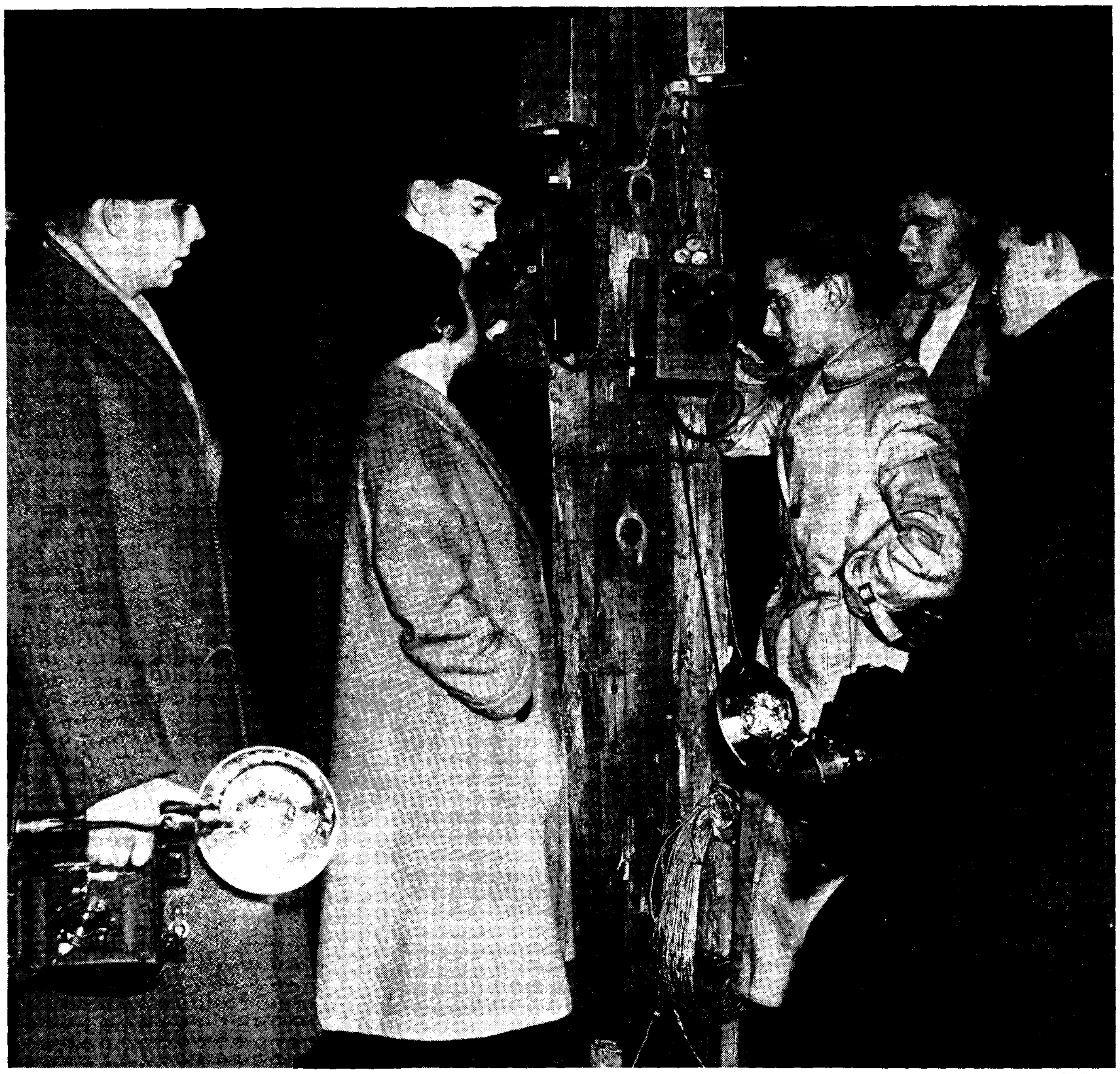
Lifesaving Comes First

When F. B. I. men enter a kidnaping case they have two purposes in mind. First and most important, they try to save the life of the one who is kidnaped. Second, they try to catch the criminals. Always, the primary object is the saving of that life. They always follow the wishes of the parents in regard to ransom. Once the kidnaped person is safely home—then all the forces of law enforcement are unleashed in the pursuit of the perpetrators of the crime.

Newspapers sometimes hinder the F. B. I. in its primary purpose. Hoover believes that they usually do it unwittingly. The G-Men have sometimes

ACME

The body of the murdered Charles Mattson is borne from the wilderness in which it was found



WIDE WORLD

Newspapermen, covering the Mattson kidnaping, stationed at emergency telephone installed near the kidnaped boy's home

pleaded with reporters to hold back news that might endanger the life of a kidnaped person. Nearly always they have done so. But sometimes . . .

The kidnaping of the Cash boy in Princeton, Florida, was one of the toughest cases the G-Men ever tackled. From the beginning they knew the job was done by a local man. He did nothing according to rule. The agents were frankly bewildered at first. They questioned everyone who knew the father of the child. One of those who was most willing to answer questions and most voluble in his desire to find the kidnapers was McCall. He was one of a half dozen who might have committed the crime. Eventually he made a mistake that gave grounds to believe that he was implicated. For a time the suspicions of the agents were fairly nebulous. Meanwhile the whole adult population of the district was in a dangerous mood. These residents of the Everglades are stern individualists and their ideas of justice are strong. The G-Men were afraid of even hinting that they suspected McCall. They feared that the populace, inflamed by the kidnaping, might take matters into its own hands. Finally McCall made a partial confession. He still maintained that he hadn't murdered the child. A relative of the boy's had done the kidnaping, he insisted. The agents humored him to the extent of convincing him that they believed him. It was late at night when the group started for the place where he told the G-Men to search. He was with them, of course.

Mr. Hoover noticed that a car was following the party and he stopped to let it overtake them. There were two reporters in the car. Mr. Hoover asked them not to follow, but they insisted that they had a right to do so. Mr. Hoover knew they were within their legal rights to be on a public highway, but this seemed to be an emergency. He knew that when the body was found those reporters would dash back to town, phone the story to their papers, and within a few minutes the news would be all over the local community. The F. B. I. men didn't want McCall's guilt to be known until they had gotten him safely back to Miami and placed behind bars. Frankly, they were afraid of local violence toward their prisoner. Mr. Hoover tried to explain all this to the two reporters but they wouldn't listen. Mr. Hoover became incensed at their obstinacy.

Anything for a Scoop

"You men are obstructing justice by following us. If you don't turn around and go back, you will be arrested for interference with federal officers in the performance of their duty," he told them. Highhanded? Sure it was highhanded, but their presence might put the lives not only of the suspect but of Hoover's men in danger.

They turned back all right. McCall led the G-Men to the body of the little Cash boy in the Everglades. McCall's full confession was secured and he was hurried to a safe jail before anyone knew a thing about it. The two reporters were bitter. What would have been a fine beat had been spoiled. There was talk of infringement upon the freedom of the press. Hoover later explained the whole situation to the newspapermen whom he knew. They, experienced, capable men, agreed entirely. They too had seen the look on the faces of those neighbors of the Cash family.

Premature publicity handicapped the work of the G-Men considerably in the Weyerhaeuser kidnaping. One paper carried a story with this headline, "Kidnap Hide-Out Located Near Seattle. G-Men Mass for Raid." The story told how the special agents would surround a two-story frame house at midnight and that shortly after that they would break into the house and there capture the kidnapers. Had this been true it certainly would have given the criminals a small hint as to what was coming and also given them a chance to escape. The story wasn't faked. The newspaper thought it had the facts. However, they preferred a beat on their rivals to coöperating with the F. B. I.

In February, 1936, a number of the ransom notes that had been given to the kidnapers of the Weyerhaeuser child appeared in Seattle. In order to apprehend those who passed the bills it was obviously most desirable to suppress the fact that the bills were being circulated. If that news appeared, of course the criminals would immediately stop passing the money and would move on to some other city. When one of the newspapers learned of the appearance of the bills, upon contacting the G-Men, reporters were frankly advised that any publicity would prove most harmful and were asked not to print the story. Yet one paper printed it, entirely ruining the chances of apprehending the criminals at that time.

During the investigation of that case newspapermen in Salt Lake City frequently resorted to the use of police badges to get information from persons who had been or were to be interviewed by law-enforcement officers.

In the Ross kidnaping case special agents met with several disheartening experiences. Following the publication of the ransom list, a Chicago paper offered a reward for the first bill to be delivered. A woman noted one and brought it to the newspaper. The paper notified the Bureau and gave full information as to how it came into her hands. Several other ransom notes were recovered and brought to the newspaper. The paper was asked not to print the details. However, they insisted upon publishing the story of the recovered notes, contending that these notes were recovered as the result of their efforts and enterprise.

How to Discourage Witnesses

This was true, of course. Yet the lady who found the first note received an anonymous communication after the publication of the details of the recovery of the ransom note, advising her that her fate would be the same as Mr. Ross' unless she maintained silence. This letter was also published in the newspaper. To say the least, future witnesses might have become reluctant in furnishing pertinent details to the authorities following the publication of material such as the Chicago paper printed, and then too the kidnapers were advised in detail as to the exact progress of the investigation.

D. M. Ladd is special agent in charge of the Bureau's Chicago Field Division. During the course of the investigation into the Ross kidnaping a reporter appeared at the Ross home bearing a letter purporting to come from Mr. Ladd. It read: "Attention Mrs. Ross. Please give the bearer the details of the kidnaping without divulging payment of the ransom," signed, "D. M. Ladd." Fortunately, Mrs. Ross refused to see the reporter. It was ascertained that the reporter himself had written the note against the direct orders of his city editor. As soon as the responsible officers of this paper heard about the unethical activities of this reporter, he was promptly discharged. However, instances of this nature are the reason why the F. B. I. officials have to give the noncommittal "No comment" so often during the investigation of a case.

But for unfortunate premature publicity the F. B. I. might have apprehended the whole Barker-Karpis crowd long before they finally did get them. This was in connection with the Bremer kidnaping. At that time this mob as well as John Dillinger were all hiding in Aurora, Illinois, and it looked as though special agents might apprehend the whole dirty crowd of them at once. However, one of the gang was arrested on the charge of possessing some of the Bremer ransom money. With his arrest and the consequent publicity the Barker-Karpis crowd took flight and it was a long time before the agents were able to catch up with them.

Special agents had located a safe-deposit box belonging to Ma Barker in

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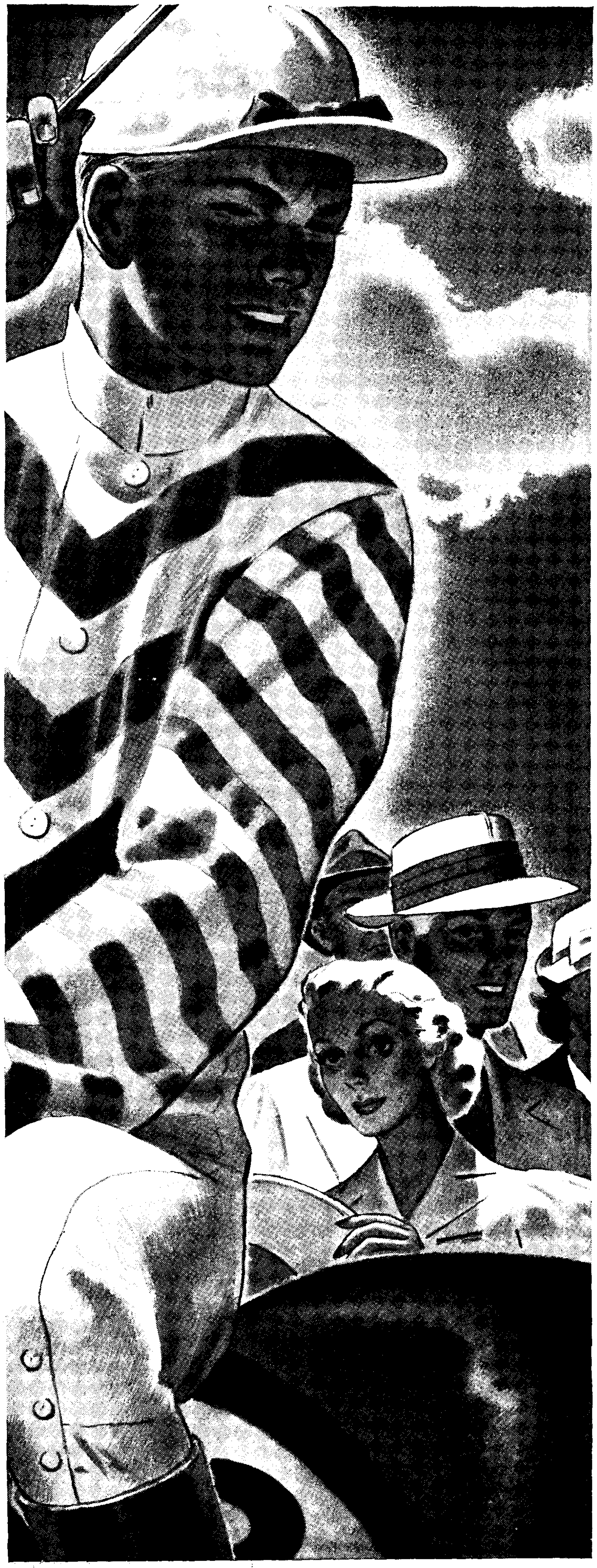


"She'll win for us, she'll win for us," ran through Roger's mind

Saratoga

By John Cheever

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A boy and a girl under pressure, while the ponies go pounding by

WHEN Roger Gaige came down to the track that morning and told everyone, the trainers, the stableboys and railbirds, that he was going to change his way of living, a lot of them laughed openly and MaGrath, his best friend, couldn't conceal a smile. For fifteen years then they had been seeing his pleasant and unusually credulous face in every race-track paddock in the country and their inability to separate Roger from the paddocks was only a natural weakness of the human imagination. And when Roger made the change for what it was worth and did those things he had been threatening to do for fifteen years the story became as common around the Saratoga bars and bonfires as Man O' War's twenty-one-foot stride or the night Sam Shestov put thirty thousand dollars down on the craps table at Interlaken.

Walking out Union Avenue on a hot night that August, you could hear some stableboy building up to the climax of the story in phrases and details that were already familiar to everyone who listened. It wasn't their story, of course. They played no part in it. But nearly every minute of Roger's acquaintance with Judith Bereston had been seen by at least one pair of eyes, and the taxi drivers, the touts, the bookies and barmen easily pieced it together. They even changed Roger's name from "Twenty-to-one" to "New-way-of-life" and, hard as it was to remember and awkward to shout, that was the way they hailed him for a good many months afterward.

One thing no one could figure out was why Roger and Judith hadn't met before. Roger's father was one of the best-known plungers of the nineteenth century. Since he never played a horse with odds at less than eight to one and since he often played shots as long as twenty to one, that had been his nickname and Roger had inherited the name and the trait. Judith's father had been a plunger too. The fact that he owned a couple of platers made him seem a little more respectable, but it hadn't kept him from dying in debt. Both Roger and Judith had lost their mothers: one by divorce and the other by death. Both of them had been brought up in race tracks and both had touched the fringes of a wealthy society.

Once, when Judith's father was flush, she had been sent to an expensive school; but that lasted only a couple of months and the next thing she knew she was being farmed out in a convent on Staten Island. It had been the same with Roger, and as far back as he could remember his life had been alternately rich and poor, sustained by the indestructible anticipation and faith of a gambler.

Judith had made a few changes in the way of living she inherited. Roger had made none. He had a small income and he lived exactly as his father had expected him to, following the horses up and down the country, moving, at times, among people of wealth, and convincing himself by one deceit or another that he was lucky, rich and contented. Sometimes he came to the Saratoga meet by air. Sometimes he came by train or boat or bus. Sometimes he hitchhiked, and once he had covered the distance between Ballston and Saratoga on foot.

Everything he did he did in the several ways of the very rich and the very poor. Sometimes he slept in the big hotels and sometimes he slept on the strip of lawn that divides Union Avenue, wrapped up in copies of the Morning Telegraph.

They might have met when they were children. Their backgrounds were identical. They moved in an unusually small world. But something kept them apart and Roger was twenty-seven and she was twenty-five by the time they met. That was the night after Montola won the Clonmell, paying twenty to one. It was Roger's first profitable bet in nine days of racing.

THAT night Roger went up to the casino. He felt fine. His pockets were full of money and he felt that one long shot meant a streak of luck. The craps tables he passed in the outer room were crowded. The shaded, overhead lights doubled the avidity of the players' faces and the air seemed literally to smell of money. He passed through that room into a farther one where roulette was being played. Here the crowd was quieter and better dressed. But there were the same avid faces, the same reek of tobacco smoke, and that same quick smell that might have been the smell of money. He took a vacant place at one of the tables. Those around him had expressionless faces, and they were shrewd enough to distinguish, in his face, his yellow hair and the deep lines in his forehead, the features of an incorrigible plunger. He played fifty dollars' worth of chips, and quietly, mercilessly, the croupier raked them off.

He had been playing for about twenty minutes when he felt someone's eyes on him. Turning, he noticed the girl beside him. She glanced away quickly and put some chips on a number. She was young, he thought. She was blond with nice eyes and striking white shoulders and clothing that might have meant money. A few minutes later he heard her voice. She hadn't turned her head; her voice was low and, although she spoke to him as if she were trying to conceal the fact from someone, he knew she was speaking to him.

"Do me a favor?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Take me home?"

"Sure."

Before he had time to pass any more money on to the banker she had taken his arm and they were walking through the tables toward the door. They looked well together. They looked as if they might have known each other for years. A collection of taxis and carriages stood out in front and they climbed into a carriage.

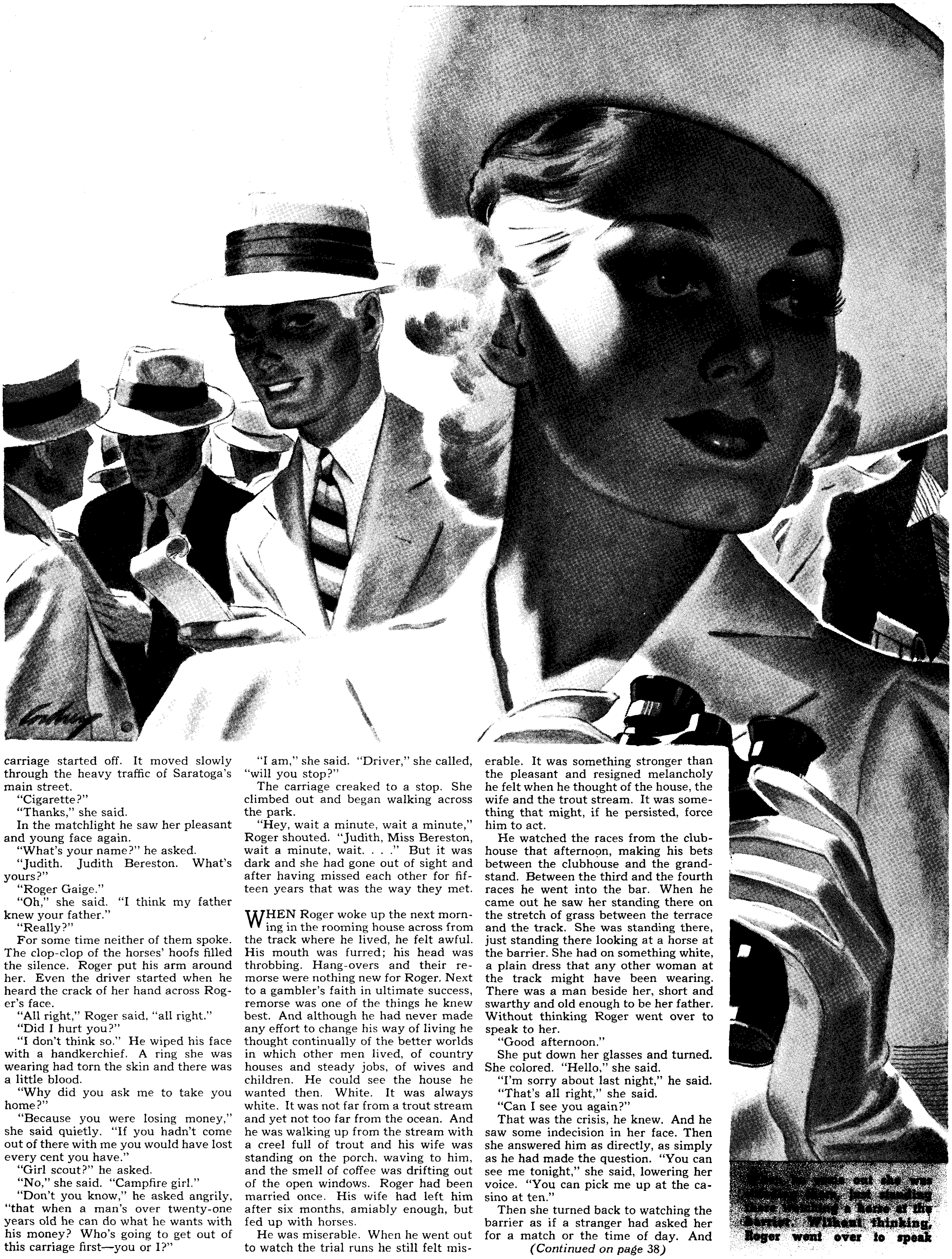
"Where do you live?" he asked her.

"The United States Hotel."

"Want to go around the park first?"

"All right."

"Around the park," he told the driver. With a lurch and a creak of wheels the



When he came out she was standing there, just standing there watching a horse at the barrier. Without thinking, Roger went over to speak

carriage started off. It moved slowly through the heavy traffic of Saratoga's main street.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks," she said.

In the matchlight he saw her pleasant and young face again.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Judith. Judith Bereston. What's yours?"

"Roger Gaige."

"Oh," she said. "I think my father knew your father."

"Really?"

For some time neither of them spoke. The clop-clop of the horses' hoofs filled the silence. Roger put his arm around her. Even the driver started when he heard the crack of her hand across Roger's face.

"All right," Roger said, "all right."

"Did I hurt you?"

"I don't think so." He wiped his face with a handkerchief. A ring she was wearing had torn the skin and there was a little blood.

"Why did you ask me to take you home?"

"Because you were losing money," she said quietly. "If you hadn't come out of there with me you would have lost every cent you have."

"Girl scout?" he asked.

"No," she said. "Campfire girl."

"Don't you know," he asked angrily, "that when a man's over twenty-one years old he can do what he wants with his money? Who's going to get out of this carriage first—you or I?"

"I am," she said. "Driver," she called, "will you stop?"

The carriage creaked to a stop. She climbed out and began walking across the park.

"Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute," Roger shouted. "Judith, Miss Bereston, wait a minute, wait. . . ." But it was dark and she had gone out of sight and after having missed each other for fifteen years that was the way they met.

WHEN Roger woke up the next morning in the rooming house across from the track where he lived, he felt awful. His mouth was furred; his head was throbbing. Hang-overs and their remorse were nothing new for Roger. Next to a gambler's faith in ultimate success, remorse was one of the things he knew best. And although he had never made any effort to change his way of living he thought continually of the better worlds in which other men lived, of country houses and steady jobs, of wives and children. He could see the house he wanted then. White. It was always white. It was not far from a trout stream and yet not too far from the ocean. And he was walking up from the stream with a creel full of trout and his wife was standing on the porch, waving to him, and the smell of coffee was drifting out of the open windows. Roger had been married once. His wife had left him after six months, amiably enough, but fed up with horses.

He was miserable. When he went out to watch the trial runs he still felt miserable. It was something stronger than the pleasant and resigned melancholy he felt when he thought of the house, the wife and the trout stream. It was something that might, if he persisted, force him to act.

He watched the races from the clubhouse that afternoon, making his bets between the clubhouse and the grandstand. Between the third and the fourth races he went into the bar. When he came out he saw her standing there on the stretch of grass between the terrace and the track. She was standing there, just standing there looking at a horse at the barrier. She had on something white, a plain dress that any other woman at the track might have been wearing. There was a man beside her, short and swarthy and old enough to be her father. Without thinking Roger went over to speak to her.

"Good afternoon."

She put down her glasses and turned. She colored. "Hello," she said.

"I'm sorry about last night," he said.

"That's all right," she said.

"Can I see you again?"

That was the crisis, he knew. And he saw some indecision in her face. Then she answered him as directly, as simply as he had made the question. "You can see me tonight," she said, lowering her voice. "You can pick me up at the casino at ten."

Then she turned back to watching the barrier as if a stranger had asked her for a match or the time of day. And

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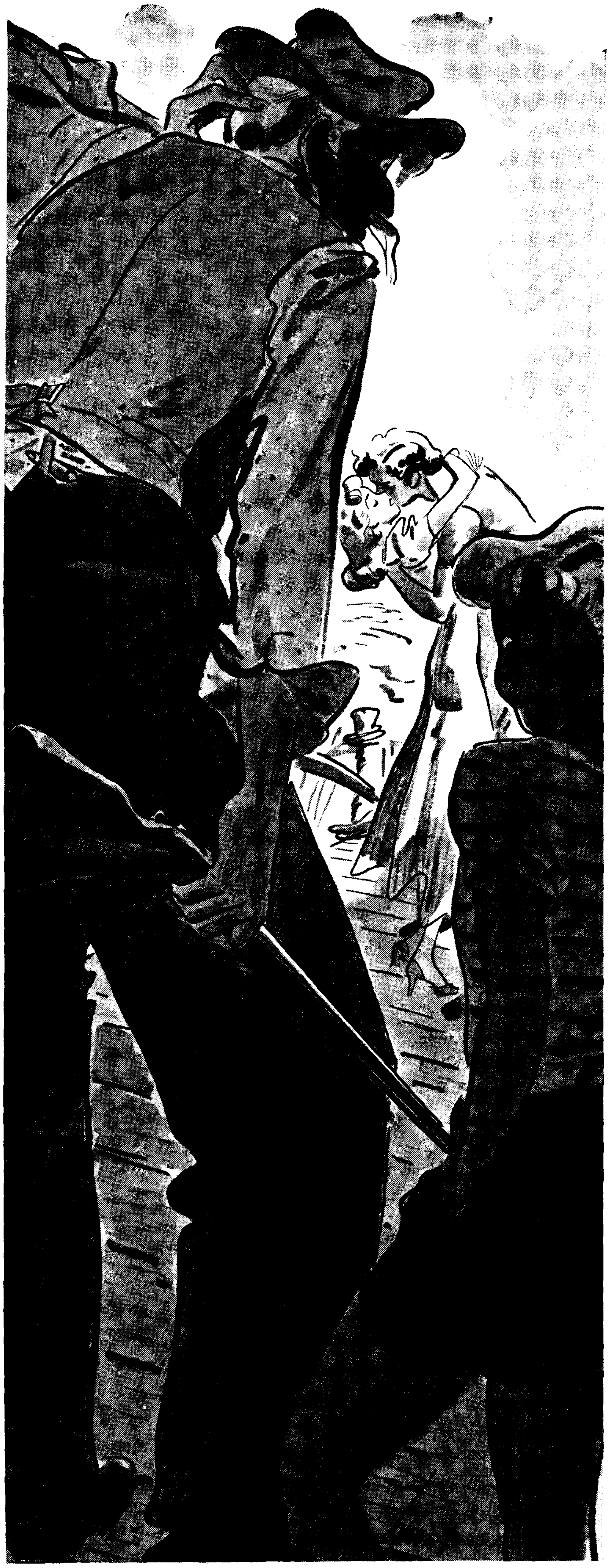

"Hanh!" said Paw, "thet's better. Thet's hunky-dory"

The Honor of the Dixie Belle

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Story Thus Far:

MRS. LACEY—wife of Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., St. Louis tycoon—moves into a country house overlooking little Pike County Landing, on the Mississippi River. She is accompanied by Bobby, her son; Mr. Gollomb, Bobby's tutor; and a small army of servitors. Related (distantly) to Mark Twain, Mrs. Lacey "*simply adores*" the "*dear old river.*"

But Mrs. Lacey does not adore the friends that Bobby presently makes. One of these friends, Paw Merrihew, is a poverty-stricken fisherman. The others (who live on an old steamboat, the Dixie Belle, which has been stuck in the mud for forty years) are: "Cap'n Dan," who owns the vessel and who imagines that a railroad, the "Q," owes him enormous damages; Lucy Hough, a lovely girl; Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright, a faded beauty possessed of astounding pride; and the boat's Negro cook, Buttinhead Adams. Mrs. Lacey regards these simple people as "poor lost souls." Bobby thinks they are swell!

With his new friends, Bobby proceeds to have a glorious time. A born little fisherman, he attaches himself to Paw Merrihew whenever he can and goes angling with great success. But Mr. and Mrs. Lacey are not so happy as their son.

Mr. Lacey, a victim of numerous damage suits, sees breakers ahead. For a party, given by Mrs. Lacey on board the Dixie Belle (hired for the occasion) had wound up in a free-for-all, in which Adrian Reed (a young towboat man who is in love with Lucy) forcibly ejected all the guests. And the Dixie Belle has been rammed by one of Mr. Lacey's towboats. The future looks dark for Mr. Lacey.

And the future looks dark for Bobby—his mother does not approve of the Dixie Belle crowd, and she is of the opinion *that fishing is a waste of time!* So, with several loud phooeys to this and that, Bobby runs away. A few hours later, he is on Crawdad Island, to which Paw Merrihew has taken him in a borrowed skiff. Paw is in the midst of a series of fascinating stories when two motorboats chug up.

The boats move up to the pier, stop. Mr. Lacey, the sheriff and Pike County Landing's night watchman step out. Then, obedient to Mr. Lacey's orders, the sheriff arrests Paw on a charge of murder and abduction. It seems that one Callahan, a detective who is working for Bobby's father, has disappeared. Evidence points strongly to Paw as the murderer.

Conclusion

THERE was a whopping crowd on the Pike County Landing tie-up. It looked like they were waiting for an excursion steamboat to come in. Our motorboat landed first and Mr. Gollomb was there; also Lucy and Mrs. Drumwright.

I tried to sneak around and through the crowd so I could go to the calaboose with Paw, but Lucy and Mr. Gollomb grabbed me.

"Oh, Bobby," Lucy said, "what does Paw say? Did he kill your father's detective?"

"Paw has not confessed yet," I said. "Gee heck, kafooey on everything, let me go. I've got to have a conference with Paw."

But Lucy said my father had made Mr. Greavis arrest Buttinhead and Cap'n Dan, claiming they helped Paw kill Mr. Callahan. Buttinhead and Cap'n Dan were already in jail. Lucy had to stop telling me, because Mrs. Drumwright could not stand the disgrace to the family and fainted. The body was carried to the drugstore.

Mr. Gollomb grabbed me and said I would have to go straight home as my mother had given strict orders. Mr. Gollomb said I was not to worry about Paw. He said my mother was an able, sensible and intelligent woman and would stick up for Paw and see that he got justice. He said my father was acting like a domineering bully and was a disgrace to the ruling class of America and Mr. Gollomb had come to a great decision. Henceforth, Mr. Gollomb said, he was taking his stand with the American masses, because his eyes had been opened to the tyrannical power wielded by wealth.

"I am no longer your tutor, Bobby," Mr. Gollomb said. "I have written my letter of resignation to your father, stating my opinion of him in a few well-chosen adjectives."

"Well, then," I said, "you got no right to make me go home."

But Mr. Gollomb got hold of Alfred and they made me go home, anyway. I put on a big storm that lasted until lunch time.

"You let me out of here," I yelled. "They are going to hang Paw; they are hanging him right now. I am going to see Paw before they hang him."

MY MOTHER just laughed at me and said they were not anywhere near hanging Paw. She said my father was making himself just ridiculous. She said the whole of Pike County was up in arms and the unanimous opinion of the people was that Paw did not kill Mr. Callahan and did not have anything to do with it. She said she never saw such real popularity that an old man could have anywhere. Leading men from Bowling Green and Clarksville and Louisiana and Eolia that had known Paw since they were boys had all come to Pike County Landing to help him. My mother said she had made up her mind to telephone secretly to Mr. Lansdowne, her lawyer in St. Louis, to come up and defend Paw and give him money to do it, but that was not necessary. Three of the best lawyers in Pike County walked into the Central House lobby where Paw was and said they would represent him.

"Oh, this will be a lesson your father has needed for years and years, Bobby!" my mother said. "I am so happy I could sing and dance! Big Mr. Know-It-All is riding for a fall, hooray, hooray, hooray!"

I felt swell about it, too, and all during lunch my mother and I had a truly humorous time talking about how the joke would be on my father and would make him look cheap and would cure him of being so big-headed and cruel and ruthless and would give him a social conscience and make him eat humble pie and sweat blood. But all of a sudden my mother said: "Jiggers, here he comes!"

My father came stamping right into the dining room. He looked like he was at the true triumph of his career.

"Well, Mildred," my father said, "your dear river character has confessed."

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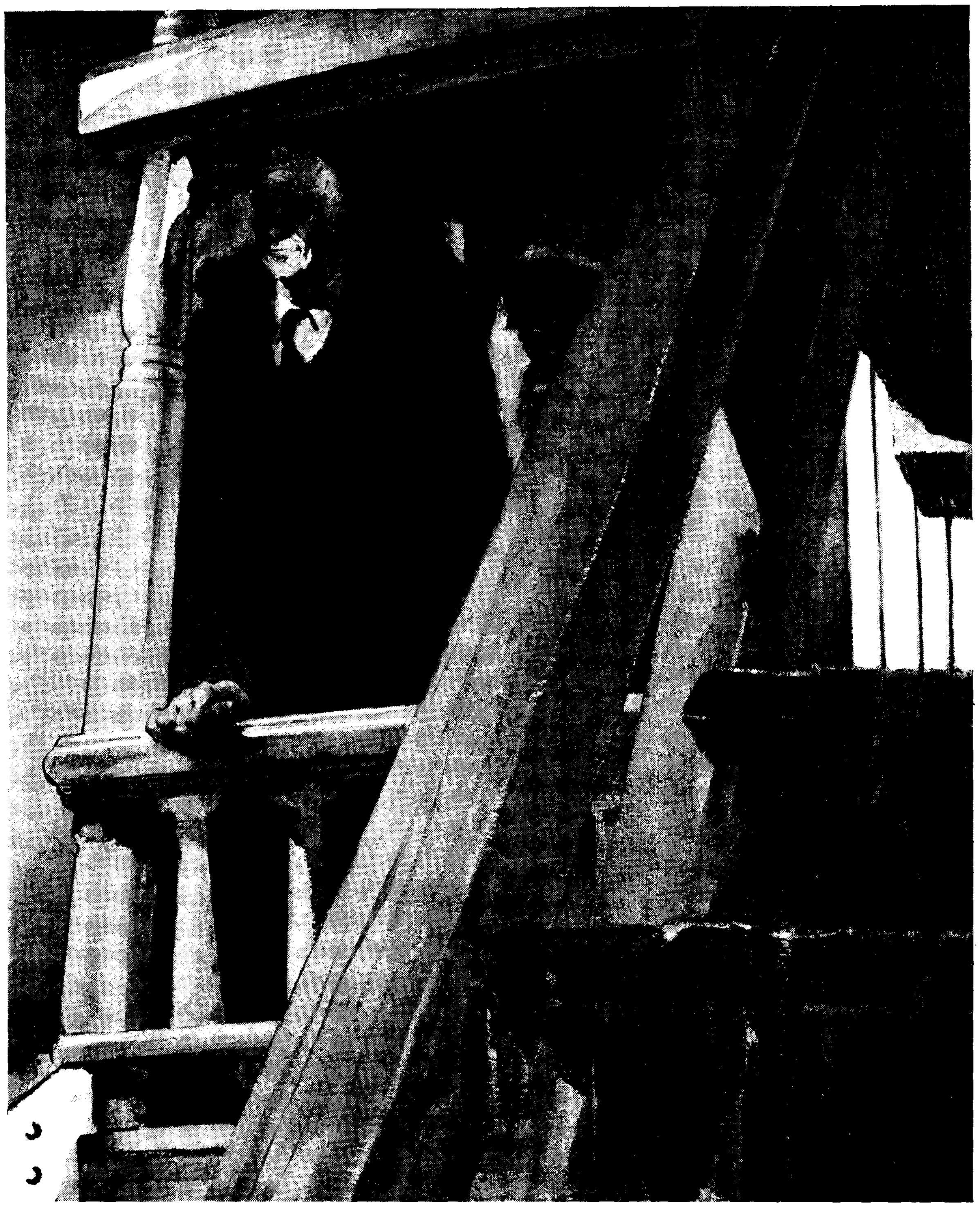


The mate came by and said: "Pretty cold out here, Mr. Senn." He nodded, not really hearing

Down the River

By Ernest Haycox

THE buffalo coat he wore was thirty years old and showed how big a man he had been in his earlier life. It was loose on him now, and a little heavy. His sons and daughters, and two of his grandchildren, were around him and most of New Hope stood on the wharf. The T. J. Jackson heeled gently to the Missouri's current. A mate called: "Stand by." Henry Senn was going down the river to spend the winter with his oldest daughter in St. Louis.

There was a good deal of talk around Henry Senn. He kissed the grandchildren and his two daughters, though he was no man for a display of affection; and shook hands with Tom, the younger son. It was the older boy, Bob, who went up the gangplank with him. They climbed to the passenger deck and stood at the railing, overlooking the wharf. Bob said, with a heartiness that fooled neither of them:

"The winters get pretty cold here. You'll like it at Josie's. We'll see you in the spring. Don't worry about the business."

The throaty whistle of the T. J. Jackson burst over them, and on the wharf Henry Senn's youngest grandchild began to cry. Bob reached for his father's hand and turned away, but Henry Senn called, "Wait," and watched his son turn back. "I have always been pleased with you. You have only one fault, which is to go along with the crowd. Remember this: It makes no difference what others say or do—don't you ever do anything that you personally think is wrong. Goodby." His son turned swiftly and went down the steps and across the gangplank. All the people were crowding the wharf and the Masonic band had gathered in the background.

Henry Senn lighted a cigar, seeing his family standing in line on the dock. His two boys were like himself, their cheeks held a half-severe expression—revealing nothing. Emma, always sentimental, was crying; but Alice, who was the youngest, showed him a still, soft face—as though she were dreaming of the years gone by.

Emma's voice was indistinct in the noise. "Father, don't smoke too much. You'll like it at Josie's. Be sure to write. Don't plan to come back before April."

Dike Miller pushed through the ranks, still wearing his leather blacksmith apron. Dike yelled: "Bring me some oranges when you come upriver, Henry."

"Sure," said Henry Senn. "Sure."

"Some men," cried Dike Miller, "sure get to lead an easy life."

"For bein' honest," said Henry Senn. "See you next year."

They were lying and he was lying. He knew it—and they knew it. There would never be another spring in New Hope for him. That afternoon he had climbed the road to the cemetery to stand alone by his wife's grave and to say to her, in his mind, those last things a man thinks of saying.

Distant, in the core of the T. J. Jackson, bells jingled and the mate was calling, "Let go spring and stern lines!"

THERE were a lot of people on the wharf and the band was going to play something. Billy McDermitt, whom he had never liked, stood at the edge of the wharf. Looking up Custer Street, he saw the bare tracery of the locust trees in the courthouse square and the bronze statue of the Civil War soldier. Thirty-seven years before, he had pitched his solitary camp where the town square now stood. At that time a wild-plum thicket grew there, and no white man lived nearer than a hundred miles. All that New Hope now was had come to pass before his eyes.

Bells jingled again. The wharf began to slide by. People were calling to Henry Senn, their strong "goodbys" floating across the widening water. Billy McDermitt lifted his hat. Billy had fought him for thirty years but that enmity faded now before the fact that both of them were saying farewell to a past that would soon be gone.

The band struck up Auld Lang Syne, strong and slow, and the people on the shore were singing. Henry Senn removed his hat and held it against his breast, his white, close-cropped head motionless. Emma lifted her youngest child so that he might see his grandfather clearly this last time. His two boys never moved, and he was proud that they showed him no sentiment. Alice, who never cried, turned swiftly and vanished through the crowd.

The T. J. Jackson wheeled in the stream, turning about, and Henry Senn walked around the deck to have his last sight of the town. The shapes on the shore were diminishing and he no longer saw them clearly and the band's music softened and died over the water and the T. J. Jackson's great whistle drowned all other sound. New Hope slid away.

A silver mist hung over everything. Chimney smoke spiraled grayly above New Hope and the flag on the Central School whipped in the wind. From his position he saw the gridiron pattern of the streets, the oak groves and slim poplars along the Omaha road. Wexler's Meadow—where he had shot and killed the outlaw Curly Ben—was a brown square in the distance; and above this was the low cemetery hill where lay his wife. Beyond this lay the open prairie.

THE stages of his life were pretty clear. In the beginning he had been young and foot-loose, roaming these plains with his ears and eyes sharpened to the risks; with the strong savor of the land's wildness having a way with him. The frontier was his life. He had started with it and grown up with it, through the boisterous days of New Hope's youth. He had married and raised his family. Afterward, with his wife gone and his children matured and the needs of his life satisfied, the days had gotten slow and pretty long.

The stern of the T. J. Jackson heeled around Sawyer's Bend and then, strangely and completely, the silver mist closed down and New Hope was gone and there was nothing on this prairie but emptiness. The intervening years were wiped away and the prairie lay again flawless and unexplored as it had been in the beginning. It was like a last message to him—telling him that a man's life was this way, his little habitations and monuments fading and nothing remaining but the distant horizons that a man had to keep searching. There was always a frontier, here or somewhere.

He stood here, bareheaded and still, feeling the boat and the river bear him along, away from New Hope, away from this episode that had been his life, away from this earth. He felt quite free, and his eyes, old-blue, sought the westward, and distant excitement warmed him, as long ago.

The mate came by and said: "Pretty cold out here, Mr. Senn."

He nodded, not really hearing. He was alone and young again and a little anxious to be on his way, toward a fresh and misty land and its adventure.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

Ten-Goal Tommy

By Robert Harron

THE sun was shining and the French skies were blue on that February morning of 1918 as a couple of American boys in the uniform of the Lafayette Corps hustled into their flying clothes.

Props were turned and motors idled, then roared, under lightning-quick inspection. Machine guns were mounted, ready to spray death as your hose sprays water. Wrapped in their heavy clothes against the chill of the morning they'd find three thousand feet up, they buckled crash helmets and shook hands.

"See you in half an hour, Bill," said one.

"Okay, Tommy. Good luck."

They might have been setting out for an early-morning class in math or English, judging from their voices. And if this were not a crazy world, that's what they would have been doing about that time. But this is a crazy world and this was a crazy, gallant business. A few minutes earlier they had seen a pal, a Frenchman whose name was Minot, come fluttering to earth, shot down by a German flyer, likewise perhaps a boy who should have been in school studying his philosophy and math.

Once in the air, the Nieuports that were the mounts of the two American boys shot up like birds. The German, gloating a bit over his victory, still hung up in the air. But not for long. As the Nieuports, buzzing little wasps, gained altitude, he turned to run for it. He had turned too late. First one Nieuport, then the other, dived at him, as lead poured from machine guns. Now he was the quarry, being chased back over his lines. A stream of lead found his wing, cut away a strut and he went into a spin to crash behind his lines. Just for luck, the Nieuports swooped down over the trenches, emptied their magazines in a defiant, roaring gesture and turned for home and a breakfast of ham and eggs.

The New York and Boston newspapers of a few days later carried the story of another aerial exploit of Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., of Westbury, L. I., and Bill Wellman of Cambridge, Mass., flyers of the Lafayette Corps.

Let's jump along for ten years. We're back to civilization, back to Long Island's Meadow Brook country, back where boys ride polo ponies instead of fighting planes and swing 52-inch polo mallets instead of shooting guns. Back to another kind of international warfare.

It's September, 1928. The Argentine polo team, led by the vivid Jack Nelson, is the invader. Colorful Gauchos, those horsemen of the Pampas to whom their four-footed pals are human, people the Long Island countryside. This is Argentina's first great chance in international polo—an opportunity sought since the same Jack Nelson, Lewis Lacey and the rugged, hell-for-leather Miles brothers had won our open championship six years earlier.

Now, beaten in the first match, the Argentines had come back in the second to win handily, 10 goals to 7. The series was squared. The most optimistic of the sports writers admitted that the prospect looked bad for the American team of Harriman, Hitchcock, Stevenson and Winston Guest. This was new. We had not been accustomed to losing at international polo. Victories had come over England in 1921, 1924 and 1927 with almost simple ease. Meadow Brook was stunned.

A laconic statement reached the Friday newspapers, the day before the third and decisive match was to be played. It stated that "a change in line-up for the United States team has been decided upon for the concluding match with Argentina. Hitchcock will play at No. 3 instead of Malcolm Stevenson. Earle A. S. Hopping will replace Captain Hitchcock at No. 2. The other positions will remain unchanged." Hopping was a 20-year-old boy, son and well-taught student of a brilliant polo-playing father; but youthful, inexperienced in this kind of polo. It was a daring move. The writers called it foolhardy.

Nearly 50,000 spectators, some of them crashing through a fence to be there, jammed International Field on that Saturday afternoon to see a new game of American polo born. Hopping, Hitchcock and Guest, three tremendous hitters, rode like dervishes as they bombarded the Argentine defenses with long, looping strokes. Forgotten was defense, save the defense born of powerful, irresistible attack. Harriman, up ahead at No. 1, was poking in the goals on the end of those terrific smashes that came up from Hopping, Hitchcock and Winston Guest. A team of one No. 1 and three No. 2's, the sports writers called it. The score was: United States, 13; Argentina, 7. Tommy Hitchcock, successor to Devereux Milburn as an international polo leader, had proved himself a great leader, as well as a superlative polo player.

Come down ten years more, to an afternoon at Meadow Brook a few weeks ago. Devereux Milburn, polo's greatest back, one of the towering figures of the game's bright history from 1909 down to 1927, was answering a question. He has watched Tommy Hitchcock grow up in the saddle. He played with him on three American international teams that defeated England, in '21, '24 and '27. Now he had been asked what was the greatest game of polo he had ever seen Tommy Hitchcock play.

"I can't answer that," he said, "because I've never seen him play a bad game of polo. By temperament and in strokes, he is the perfect No. 2, the attacking, aggressive player that the No. 2 should be. When circumstances dictated that he shift to No. 3, against Argentina in 1928 and later, he proved himself equally fine, although No. 3 is essentially the defensive position in polo. His has been an offensive No. 3 and there's little doubt that he'd be equally as good at No. 1 or back."

That's Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., son of an international polo player, famous horseman and true sportsman, and of a mother who taught her sons the tactics of the game on the fields of the family place in Westbury and at Aiken, S. C.

The sport of polo has a supreme court. It is the U. S. Polo Association's Handicap Committee. It is a severe and august body of gentlemen who have sat in the saddle and have been through the fire. Once a year, the Handicap Committee reports. Players of the game are rated from zero goals to 10 goals, according to their value to their team. Hitting, horsemanship, team play, stamina—every quality that goes to make a polo player is considered. In all the history of American polo, only fifteen great players have earned the peak rating of 10 goals. Tommy Hitchcock's father was one of the earliest of them.

Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., was placed at 10 goals at the close of the 1921 season when, a 21-year-old boy, he played brilliantly at the *(Continued on page 52)*

3
Paul Brown '38
Paul Brown '38

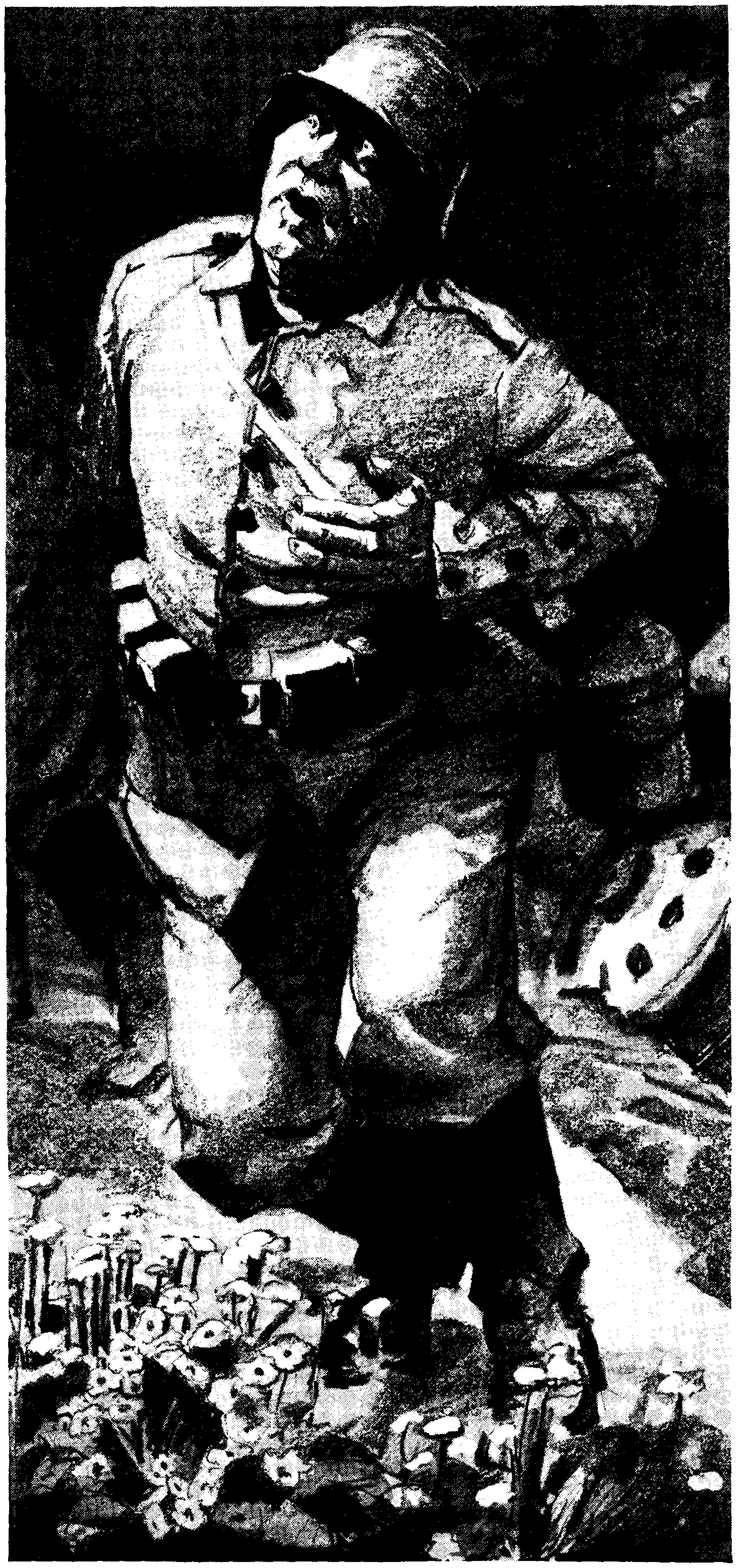
Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., top-ranking American polo player and for sixteen years a ten-goal man

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Garden

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



When the rifle went off, the enemy seemed to fold inward on himself

PRIVATE MANN was on his knees, working in the garden, a small rectangle laid out between the quartermaster's hut and the first supply shed. The sun was warm on his back, and he was contented. As long as he kept his eyes on the clean, brown earth, and his hands busy among the plants, he could imagine the war a long distance away, and that he was home again.

A shadow fell across his shoulder, and he looked up to see the sergeant, tightly belted, his cap on one side. "You want to go to town, Mann?" he was saying. "I've got a truck, and I can get you a pass till midnight."

Mann sat back on his heels, and looked thoughtful, rubbing the handle of his trowel against the shoddy cloth of his uniform breeches. It was only a pretense. Nothing short of a bomb could have driven him from his garden during daylight hours off duty. But the sergeant was a useful friend, and meant well. "I don't think so," Mann said finally. "I guess I'll stay here."

"All right." The sergeant hooked his thumbs in his polished belt, coughed, frowned a little, and was embarrassed. "Got any money till pay day?"

"Sure. In the right-hand pocket of my coat over there."

When the other had gone, Mann sat motionless for a time, staring straight ahead of him, beyond the hospital and the ammunition dump, toward the horizon, where a frieze of wooded hills concealed the front line. He had never seen battle nor an enemy. Here at the railhead they passed their days in managing the bankruptcy of war, sending forward an endless shipment of munitions and food, taking in exchange the broken bodies of the wounded, packed in muddy ambulances.

He could not visualize the enemy in human terms. How could such men exist, men without faith or honor, who betrayed the ideals of mankind, who wantonly cut off the hands of little children and ravished young girls? These things were so, he knew, for he had read about them in the most reliable newspapers, and in books by eminent writers and statesmen who could have no reason to deceive him. Still, there was a difficulty in *imagining* human beings like that. He could form only a nebulous shape in his mind, the outline of a vast and terrible monster.

BETWEEN this vision and himself he needed a shield against obsession. Any trivial thing to stop thought was a protection for him. Cards were good, and dice better. Or a night in town, with the bottles passing down the table. But when he gambled or drank there was always a little corner of consciousness to ask insistently: "Why? Why?" The garden was best. There he could lose himself completely, and sleep afterward with a sound and nerveless sleep.

He leaned forward again to his work, and with his trowel loosened the earth delicately along a row of seedlings taken from the old garden of a ruined house.

At dawn the next morning there was a ground mist, head high, as always in that cup-shaped valley. But this day broke into menace and confusion. The enemy had cut through somewhere up the line, and the railhead was to be abandoned.

Private Mann, with the loose and irregular detachment of motor transport and railroad workers, engineers, clerks and hospital orderlies, stumbled down the valley and into the cover of an ancient wood.

At noon, the sergeant, unshaven and haggard, came and sat down beside him. "We're going to counterattack," he announced importantly. "Some time this afternoon. I heard the colonel talking to one of the majors."

"Counterattack?" Mann asked dispiritedly. "What with? Our bare hands?"

"You'll get rifles. There's a truck on its way up."

"Fine," said Mann eagerly. "That's fine."

The sergeant looked at him in astonishment. "Good," he said ironically, "we got one hero anyway. I never knew you were such a fire-eater."

IT WAS true, Mann realized with astonishment. He was actually anxious to get a gun in his hands, and to go back up the valley. The afternoon had nearly worn away before the truck came with rifles and ammunition, and by that time he was in a fever of impatience. Meanwhile, the sky had filled with low, billowy clouds, of a sullen gray color. That was good. There would be no enemy aircraft to drive them from the road.

The rumors that went around, as they began their advance, were encouraging. The enemy had extended himself too far, and the railhead was held by only a few weak units.

It was dusk when Private Mann found himself running toward the first buildings of the quartermaster depot. He and his squad found no resistance whatever. The surprise had apparently been complete. He saw vague shapes running in the dim light, looking wildly around for their equipment. The attacking column spread from the road, and filtered between the wooden warehouses.

Private Mann ran between the quartermaster's hut and the first supply shed, and came on an enemy standing by his garden. The soldier whirled, and a short, ugly weapon glinted in his right hand.

When the rifle went off, the enemy seemed to fold inward on himself. He pitched on his face in a single movement and lay still across the rows of plants.

Private Mann was breathing hard as he turned the body over with his boot, and looked down on an enemy in an enemy uniform. His first exultation was beginning to pass, and now he saw only a dead man, with a fat, good-humored face, like the grocer's at home. And the short, ugly weapon with which he had threatened Private Mann was nothing but a gardener's trowel.

Sheer Flattery

By Dorothy and Elaine Ducas

MARIAN STEPHENSON

Intangible assets are the stockings that Andrea Leeds wears in the picture above; you can't see 'em but they're there. Below, a model shows how they should be handled for more wear

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

The more filmy and non-existent a stocking looks, the more the girls covet it. Here's how to keep the flattery up and the bills down

THE two girls stared intently at Andrea Leeds' legs as she got out of her car.

"She has!" said one.

"She hasn't!" said the other.

Puzzled, we asked Andrea what it meant.

"They were wondering if I wore stockings," smiled the star. "Mine are so sheer you can hardly tell."

And she preened, like a beautiful, satisfied ladybird.

For the highest compliment you can pay a pair of silk stockings is to question their existence. American women spend $355,000,000 a year in dribs and drabs of from twenty-nine cents to $3.50; hundreds of new twists, knits and dyes are invented, new yarns are developed, lengths varied, protective chemicals applied, all to produce a glamorous film so delicate an Andrea Leeds wears out a pair a day.

Of course, most of us don't indulge regularly in sheerer-than-sheer stockings. But many's the dress budget that is skimped, the tresses that are home-shampooed, even the noonday sandwiches sacrificed to enable us to buy a pair of two-thread hose that must be discarded with our wilted gardenias after the ball is over. And perhaps that is as it should be, for gala occasions. But oh! the wails of distress when the stockings we wear every day spring long, ladderlike runs after one or two wearings.

For stockings to most of us are mysterious creations, none the less baffling because they are familiar. If we knew what those enigmatic symbols—2-thread, 45-gauge, full-fashioned, high twist—meant in terms of wear and tear, if we selected stockings with a view to the service they were destined to give, and treated them like orchids on our budget throughout their lives, we could be more serene about them.

Stockings, you see, are knitted garments, made of yarn, like sweaters, but knitted by machine on many more needles than hand knitters could use. The first consideration is their weight, which means the number of fibers from the silkworm that have been spun together to make the yarn. A two-thread stocking will be sheerer, less able to stand the rough and tumble than a five-thread. Therefore, in choosing hose, we should buy the right thread weight for the occasion. They come anywhere from one thread to twelve thread, but we'd all be a long way toward undepleted stocking budgets if we followed this jingle:

Two threads for evening,
Four threads for day,
Three threads for dancing,
Five threads for play.

Twisting for Strength

The way in which the yarn is spun adds to the wearing power, too. The fibers are turned as they go through various machines at the mill: the more twists, up to a certain point, the more reliable the thread when it meets the ragged edge of a chair leg. More silk goes into a stocking made of high-twist yarn than one of low-twist; also, the natural fuzz of the silk gets spun in and won't be spread out to catch on things. That word crepe applies to twist. When fibers are twisted a certain number of times to the left, then to the right, and all twisted together into a yarn, the stockings that emerge have earned the right to be called crepe.

Next to thread weight and twist, fit's the thing that induces longevity in stockings. Feminine curves being what they are, a stocking that won't sag must be knitted to taper from thigh to knee and knee to ankle. This is full-fashioning. The stocking is knitted flat, then sewed up the back with a fine seam. Such a stocking, because it is elastic, will shape itself over a leg.

In the cheapest stockings the leg is knitted as a tube and the seam and fashioning marks are phony. But you can spot the difference. In the genuine article the ribs of knitting slant toward the fashioning marks, which are actually knots, where dropped stitches are fastened, then run parallel to the seam. In tubular-knit stockings all ribs are parallel to the seam. Okay for parallel legs, but whose are? After a few washings, this stocking, which has been bulged out in the calf, grows loose around the ankle.

Elasticity is a sort of creed with reliable manufacturers. The hue and cry this past winter, apropos the boycott of Japanese silk, sprang largely from the contention of manufacturers that even the sheerest and most full-fashioned lisle hosiery couldn't have the elasticity of silk.

Elasticity is wooed and coddled in a pair of stockings. When the stocking is all knitted, a chemical finish goes on, which preserves elasticity through several dozen washings. There has been a great struggle to make this finish dull instead of shiny, popular taste being all

(*Continued on page* 53)

A Touch of Heartbreak

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The next time this happens to Ronnie it may be more serious, but the pain won't be any sharper

RONNIE listened. She listened with respect, for Dick Hendricks was in one of his serious moods. He had been working a blade of grass from one corner of his mouth to the other. Now he looked at Ronnie sternly, finding words without effort for the immense and complex pattern of fate.

"A guy," he said, "has got to look ahead."

Ronnie nodded.

"Absolutely," she agreed.

But he turned red in that instant, apparently disturbed by his own earnestness.

"So now you know!" he jeered. "So little old yours truly is going to be an architect! So ain't it wonderful!"

Ronnie stayed calm under the shadow of the ailanthus tree, smiling absently—not deceived by this obvious burst of humor, still brooding tenderly over the future. . . .

"See you later," he said abruptly.

She watched him stride across the lawn to the driveway. With a swagger he got behind the wheel of a small patched and faded automobile. He handled the gears with an exaggerated nonchalance, gave her one of his twisted, wise-guy smiles and rattled off.

But her mood was mellow. She walked into the house—she was still young enough to forget about the screen door and the flies—and made her way to the living room.

John Ferguson eyed her over his newspaper—not the newspaper he edited but the other one, which he read rather critically every day at sundown. He was, however, distracted by his daughter—drawn, as always, by some faint hope of relating her conduct to her thought. Ronnie was a little girl and—before she had drawn breath—she was a woman. John Ferguson was always very careful in his approach to this ambiguous creature. . . .

He watched her. She had not yet seemed to realize he was in the room. She was frowning intently. Now she moved to a bookshelf and pulled out a book. He saw that it was one of her brother's university catalogues. This interested her for a moment. Then she put it aside. She walked to a window and looked out, lost for a time in tranquil reverie. Then, in one swift and sudden dive, she was at the radio. She snapped on jazz. She squared her elbows and flexed her knees and scraped the rug like a young colt trying to get out of a mud puddle.

"Hiyah, Dad!" she said.

A FLICKER passed over John Ferguson's face.

"Good evening, Veronica."

She snapped off the radio.

"They never have anybody decent at six o'clock."

"Ah. I thought they were swinging it."

"Well, they weren't. The trouble with you, Dad, you just don't know swing."

"No," he said. "But once I could do the Charleston."

She looked at him in polite disinterest. He wondered, suddenly, why girls of Ronnie's age wore socks. That was another thing he'd have to ask her mother. He couldn't connect socks with the Charleston. . . .

Marcia Ferguson came in and closed the screen door carefully.

"Well," she said, "the Carrolls are back! That is —Michael and Mary, you know. And their Lucille."

"Good Lord! We hadn't any story about them."

"That's all right. They just drove in—quite unexpectedly. I ran into Renée Lewis and she was telling me about it."

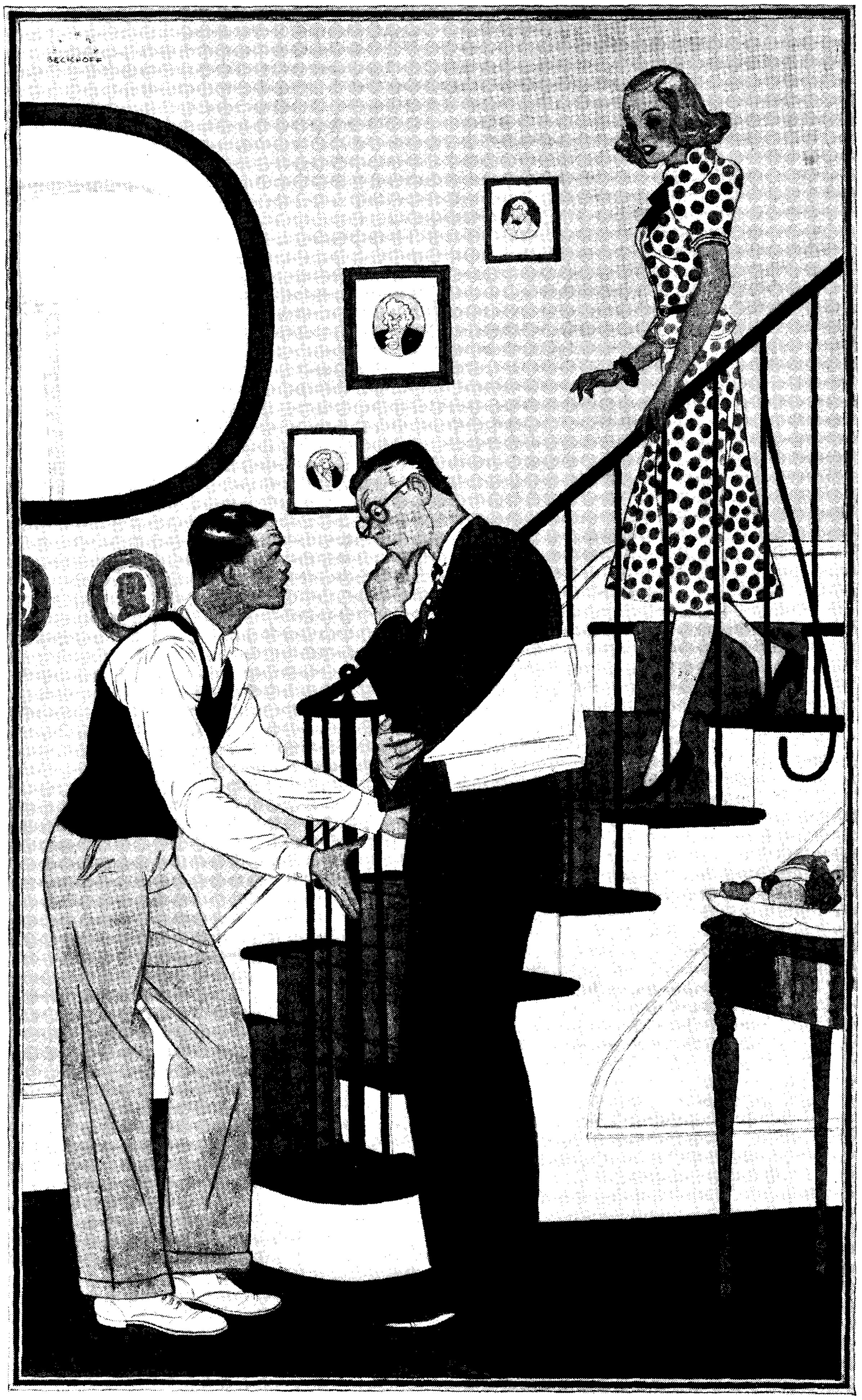
"The gentry," said Ronnie, with derision.

Her father looked at her.

"There's that class consciousness again. I don't know where you get it."

"Dad, we're middle-class. Honestly, didn't you know? And the Carrolls—why, they practically own this town and they don't even live here. And all the time Mrs. Carroll has her picture in the rotogravures!"

"Well," said Ronnie's mother, "Mary Carroll and



"You'd think Ronnie could see how it was!" said Dick. "Sometimes they don't see," said Ronnie's father

I smoked our first cigarettes together in a roadster Mary got for her birthday. The only difference was, Mary couldn't take it and I could. She blamed it on her hay fever. . . ." She broke off with a reminiscent smile. "It's been so many years. . . . We haven't seen Lucille since she was six years old! But, Ronnie—you'll make a special point of being nice to her, won't you, dear? She may feel a little strange after all those schools in Europe."

"Oh, sure!" said Ronnie.

"She's going to the Romp tonight," Ronnie's mother went on casually. "Or so Renée told me. She's going with her father."

Ronnie stiffened. She fixed incredulous eyes upon her mother.

"She's going—with her *what?*"

John Ferguson chuckled.

" 'With her father,' your mother said. That's what she really said."

Ronnie pretended to swoon. She leaned against the wall, as if for support. Her mother looked at her in some dismay.

"It's all right," Ronnie said weakly. "I'll remember! I'll even tell Dick he's got to dance with her. But he won't want to because she'll be a dope. Because any girl who'd go to the *Romp* with her own father—"

Again Ronnie was overcome. But this time she had come close to an admission of the Romp's importance.

THIS was an affair arranged every midsummer by the house committee of the Fairside Country Club for those young ladies and gentlemen—children of the club members—who were hovering around their first college year. For some obscure reason of their own these young people pretended to belittle the Romp, pretended to regard it as a tiresome social obligation incurred by them solely to please their elders. Not for anything in the world would Ronnie have admitted to her parents that she had been living in beatific anticipation of this event for days. . . .

"There," she said, "is the doorbell."

Ronnie went to the door and came back with a square green box. Both her parents watched, and pretended not to watch, while Ronnie untied the ribbon with fingers that were strangely awkward. These were the very first flowers that had ever been sent to Ronnie Ferguson. There was a breathless silence in the Fergusons' living room.

Reverently, Ronnie brought out the two gardenias. Her eyes were perilously bright and her smooth young cheeks were scarlet. She tried the effect of the gardenias against her left shoulder. She looked, almost helpless with bliss, from her mother to her father.

"Well," she said, "they're not too awful, are they?"

When Dick called for Ronnie she was ready—she had been ready for forty-five minutes—but she pretended not to be. She could hear Dick downstairs, talking loudly about baseball to her father.

"There!" said Marcia Ferguson. "And you don't need lipstick."

"*Mum!*"

"Oh, all right!" said her mother hastily.

Ronnie was staring—with no self-consciousness—into the mirror. She was thrilled, and at the same time a bit astounded, by her own loveliness. "Darned if I don't have glamor—almost!" she muttered.

"I beg your pardon, dear?"

"Nothing, Mum. I guess I'm about ready."

Marcia Ferguson bit her lip.

"Just about," she agreed cheerfully.

Both Dick and her father stared at her. That was satisfying. She had brushed her soft, fair hair until it shone with lights of gold and that same gold was repeated in the metallic girdle about the waist of a sheer apple-green dress. Dick's gardenias were pinned to one shoulder as expertly as if Ronnie had been wearing gardenias for years.

Ronnie lifted her lashes shyly and looked at Dick.

"Okay!" she said. "I guess we better be pushing along!"

John Ferguson stared, suddenly and severely, at the toe of his own brown slipper. But shortly he walked to the door, so that he might watch his daughter and her suitor as they got into the small patched car. Dick was racing the engine for no ascertainable reason. Then, very swiftly, they disappeared down the street.

There was a three-mile drive to the country club as a pleasant preliminary to the evening. Dick and Ronnie rode through the wide tree-shaded avenues, the sweet fragrance of the neighbors' flower beds mingling with the acrid scent of wood smoke, every commonplace landmark made lovely and rather mysterious in the light of a midsummer moon.

The two young people were unwontedly silent for several minutes. Dick was a little strange to her, in his new and immaculate white flannels. He was, moreover, scrubbed so clean that his ears were still rather red. She stole an almost frightened glance at his dark hair, slicked back and shining; at his brown eyes with their thick, dark, upcurling lashes; at his easy, flashing smile. . . . Ronnie sighed, some deep instinct warning her to make the most of this ecstatic moment. This would never come again—this drive to her first formal, with Dick's gardenias pinned to her dress, and a large golden chiffon handkerchief laid over her knees so it wouldn't crease. . . .

"You look swell," he said, suddenly and gruffly.

"I don't know," said Ronnie. "I don't know why I bought this awful old dress!"

"I think it's swell."

"They're going to have an awful old orchestra," she said in a bored voice.

"Oh, sure. Awful."

"Wouldn't it be swell if they'd have Benny Goodman?"

"Swell. But they won't."

"No. Imagine Benny Goodman in a cheesy place like that."

"Yes. Just imagine!"

There was another long silence.

"My mother was in the most terrible dither," Ronnie said suddenly, still in that bored voice. "The most terrible dither you can think of. Simply because the Carrolls are back in town. You know—the big shots?"

"Oh, yeah," said Dick vaguely. "Weren't they in England or some fool place?"

RONNIE laughed. She always laughed, these days, when Dick was witty or even when he sounded as if he were thinking of being witty.

"Lucille's coming to the Romp," she explained. "She's coming with her *father*. Can you imagine that?"

"Gosh! *No!*"

Ronnie laughed again.

"I didn't believe it either. I simpully didn't believe it. But, Dick, you've got to dance with her and everything."

"Why? Why do I?"

"Oh, don't be awful about it! It wouldn't hurt you, would it?"

"Sure it would. I'm no Boy Scout."

"Well, you ought to be," said Ronnie, immensely gratified. "Because a girl feels awful when she isn't popular or anything—"

"How do you know?"

"What on earth do you mean, how do I know?"

"Well, how do you know how a girl feels when she isn't popular? I mean you *wouldn't* know."

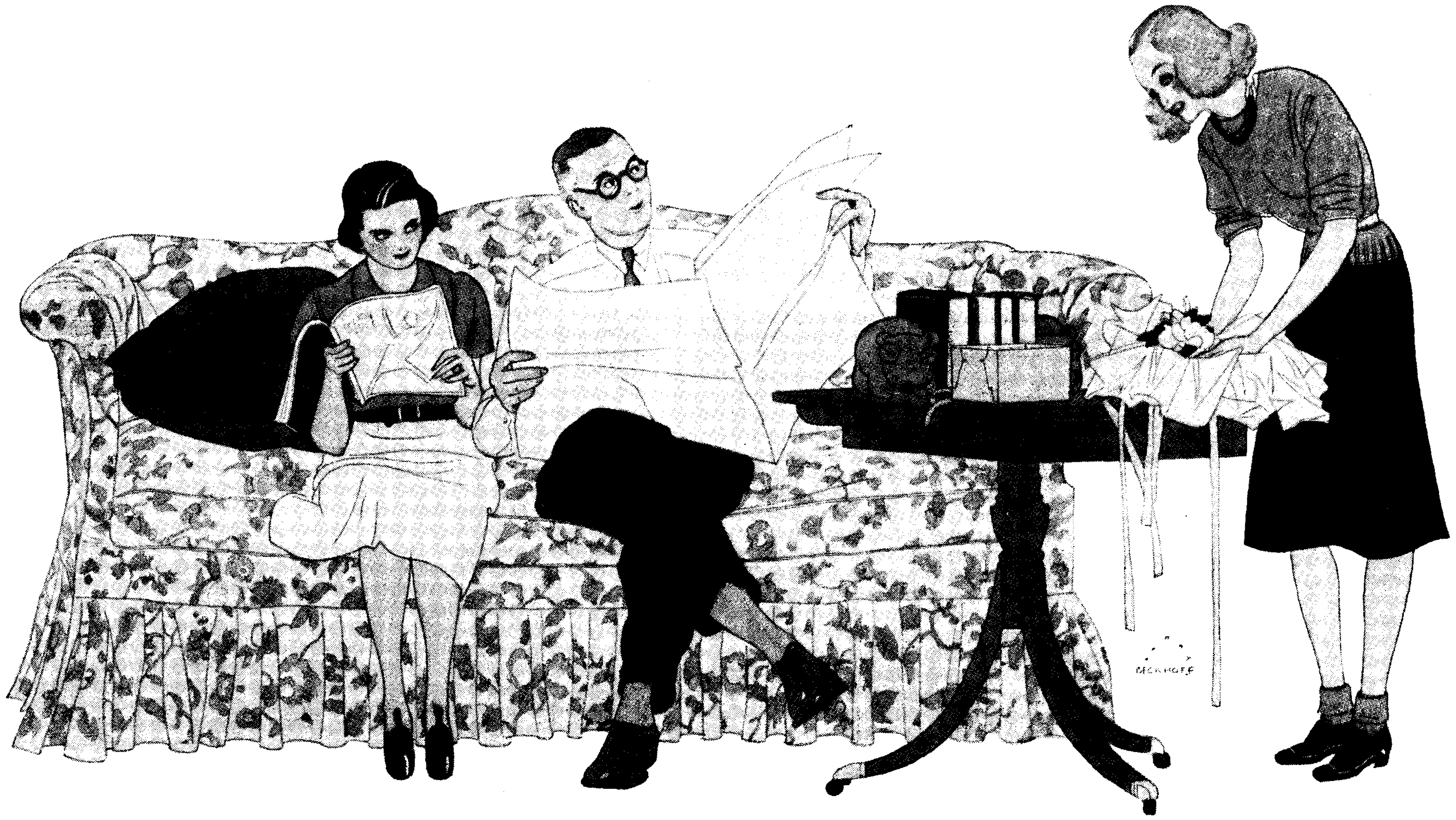
He spoke jeeringly, a bit embarrassed by this Chesterfieldian effort.

Ronnie laughed.

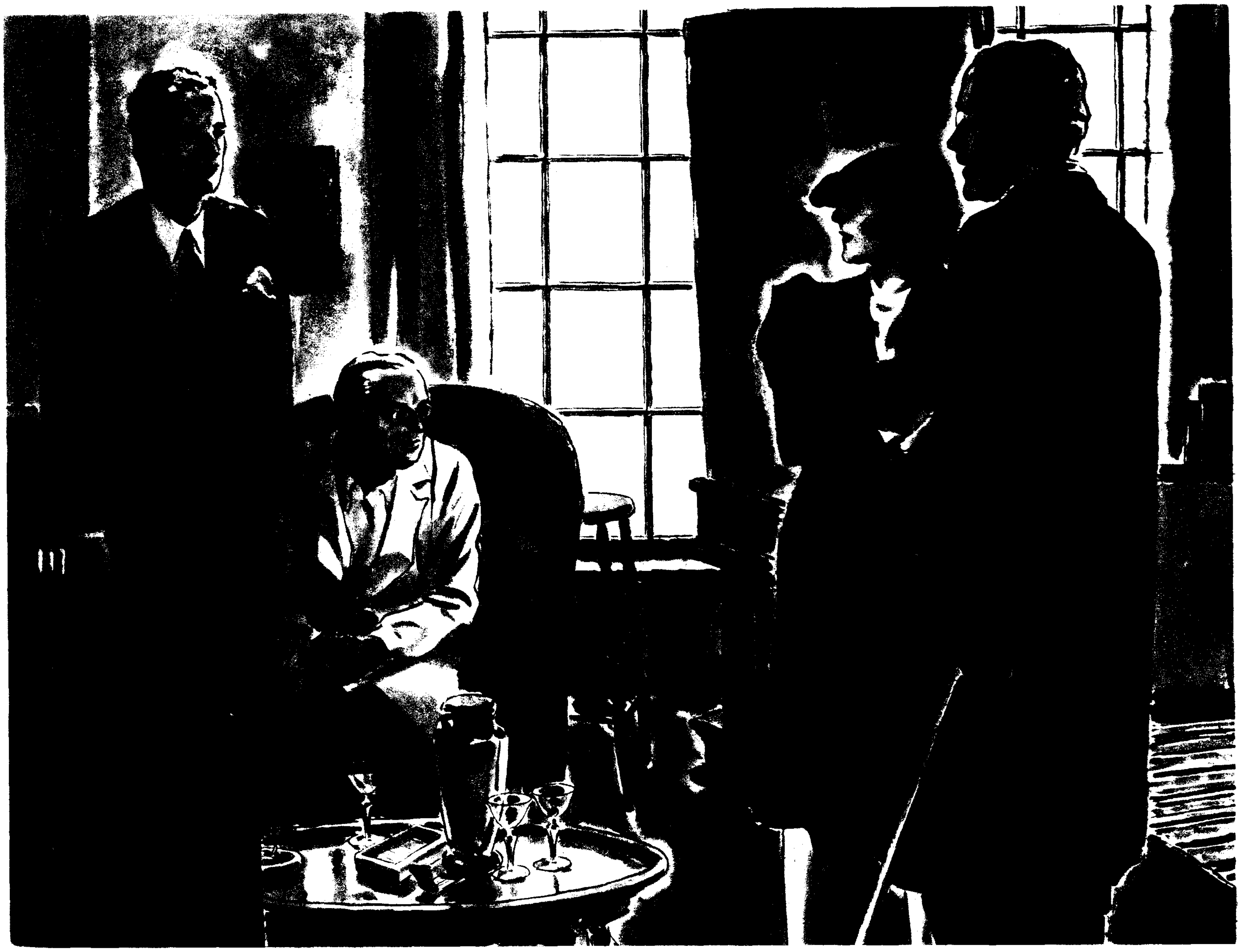
"Crazy!" she said. . . .

Bud Keaton's Rhythm Boys were about to begin their second number when Dick and Ronnie arrived at the Fairside Club, fashionably late. Their arrival was important because Dick

(Continued on page 30)



Reverently, Ronnie brought out the two gardenias. Her eyes were perilously bright and her cheeks were scarlet



"Tell her it's true, Steve," Duane Fox said amusedly. "It is true, Becky," Stephen said. "He's your father"

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

BECKY GIBSON marries Gavin Flood, in San Francisco. Flood is a charming but irresponsible wanderer. He spends much of his time gambling; he drinks far more than he should. Even when Becky's baby, a boy, is born, he makes no effort to support her. Instead, he returns to the home of the Gibsons in Salletts, California, and lives with them. He makes no effort to obtain work and Becky soon discovers that he has borrowed substantial sums of money from Mr. Gibson, which he has squandered gambling.

Becky is far from happy. She is, however, unwilling to divorce her husband—she does not approve of divorce. She dismisses the idea of divorce. But she leaves Gavin, takes her child, Gibbs, with her, and goes to New York. There she finds a job.

Two years later, when Gibbs is ill, in a great hospital, she meets a middle-aged doctor, Stephen Dinsmore. When Gibbs is convalescent, Dinsmore—who has become deeply interested in Becky, for reasons that will be made evident later—insists that she give up her job and become his guest, at his Long Island home.

Gibbs must have fresh air, plenty of sunshine. Becky yields to Dinsmore's plans; and she presently finds herself and Gibbs ensconced in a lovely home presided over by the doctor's sister, Mrs. Lee, and enlivened by the presence of Mrs. Lee's daughters, Hatsy and Barbara.

At a dinner party Becky meets Laurence Moulton, a young artist who is a protégé of the noted artist, Duane Fox. A few weeks later, she is again confronted with the divorce problem, for she and Moulton are in love, and Moulton ("Larry") is urging her to marry him!

Heretofore, Becky has not revealed a secret confided to her by Mrs. Gibson, just before her marriage to Flood: The Gibsons had adopted her when she was a baby; they do not even know the name of her father or mother! Now, at last (suspecting that Dinsmore may be her father—a fact that would explain his kindness to her), she has a talk with the doctor, tells him of her love for Moulton, tells him of her strange history.

Dinsmore (who is not her father) tells her he had once been in love with her mother, "Madeleine." He promises to tell her more, later on.

Duane Fox and Larry discuss the possibility of a Reno divorce for Becky. Duane is heartily in favor of the idea. "I can turn in a few bonds and launch you, later—in Paris." Then he adds, with a smile, "I'll hibernate here, listening to the radio, and getting too fat, and having my little chuckle to myself in the dark."

XI

LARRY had listened to Duane, impressed for the first time, as a man must be at some time or other in the course of an engagement, with the fact that he and Becky really were to be married. With Stephen Dinsmore informed, with Becky seriously talking divorce, with his uncle in this astonishingly co-operative mood, matters were moving fast. He had thought of himself and Becky in some picturesque studio on the Left Bank; had thought of winter dinners with her in the warmth and excitement of the Dome; of summer afternoons at the awning-shaded tables of the boulevards, and his heart had warmed in eager anticipation.

Becky, coming in with him after a cold bracing walk for tea the next day, had not been quite so sure. The California tangle that he could dismiss so easily, as concerning only a few names with which he had no associations, was a very real and vital thing to her. The break with Doctor Dinsmore hurt her, even in her thoughts. He had been a father to her in the hour of her bitterest need, and he had of course hoped that the association so welcome in his lonely life would go on, that Becky and Gibbs would always be in a sense his find, his special possessions.

To have her so immediately deserting him, off to California, off to France with a husband, off to some other town to live, seemed hardly fair. He had loved her mother; he had been loyal to her mother's memory, and she was like that mother, and so dear to him for reasons that went far back beyond her own beginnings.

She thought of him now when some faint intonation in Duane Fox's laugh made her wince deep within her soul. Stephen, the finest product that American soil after three hundred years could boast, cultured, traveled, brilliant, loving

(Continued on page 44)

Near Baghdad

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"READY be'ind?" said the sergeant over his shoulder.

And the six-wheeler, the desert convoy car, backed out of its New Street garage, scattering the beggars and the tea sellers with their brass urns. The convoy car, starting out of Baghdad at seven o'clock in the morning, on its twice-a-week run to Damascus.

Ready, thought Kari, and please hurry. Out of the streets, across the river—

"Beg pardon?" said the Englishwoman beside her. "Did you speak?"

"Did I?" Kari said. "I must have been thinking out loud."

"It sounded," the Englishwoman with the two children looked at the girl, "as if you said something. You're the Hilla nurse, aren't you?" She herself was an officer's wife, going home after two years' residence in Iraq.

"No," Kari laughed, her voice rising over the churning of the motor. "Not any more."

For three years she had been the graduate nurse at Hilla Mission Hospital, with its hundred beds. She had been Kari Valgard, that Scotch girl of a Norwegian father, and she had come out to the East to work in a hospital at five shillings a day. More than one thousand days, with only a few weeks rest in Baghdad. That city pictured with palms and hanging gardens in the tourist folders—the City of the Thousand and One Nights.

"Oh," said the Englishwoman, "you're going home."

"Yes," said Kari.

THE car was turning in the street. The tourist in the seat behind the driver had on a good-looking gray suit—he was opening his morning mail, running his fingers under the flaps of the letters. He looked cool, and satisfied with the morning, and very healthy. Back of him a fat Levantine hugged a leather brief case.

Then, before the car could gather speed, a stocky figure appeared moving beside it, tapping on the door. A figure in soiled white ducks, looking as if he'd sat up all night in them. He had no hat, and he carried only a worn suitcase with some hotel labels on it.

When he stepped into the aisle of the car, his face changed, as if someone had hit him.

"He *has* been making a night of it," Kari thought.

He was about old enough to have graduated from a university at home—about as old as the cool-looking tourist. He had one of those broad, stubborn heads with a small chin, and deep grayish eyes. Just for that second he looked ready enough to tear someone with his hands. It passed, and he shambled on to a seat in the middle of the car.

"My dear," the Englishwoman whispered, "he's chucking Baghdad." Kari didn't care. "He couldn't stay, of course," the Englishwoman whispered on. "Didn't you hear about him? Buck Chapin, the junior assistant to the American consulate?"

Kari shook her head. Athwart the road ahead a Kurdish girl with a baby on her arm was hauling at a donkey's rope in a panic.

"Colonel Byers told me how it happened," the woman went on.

Buck Chapin, the Englishwoman said, hadn't been in Baghdad a year. He'd been alone in the American consulate that afternoon when the money had been left with him. By a traveler named Sprague, with an American passport, who had called to leave some papers and more than six thousand *tumans* in Persian paper money for safekeeping. Officially, of course, as they all knew, Persian paper couldn't be taken out of that country. But quite a bit of it turned up in Baghdad, and was traded in, in the bazaar.

This person, Sprague, handed the money, with an oil lease of some kind, to Chapin in an open envelope. After looking it over, Chapin sealed the envelope and locked it in the safe.

Sprague came for it in ten days. Chapin being out of the office at the time, another member of the consulate took the envelope from the safe and gave it to Sprague, after the traveler identified himself. And Sprague opened the envelope under the eyes of the consulate people. No doubt whatever about that. He used a pocket paper knife to open it. A man of precise habits.

The money was missing. All but some two hundred *tumans* in small notes folded up in sheets of blank paper. Sprague was more upset about his oil contract than his money, but he claimed that quickly enough from the consulate.

Young Chapin admitted that he had known the money was in the envelope, but insisted that he had not touched it.

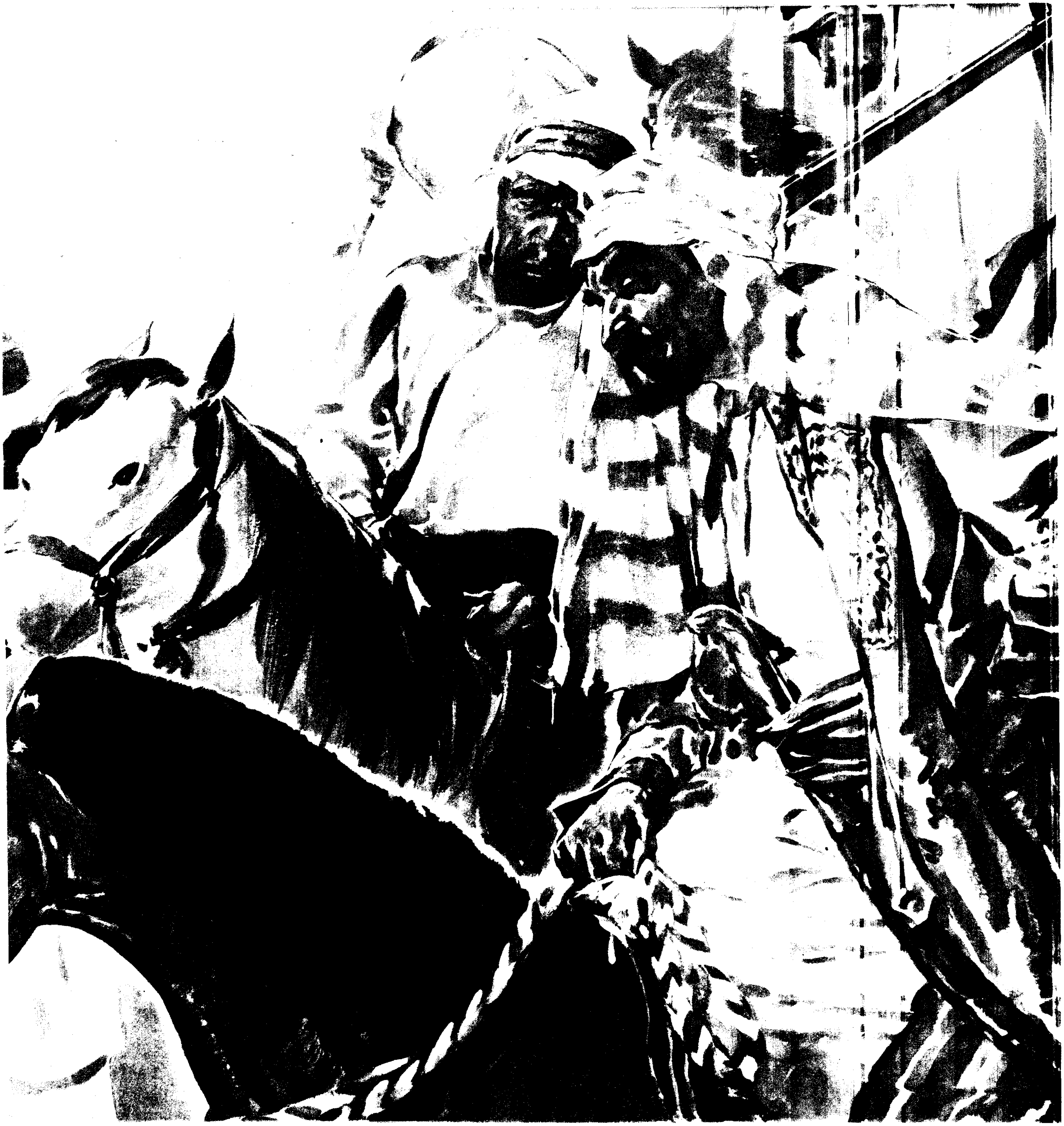
What finished Chapin was the statement of a Levantine date merchant named Aravang that the young American that week had tried to get him to purchase six thousand *tumans*, and he had refused to buy.

After that, the American consulate repaid Sprague the full amount of his loss and Chapin was through.

"Of course salaries in the consular service," the Englishwoman observed, "are so inadequate. . . ."

At noon when they stopped to eat from the lunch baskets the company provided, a haze of the dust had drawn closer about the car, and the sun had vanished. Chapin didn't eat anything, Kari noticed. He went out to talk to the Arab helper who was fiddling around the radiator—avoiding the other passengers.

When he got back in, he brushed past Kari at the water tank. His eyes were half closed, unmoving. It wasn't a case of fever, the nurse in Kari decided—rather, sleeplessness and stupor of fatigue. Something weighty and metallic in the side pocket of his



coat touched her hip. It was heavier than a cigarette case or loose change, and it might, she thought, be a revolver.

Chapin acted like a stupid boy. As if he carried a mark on him that anyone could see. Even the tourist in the gray suit kept glancing at him curiously.

Until, at five o'clock that afternoon by Kari's watch, the convoy car came to a stop. The Britisher at the wheel began to argue with the Arab helper. They had lost the track they were following, and the dust curtain hung so close about the car they could see no distant landmarks.

Kari got out with the other passengers, stiff with the hours of dozing in a seat. The Arab mechanic insisted that El Matl was ahead of them, on the left. He started off into the haze to look for landmarks, and Chapin spoke for the first time to the tourist.

"Want to have a try," he suggested, "the other way?"

The other man pondered, his dark eyes intent. Kari heard a curious sound as if bells were chiming behind the dust curtain.

"No, thanks," the tourist said.

"Suit yourself"—the young American grinned without mirth—"Mr. Sprague."

Sprague? This must be the man, Kari remembered, who had been robbed and repaid at the American consulate. She wondered if Chapin had followed him on the convoy car. But it was natural enough, if both of them were leaving Baghdad, that they should take the same car.

"I say!" muttered the sergeant. "Listen to that."

The echo of bells in the air had become a familiar clong-clang. And the Arab mechanic came running out of the dust curtain, pointing to the car.

"In the name of God," Kari went on, "I am the family of this effendi. I go where he goes." The tribesmen edged closer, to hear the better

"Pleess," he panted, "go back to the automobile."

At his heels grotesque shapes moved through the haze. Bells jangled.

"What in blazes—" Sprague exclaimed.

Camels. Unloaded, Kari saw at once, and not tied together. And so, a herd being driven. And the men who drove them appeared out of the dust at a gallop, bearing down on the car.

"Jebel Chadafis," said the Arab driver.

The fat Levantine scrambled first into the car, clutching his brief case, while the sergeant helped the children and their mother in after him. The tribesmen were clamoring, in falsetto voices.

Kari was at the car door, looking over her shoulder, Sprague pushing at her, and shouting at the sergeant, "Start your motor." She was watching Buck Chapin. Standing facing the Arabs, drawing the revolver from his coat.

A rider, seeing the revolver, swung toward Chapin, raising a long cudgel.

"Aow!" barked the sergeant. "Don't shoot, sir."

Then everything moved at once. Chapin stepping back, turning and tossing the revolver toward the car door. "Take it, if you want it." The blow of the cudgel missed him but the horse's shoulder whirled him to the ground. "That's done it," grunted the sergeant, who had caught the revolver.

Then the sergeant looked at the revolver, swinging the cylinder out, staring at two cartridges in it. Only two. "No use putting up a fight with that."

"Look at that—" barked Sprague.

Chapin was on his feet, his face twisted with anger, grasping at the rein of the Arab's horse, forcing it back among the others, away from the car.

"*Yah ahmakat!*" he shouted at them. "O fools! O dwellers in a dung heap. Who is your *jeeb al rais?* Who is headman among ye?"

His anger caught at them. Someone pointed out a man who had a Turkish scimitar in his girdle.

CHAPIN had no weapon. He snarled at the *rais,* demanding if this was not the land of the Jebel Chadafis? Here, he cried, the convoy car had lost its way. They were searching for El Matl. Where was the well, and the post of El Matl?

The Arabs knew, because they all pointed in the same direction, ahead and to the left.

"Two cartridges!" Sprague was repeating. "Look at them. Did you ever hear of a man putting in just two cartridges? He meant them for us." His bright eyes swept the Arabs. "Get going —quick!"

The sergeant looked worried. He was responsible for all the passengers. And those Arabs were as uncertain as spilled mercury. If they started shooting—

"You can't go without that boy," said Kari suddenly.

"Go on!" Chapin's voice reached them. "What are you waiting for?"

"Excuse me, Miss," said the sergeant, reaching for the door. He had the car in gear, moving forward. "The officer at El Matl had best deal wi' this."

The car jumped forward, and Kari caught her breath. Ducking under the man's arm, she jumped to the ground and ran back to the horsemen and the figure in white ducks. She was frightened, but Dr. Ferguson had often told her at the hospital that Arab tribesmen would never harm a foreign woman, unless they thought she was a loose woman. And, of course, the convoy car would not go off now. She thought she could get this boy out of trouble.

But the convoy car kept on going, until it vanished in the dust haze. Some of the Arabs reined their horses forward, after it.

Then they stopped, staring, fascinated, at the girl walking toward them. Here, evidently, was something they failed to understand.

And Chapin scowled at her. "What do you think you're doing?" he exclaimed.

"I'm trying to get you out of a mess." She made her voice sound casual, and she held herself very straight. Dr. Ferguson had told her the tribes were like animals, only dangerous when they were starving or frightened. "Why didn't you come back to the car?" she demanded.

CHAPIN'S haggard eyes touched hers, and dropped. "I don't know. Anyway, these birds are going to hold me for ransom."

"Are they?" Kari considered. Turning to the *rais,* she said briskly, "*Awafikh!*"

The Arab with the scimitar looked at her uneasily. "Health!" he responded.

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"Will you hand me the blue one now, Ruthie?" TOM HOLLOWAY

"In the name of God," Kari went on, trying to remember the right words. "I am the family of this *effendi.* I go where he goes."

The other tribesmen edged closer, to hear the better. They were quiet enough now, and the chieftain began to finger his beard. "*Aiwah!*" he grunted assent.

"Hold on," said Chapin, startled, "you're not my wife—"

"I've got to be," she assured him, "an honest woman. It's very important. Only a loose woman would run after a man who wasn't her husband. At least that's what these Arabs think."

"Gosh," said Chapin.

"We are Inglisi," the girl told the chieftain, "husband and wife. We travel in the face of the Inglisi Sirdar. We travel on the land of the Jebel Chadaf. What is your mind toward us?"

Something like admiration gleamed in the thin face of the *rais.* This young woman without a veil and with unbraided hair stood very straight—she spoke in a voice as clear as a bell. She must be valuable and undoubtedly she was British. This Nazarene. To take horses or camels was profitable to the Jebel Chadaf, but to take such a married girl as this would mean the start of a blood feud. Being a British girl, it would mean payment of a money fine by all the villages of the Jebel Chadaf.

The chieftain of the Chadaf was too cunning to make such a mistake. "*Har'm,*" he said to his men. "Forbidden."

"Yes," they assented. "Forbidden. There is calamity in her."

They turned their horses, and began to round up the scattered camels. The bells jangled again, and without a word the riders disappeared into the dust curtain, going away from El Matl.

"Now," said Kari, hiding the relief she felt, "it looks as if we're going to be here a long time."

Making herself comfortable on the nearest rocks, she considered the tracks of the convoy car. "Why didn't you come back to the car?"

Chapin laughed. "Do you really want to know? Well, I was afraid. I wanted to blow the head off a guy in that car."

Hysteria, Kari thought. "No one else?" she asked. "I mean, you didn't want to do for two of us, did you?"

FUMBLING with an empty cigarette package, Chapin shook his head.

"I've felt like murdering people," Kari observed, "these last weeks. But no one in particular. Just people. What is your particular urge?"

The lines about his mouth tightened. "You can skip that."

"Right." Kari glanced at him fleetingly, and offered him a cigarette. It was strange to be so close to the thoughts of a man who had nothing to do with Hilla Hospital. "My name," she said conversationally, "is Kari, and I used to be a nurse until I chucked it. Now I'm rolling home to Glasgow, just because there are hats in the shop windows, and the pavements are wet at night, and I don't care if I never have a job again."

She wished she knew more about psychology. Why, if Chapin had stolen from his consulate, should he want to shoot Sprague?

Chapin turned the cigarette in his fingers slowly. "I never took those Persian *tumans,*" he said harshly. "And no one at the consulate touched them."

"Tumans?" Kari wondered. "What are they?"

Then Chapin began to talk. He told her just what the Englishwoman had told her—how he had taken the papers and the money from Sprague, and had sealed them in an envelope, and locked up the envelope in the office safe. He hadn't forgotten about that money—nearly three thousand dollars.

He'd been sending drafts home, forty dollars every month—to his sister, who was in high school. He'd written home that Baghdad was swell, and how fine it was to be in the service.

"Then you needed money badly," Kari remarked impersonally.

"I didn't touch that envelope. Sprague got it out of the safe somehow."

"How?"

"I don't know. Maybe somebody else could figure out how he did it. But they all think I was the one—" He shook his head. "That fellow in the bazaar, Aravang, lied. Then this morning by pure chance I find him on the car with Sprague. Seeing them together like that made me—made me—"

"Yes. Still, you put the two cartridges in that revolver of yours before then, didn't you?"

"Two cartridges?" Chapin looked blank. "Were there two? I didn't look. I just put it in my pocket."

Yes, Kari thought gloomily, you did. And if ever a man told a guilty story, you did. Only, she believed it.

IT WAS nearly seven by her watch when she saw two eyes of light moving over the ground. Before long they heard a motor, and a touring car came up the line of the convoy's tracks. When its headlights picked them up, it stopped and a slender figure hopped out from beside the driver. A solitary officer armed with a walking stick.

"Hullo," he called. "I'm Nicholson from El Matl. The Chadafis turn you loose?"

"I think," said Chapin without interest, "they were afraid of my wife."

Kari started to speak, then closed her lips. Nicholson glanced at them.

"Your—I see. Er, quite, Mrs. Chapin." He laughed. "The Chadafis have been on the prowl, taking Chour camels. Guilty on one count, you know. Suppose they balked at a woman. Sporting of you to go back, Mrs. Chapin. Yes. 'Fraid we'll be late for dinner."

Kari stood at the car's door, her small face intent. "Do you realize, Captain Nicholson, that my husband risked his life, to get the convoy car away?"

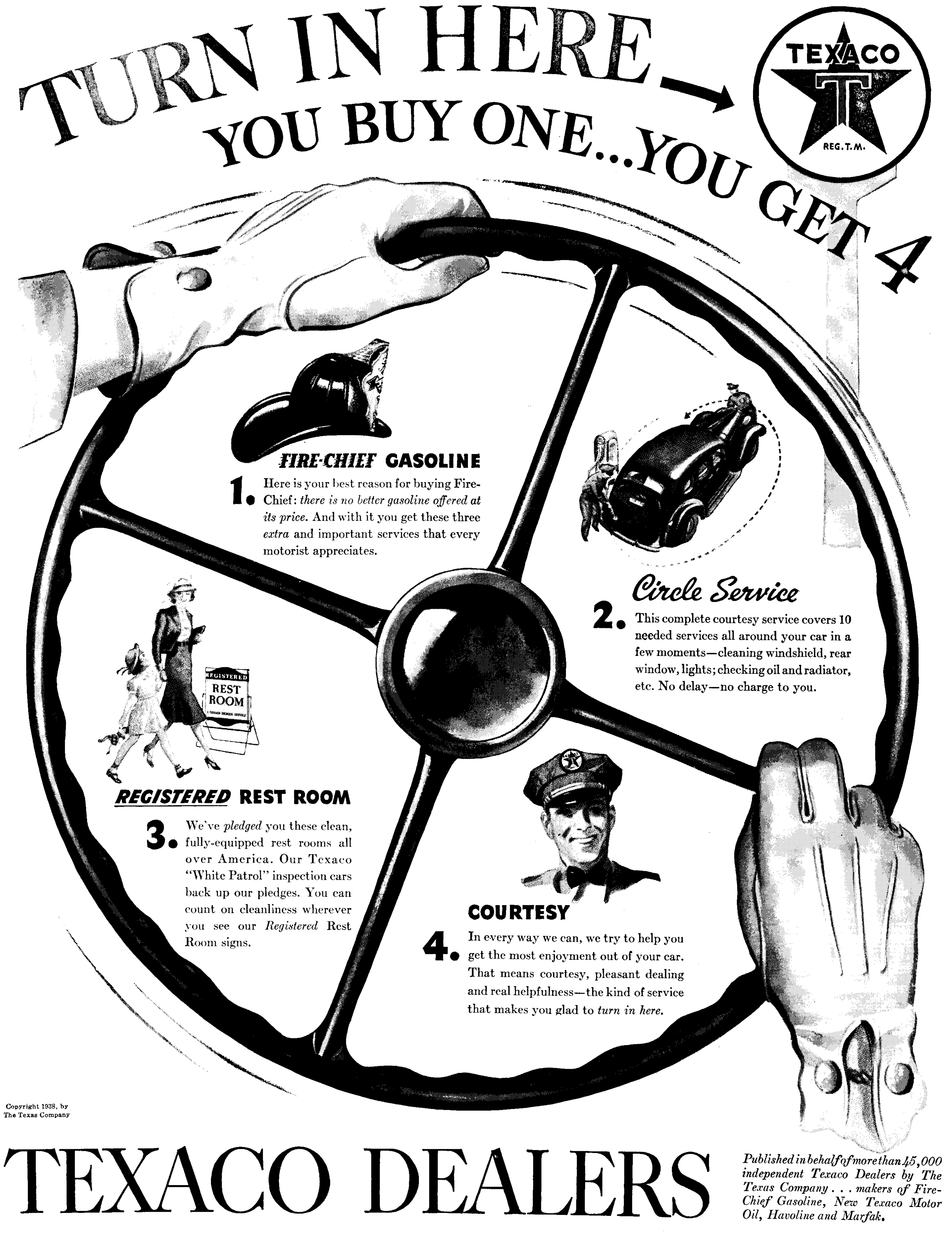
"Rather." Nicholson hesitated. "Don't want to put my oar in. None of my business, of course. But your countryman at the post, Sprague his name is, has the wind up about you, Chapin. Swears you were carrying a weapon to do him in—tried to get him away from the car, out into the desert, alone. Says he had to accuse you of theft in Baghdad. Not that I want—"

"But you can do something, Captain Nicholson," Kari begged. "Six thousand Persian *tumans* were stolen from the American consulate. And either Mr. Chapin or Mr. Sprague must have taken them, mustn't they? You can search both of them, at El Matl."

Perceptibly, the officer stiffened. "Hardly. No authority, you know."

"But El Matl is the last post in Iraq. We'll be in French territory before sunrise."

Nicholson shrugged. "The American consulate accepted responsibility—paid back the money."



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"Forget it, Kari," Chapin said.

Nicholson felt relieved when the girl said nothing more. Sitting by the driver, as they raced along the tire tracks toward the post, he thought she was a good sort. Maternal instinct and all that. Wrought up by the scrimmage with the Arabs, probably. But he, Nicholson, couldn't imagine Sprague burgling his own money out of the safe at the American consulate, and leaving another envelope there instead—

"Can you give me," Kari asked suddenly, "two envelopes and some paper at the post? I've just remembered two important letters that I ought to write."

Then she kept quiet, until they slowed down for the entrance to El Matl. The red beacon light of the post glowed against the night sky. The Iraqi soldiers saluted their officer, and moved the bar aside from the gate. Kari read the big sign at the entrance: "*Warned not to stray out of sight of post, as many travelers who went out for a stroll have lost their way.*"

Stone walls, with barbed wire at the top shut out the desert. By the well in the courtyard the familiar convoy car stood empty. It might, Kari thought, be a jail. A phonograph shrilled in the dining quarters.

It sang and chorused at her, while she addressed two envelopes in the reception room, and sealed them. A wordless anger made her fingers brisk and careful—anger at slow-thinking, feckless Buck Chapin, and at dapper Captain Nicholson, who lived by rules and regulations. Swiftly she washed her face, brought her hair into some kind of order, and called one of the Arab servants before venturing into the dining room.

The others hadn't waited. The Englishwoman looked up from feeding the children, with a mumbled, "So glad, Nurse."

THEY were all at the long table with an immaculate cloth and shining silverware. "Well, you were lucky," Sprague greeted her. He was quiet enough now, slightly amused. "I suppose the tribes would not meddle with a British lady, eh?"

"Oh, no," said Kari amiably. Here were two men, and one had stolen three thousand dollars from the American consulate, and lied about it. Chapin had withdrawn into his blank silence, something smoldering in his eyes. Something that would explode in a minute.

"But," objected Nicholson, his routine mind offended, "Mrs. Chapin must be an American now, you know."

The Englishwoman looked up, incredulous. "Why, Nurse, you're not married!"

"I'm not a nurse," said Kari sweetly, "and I do happen to be Mr. Chapin's wife, for the moment."

Fleetingly Sprague's eyes passed over her, as if to take stock of her anew. The Levantine merchant stopped eating his soup.

"Because," said Kari, "the Arabs understand a woman going to the defense of her man."

Then the Arab servant brought the two letters to the table, looking around inquiringly. "Mr. Sprague?" he asked.

That gentleman nodded, and held out his hand. Raised his brows when he saw the sealed missives bore neither stamps nor postmarks. Ripping one open with his finger, he took out a folded sheet of paper that was blank on both sides.

Kari quivered inside. Her knees were wobbling under the table, and she felt like running away. If she could only say just the right thing! Please, she begged silently, let it work—I'll pile stones on that heap. Ever so many!

Sprague was looking up at the Arab servant. "How did you get this thing?"

"A lady, sir."

Frowning, Sprague glanced at the other envelope, addressed like the first to him at El Matl, in care of the Convoy Company. When he ripped it open, he found another sheet of blank paper inside, and went dark with anger.

"Someone," he said harshly, "is trying to play a very bad joke."

He looked at the Englishwoman, and—quickly—at the Levantine date merchant, and at Kari.

"It's not a joke," said the girl quietly. Under the table, her hand pressed Chapin's knee warningly. No one else had cared to sit beside him.

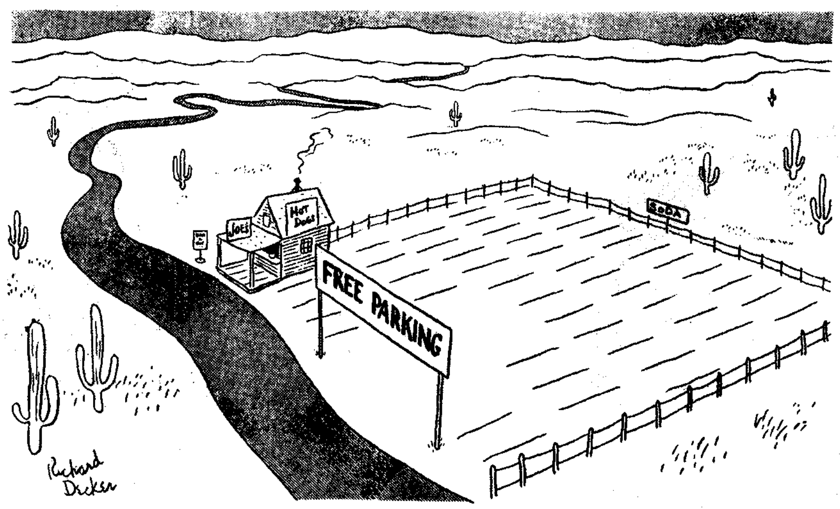
"Then I'd like to know," Sprague demanded, "what you think it is."

Kari noticed for the first time that his English was precise and clipped, without Chapin's Midwestern twang. "I suppose," she answered, "you'd call it theft. At the consulate, Mr. Sprague, you opened that other letter with a knife, didn't you?"

FOR a second Sprague stared at her. Then he smiled. "Why, yes." He drew a small silver knife out of his coat. "With this. Like to see it?"

Kari's head bent over it—cheap Oriental work, the kind anyone could buy at any bazaar. Incredulous, Chapin was staring at the two envelopes on the table, his lips quivering.

"But you opened these with your fingers," she said, "just as you did your mail, this morning in the car. Nearly everyone does, of course. You used that paper knife at the consulate, didn't you, because those two envelopes—" She reached over and placed the two on the table side by side. One had a corner hanging loose, and the other was ripped jaggedly along the top. "Because those two envelopes had to look exactly alike."



RICHARD DECKER

"I don't know," Sprague frowned impatiently, "what you're talking about."

"Yes," Kari cried suddenly, mercilessly, "you do." If only, she thought desperately, she could guess. "You carried out the six thousand *tumans* in the envelope they gave you."

Sprague's hand moved toward his waist. Then his words fell like cold water upon her desperation: "That is libel, my girl, under British law. And before witnesses. Captain Nicholson, I'll ask you to remember this."

Chapin's hand moved, closing upon the back of his chair.

"Buck!" Kari pleaded, her eyes hopeless.

"You leave her out of this," the boy said thickly. "You're not fit to look at her, you cheap crook—"

"He's not a cheap crook," Kari insisted. "He's an international thief, who has been a bit too clever this time."

"Crickey!" ejaculated Nicholson. But Sprague got up from his chair, his face like a mask.

"You heard that, Nicholson?" he snarled. "Now I'm going to ask you to search me, and search my luggage." Impulsively, he turned to the Levantine: "Aravang, get my bags out of the convoy."

With alacrity the date merchant rose, still gripping his brief case. And Kari sprang up with a gasping breath.

"Oh, Aravang," she cried, "I'm so glad. I didn't know Mr. Sprague knew you so well. You needn't bother about his luggage. We'll search yours, instead." Her eyes glowed as the big man stared at her, startled. "Leave that brief case on the table."

His round cheeks twitched, and he hugged the case tight. Aravang was a bazaar trader, and bazaar born, and he shrank before the anger in the girl's eyes.

"You lied about Chapin *effendi*—the Yamrican!" she flung at him savagely, before Sprague could speak. And Nicholson's head came up, as if he sighted game. Kari was merciless, just then, seeing the Levantine afraid. "You swore he came to you in the bazaar, to ask you to buy six thousand Persian *tumans*. The police will put you in jail, because you lied."

Aravang's mouth dropped open, and he began to shout: "*La!* I have done nothing. It was this *effendi* Sprague who came to me, saying—"

Sprague snarled at him. "Shut your mouth. Get the bags out of the convoy. Be quick."

The mask of confidence had dropped from him, and his face was not pleasant. His eyes shifted along the table, frightened. His hand jerked at his pocket and came up with an automatic. The short barrel quivered. "You're trying to do me in, with that sneak of a girl."

Nicholson whistled softly. Kari giggled hysterically, and caught up the silver knife, striking the table gong to summon the servants.

THE clang of the gong broke something in Sprague's nerves. The automatic in his hand exploded. Kari blinked, and began to cough, feeling as if she had been slapped hard in the face. She saw Sprague moving back toward the door.

And Chapin's arm moved, with his chair swinging at the end of it. The chair struck on the floor, against Sprague's legs. He staggered and hopped on one foot. Before he could get his balance, Chapin came after the chair, with his hands reaching out. Sprague turned the automatic on the yellow tousled head with the hungry eyes. Then Chapin was not there.

He was diving at Sprague's knees. It was a savage tackle and the two of them slid to the wall. Nicholson jumped for them, and caught Sprague's wrist. He had no trouble taking the pistol away.

Like a frightened, fat rabbit, Aravang bolted through the door. He ran full into an Iraqi sentry coming up at the double, rifle in hand.

Then Kari began to cry.

Half an hour later Nicholson finished going through the belongings of the two. In Sprague's money belt he found the three thousand dollars paid over by the American consulate, and about as much in English pounds. Not a thing out of order.

But in Aravang's brief case, he found the six thousand Persian *tumans*. Also two unlooked-for passports, in different names. One was British and the other Egyptian. Both had Sprague's picture on them.

Nicholson stared at them, fascinated. "Sprague alias Brubacher, alias Idrisi. A rose by any other name!" he ejaculated. "Whoever he is, he'll have to go back to Baghdad for examination by the proper authorities." He looked up at Chapin. "Lucky for you. Clears you at your consulate, what?"

"I'm going back there with that money," said Chapin, his eyes shining, "on the next car."

"Lucky for you your wife guessed how he stole those *tumans*."

"I didn't guess," Kari stated.

"Oh." The Britisher's blue eyes were puzzled. "Then how did you know he was a thief?"

"He had to be. Buck never did it. He wasn't clever enough."

"Oh," said Nicholson, "I see."

You see now, Kari thought. But you didn't think anything about it, or feel anything, until that pistol went off, and you had all those passports in your hands. "Falsification of a passport is a very serious thing, isn't it, Captain Nicholson?" she said aloud and laughed a little, being utterly weary, because it was time for the convoy car to start on the night leg of the journey to Damascus, and she was all twisted inside, although she had not been shot.

WHEN Nicholson went out to the courtyard to see the car start he found Sprague standing by the open gate, the sentries eying him curiously.

The gate was open to the night and the desert. And Sprague was shaking like a man with a fever. "I know when I've been framed proper," he snarled. "You did me in, all of you. Him," he nodded at the interested sergeant, who was fixing up beds for the children in the car out of bags and blankets, "letting on he'd lost his way. Those Arabs making a bogus attack, like a cinema. Chapin fixing that revolver to look like it was meant for me. That sneak of a girl, shamming she was his wife."

Nicholson studied him, realizing how frightened the man was.

"You're imagining all that," he said thoughtfully. "Odd thing. You were the only one who knew how guilty you were this morning."

He nodded slowly. "Jove, man, if it hadn't been for that young lady, you'd be going into French territory with a bullet in your brain." He pondered, and exclaimed sharply: "There's only one way you could have done it, Sprague! You had the bogus envelope slit open in your pocket, or sleeve, when you called for your money at the consulate. Jove! You opened the right envelope, and then showed the beggars the wrong 'un. What?"

Sprague said nothing.

"This car," grumbled the sergeant, "is three hours late."

Nicholson went to find Kari, and he found her sitting on a bench where the courtyard was darkest, with Chapin's arm around her. And Chapin looked like a human being again. He looked, Nicholson thought, like a well man.

"Ready for Damascus?" he asked.

Kari looked up at him, and at the night overhanging the beacon light.

"I'm really Nurse Valgard, Captain," she said, "and I'm going back to Baghdad."

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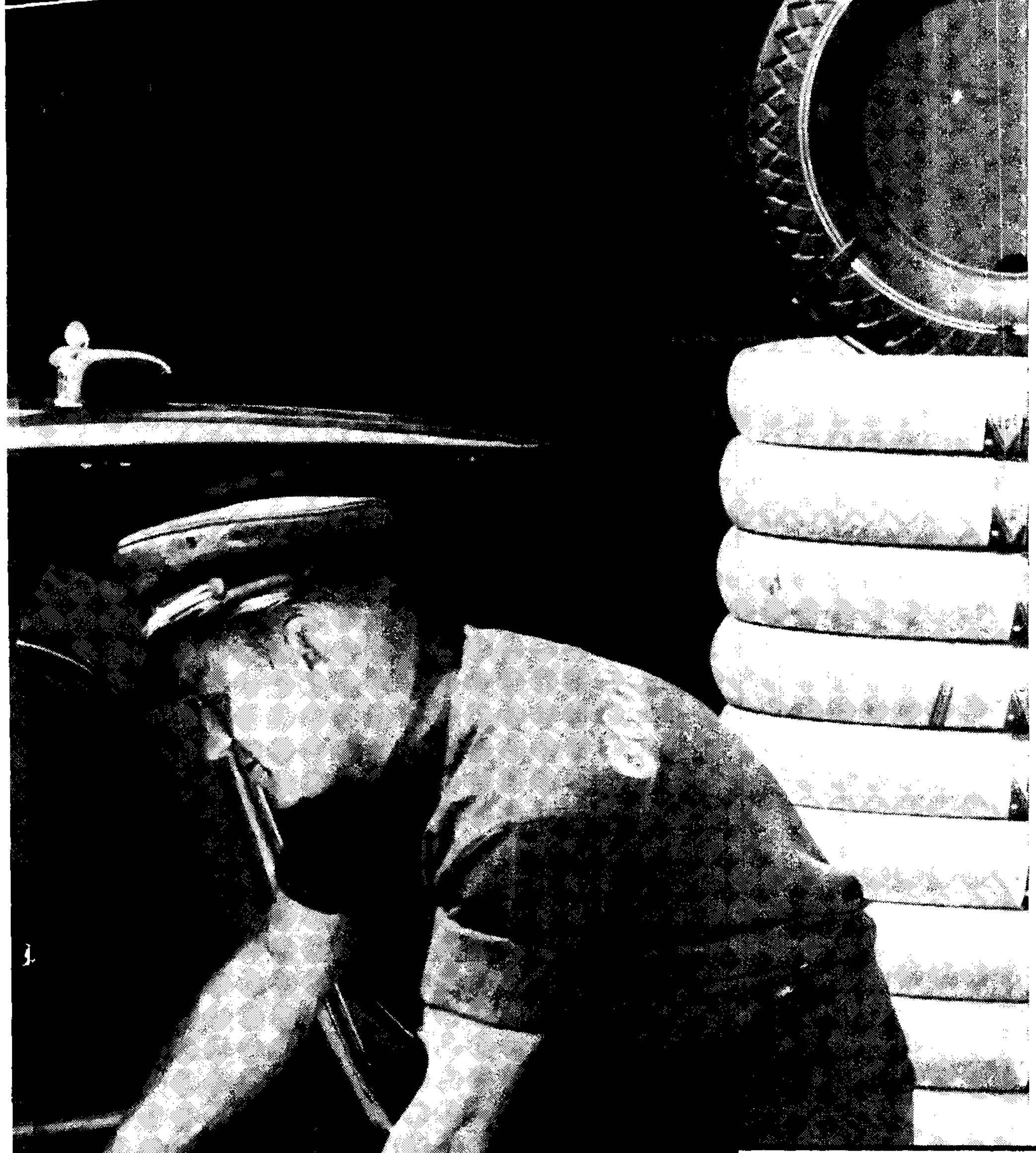

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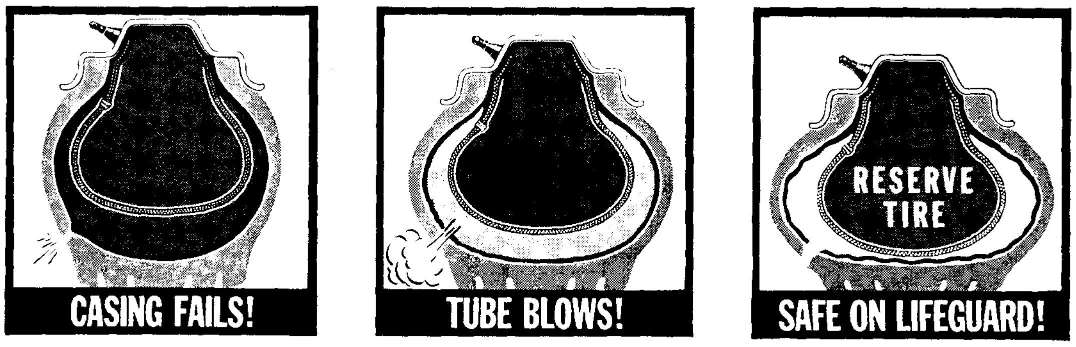

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A Touch of Heartbreak

Continued from page 20

and Ronnie were, without question, the leaders of their own small world. Less popular young people slavishly emulated their speech, their attire, their very gestures. They were greeted at the Fairside Club with suitable enthusiasm.

Ronnie, of course, had to waste a good many precious minutes in the powder room. That was the thing to do. The young girls were fluttering like birds before the mirror, exclaiming in rapture over one another's raiment. But Ronnie escaped as soon as it was seemly.

Dick was waiting for her. On demand, she and Dick trucked on into the center of the circle. Then, grave as bishops, they wagged a finger in the air and went on trucking to the tom-tom beat of Bud Keaton's drum. Ronnie's evening had begun. . . .

She was, as it happened, dancing with Dick when Lucille Carroll arrived with her father.

"Well!" Dick said incredulously. "Is *she* the one you were talking about?"

Ronnie looked over his shoulder, *seeking her own mental image of Lucille* Carroll, the image of a large, rather lumpish girl with stringy brown hair, wistful eyes and a frightened smirk.

The newcomer was a slender young girl who wore her dark hair in a sleek, shining cap. Her blue lace dress was simple, but in a way that accorded with the precocious simplicity of her manner. At this moment she was still standing by the door with her father, looking over the room in the manner of a cosmopolitan lady amused by the antics of yokels.

"She has something," admitted Ronnie in a small voice. "She certainly has!"

Now Mrs. Elwyn Deacon had hurried forward to greet Michael Carroll and to introduce Michael Carroll's daughter to a few of her contemporaries on the floor.

Lucille was obviously not much interested in any of the girls—although her eyes lingered enigmatically on Ronnie for a moment or two. She murmured the boys' names, however, with a little more warmth, and her smile for Dick Hendricks was very special and flattering. Ronnie overheard a scrap of their conversation.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" Lucille asked softly. "It seems to me—"

"No, I don't think so," Dick said hurriedly. "Matter of fact, I don't get out of this old town—much."

"Funny," said Lucille, with a slight shrug. "But I met so many people when we were in New York—men from Princeton and New Haven, you know. That's it, I imagine—you know you look terribly like a Princeton man!"

Dick reddened.

"Well, I've thought of Princeton a coupla times," he said, in an offhand way.

"Oh, I could have *sworn* it!" cried Lucille.

THIS was very strange, thought Ronnie, biting her lip. Actually, Dick Hendricks had never mentioned Princeton—to Ronnie's knowledge. . . .

Slim Davies, a solemn, spectacled boy—very good at mathematics—took Ronnie Ferguson into his arms and guided her through a rumba with more earnestness than grace. Bud Keaton's Rhythm Boys were giving of their best. Lucille Carroll, dancing with Dick Hendricks, was smiling mysteriously into his eyes. Dick, Ronnie noticed, had assumed a slightly knowing, sophisticated expression, an expression he probably thought suitable to a Princeton man.

After that, the evening belonged to Lucille. She told the orchestra what to play, and she introduced new ideas about the shag. She was a success—there wasn't any doubt about it, she was the big success of the party. That was only natural, Ronnie told herself. Everybody was always interested in a stranger. . . .

"I hope you're going to like it here," she said rather shyly.

They were in the powder room. Lucille glanced at Ronnie by way of the mirror.

"I think it will be amusing," she said composedly.

Ronnie turned over the word. She didn't know, exactly, what it meant.

"That Dick Hendricks—" said Lucille, moistening a finger tip and smoothing down an eyebrow. "He's rather good-looking. He's really too good-looking for a small town like this!"

Later—lying awake that night—Ronnie thought of all the clever things she could have said to this. At the moment she was bereft of speech.

"Goodness!" Lucille went on lightly. "I *promised* Dick this next dance! He'll be *furious!*"

When Ronnie came out of the powder room, Mrs. Deacon was tapping the orchestra leader on the shoulder, telling him to play the last dance.

"And it's mine," said Dick.

He led Ronnie smoothly around the floor—and a little of the weight was lifted from Ronnie's heart. But shortly she was aware of Lucille, smiling at Dick over somebody else's shoulder.

Ronnie was glad, really glad, when the Romp was over—and she was in Dick's car, headed toward home. But for the first time in her life she had to deal with a certain masculine obtuseness. Dick Hendricks, in his blindness, hadn't the faintest idea there was anything wrong.

They were at Ronnie's door—and they had talked about Lucille Carroll all the way. . . .

RONNIE FERGUSON, one week later, was sitting in the chintz-covered chair by the front window, her glance veering constantly from the book in her hands to the deserted lawn. So far, nobody had cut across the lawn to whistle or shout for Ronnie. It was unprecedented. The Sunday afternoon stretched dreary as a desert all around her.

"I'm reading the most *fascinating* book," she explained.

"I suppose Dick will be over," her father said cautiously.

Ronnie examined her own coral-pink fingernails with a faint, amused smile.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "He's prob'ly over at the Carrolls'. The Carrolls had their old tennis court rolled—and everybody's got this simpully mad passion for tennis all of a sudden."

Her father's eyes were very gentle.

"It's much too hot," he said.

Ronnie's world, in its own cruel and youthful fashion, had betrayed her. *There* was nothing dramatic about it. Overnight the court was deserted—the courtiers had fled. Lucille Carroll, in the big house on the hill, was the reigning queen.

Not even Ginger Matthews was loyal.

"Oh, my dear, you can't buy a bolero!" Ginger had screamed. "Lucille says nobody is wearing boleros any more!"

"*I* am," Ronnie had assured her coldly.

Ginger didn't matter so much. Dick, really, was the only one who mattered. But even Dick was spending most of his time on the Carrolls' tennis court. . . .

Ronnie clenched her teeth, so that she would not disturb her set smile. She turned another page of her book. . . .

The doorbell rang in the frenzied way that indicated somebody under twenty was at the threshold. Ronnie leaped to her feet and then, controlling herself, moved languidly to the door.

It was Dick. John Ferguson winced and then grinned as the screen door banged behind Ronnie.

"Hello, Ronnie."

"Hello, Dick."

"It sure is hot, isn't it?"

"My, yes." Ronnie sat on the front porch step and leaned against a pillar. "My goodness, I've had a million baths today—I just haven't wanted to do *anything!*"

"I guess you're smart at that. I've been playing tennis." Dick crooked his arm around the opposite pillar and swung *himself* about, *not looking* at Ronnie. "The whole gang's been over at the Carrolls', taking turns on the court. You'd have laughed. Imagine Ginger and old Slim playing me and Lucille!"

THERE was an awkward silence.

"Goodness!" Ronnie said hastily. "I think it's wonderful you all have so much energy. I'd *die.*"

"It is hot, isn't it?"

"It cer'nly is."

Conversation lagged. Ronnie knew intuitively that there was something wrong—something very, very wrong—but she didn't know what it was, and she didn't know how to guard herself against it. Dick was looking so embarrassed, so guilty. The way he used to look when Mr. Fitzhugh caught him unprepared in French class. Terribly nonchalant. Now he had picked a leaf from the honeysuckle vine and was chewing it absently, scowling a little.

"I guess," he said at last, choosing his words with elaborate care, "the Westons are getting all set for their party Thursday night."

Ronnie nodded, lending to her smile just the proper shade of derision. Next to the Romp, the Westons' birthday party—given every year for their daughter Kathleen—was the great event of the season.

"They've asked Lucille, of course," Dick said abruptly.

"Why—why, yes, of course," said Ronnie.

"I—I guess I'm taking her myself, as a matter of fact."

Ronnie let the words sink down into her mind. They hadn't made sense, just at first.

"First thing you knew, we had it all fixed up," he went on rather hurriedly. "Not that it amounts to much—the party, I mean."

Ronnie lowered her fair head so that he might not see the painful hot tide of color in her face.

"Oh, the Westons' parties are ghastly!" she agreed, in a light, brave voice. "Simpully ghastly!"

She repeated this statement to her parents, over the dinner table that night.

"I don't think," she concluded, "I'll even *go* to their old party. It's such kid stuff anyhow—birthdays!"

Marcia Ferguson stared at her daughter in complete astonishment.

"Since when," she demanded, "have you been superior to birthdays?"

Ronnie laughed lightly.

"Oh, well," she said, "it's not only that. It's the whole setup. Honestly, I'm

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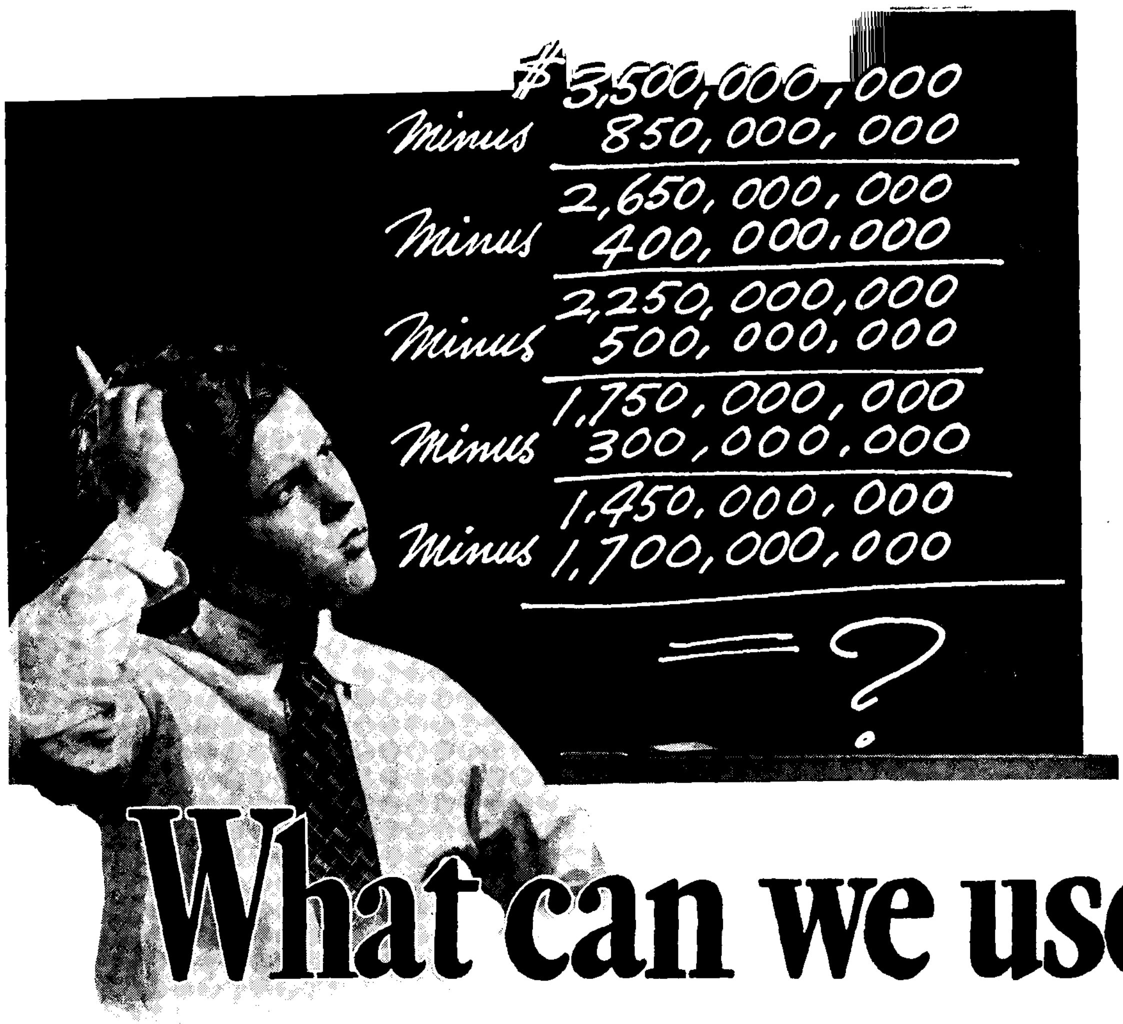

The Question is—

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Inescapable wear and tear, plus reasonable provision for loss and damage, equipment rentals and such, will come to around $400,000,000. That leaves a balance of $2,250,000,000.

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And, of course, taxes. These are paid not only to the U.S. government but to state and local governments, and they will total about $300,000,000. This shrinks the balance to $1,450,000,000.

During the year, at present wage levels — the highest in history — railroad employes will receive about $1,700,000,000 — which is practically half the *total* money the railroads take in.

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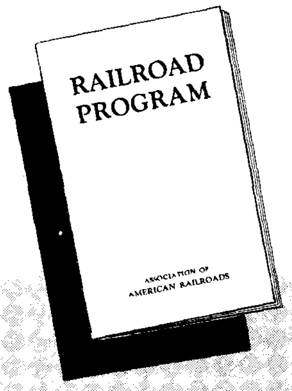

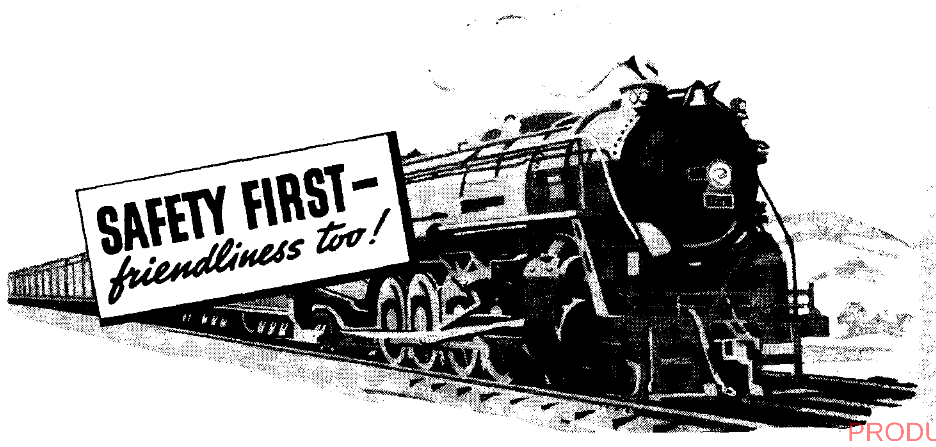
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so sick of this whole town I could just die. I'd like to go a million miles away somewhere. I mean I get so *bored* with everybody!"

John Ferguson and his wife exchanged a swift glance. Nobody said anything. Ronnie, in spite of having professed an enormous appetite, couldn't eat a second piece of lemon pie. Her throat ached. But there was one consolation, she thought: her family couldn't have the least idea there was anything wrong.

THE next two days were endless. Twice Ronnie went to the movies by herself. She even went to the public library and took out half a dozen books. Then, on Thursday, Ginger Matthews came over and broke the news:

The Carrolls were leaving—for the East—that very afternoon.

"Mrs. Carroll got her hay fever back. Besides, she said she was bored to death in this town. Can you imagine that, my dear?"

But Ronnie ignored the olive branch that Ginger was waving so frantically.

"You're so *crazy* about Lucille," she said coldly. "I guess you'll miss her."

Ginger blushed.

"Well," she said, struggling feebly for words, "you know how it is. New people are always kind of interesting—in a way."

Ronnie drew a deep breath. She realized vaguely that she was having her first practical lesson in the working of the mob mind. At that very moment she saw Slim Davies and Kathleen Weston coming down the street. The rest of the gang would be here soon enough.

"Lot of sheep," she muttered.

"What did you say, Ronnie?" Ginger asked anxiously.

"Nothing." Ronnie looked at Ginger out of the corner of her eye. "I forgot to tell you—I bought that bolero outfit."

"Oh, did you?" said Ginger respectfully. "I'll bet it's *divine!*"

"You're darn' right it is," said Ronnie. . . .

Dick came over early that evening and asked Ronnie to go to Kathleen Weston's party with him. Ronnie stared at him for several long moments, incredulously.

"Well!" she said at last. "You must have a pretty peculiar opinion of me!"

"Oh! You mean on account of—of Lucille?"

Ronnie nodded.

"It's not," she explained quickly, "that it mattered to me that Lucille was your date for the party. Because it certainly didn't! It didn't matter in the least. But—but for you to ask *me* simply because Lucille has gone away—"

She choked, misery and loneliness and pride getting in the way of further speech. But a moment later she managed a laugh—a very light and scornful laugh—before she turned on her heel and fled up the stairs.

RONNIE closed her bedroom door and hurled herself on the bed. Everything had been so wonderful—and he'd spoiled everything. All their plans for going to State together—all the other plans, scarcely put into words—oh, he'd spoiled everything!

He had not left the house immediately. Her father had come in, and he and Dick were talking. She hoped her father would have the sense to say what he ought to say. Anxiously Ronnie framed the words for him: "Oh, Ronnie's turned down half a dozen dates for that party tonight. I guess she just can't be bothered, that's all. She says she's bored with everybody she knows in this town—" But it was too much to hope that her father would have that much sense. Half fearfully, Ronnie opened her bedroom door.

"Well, it's this way, sir," Dick was saying, loudly and desperately. "I didn't even *like* Lucille very much!"

"Didn't you?"

"No. I mean—you know how you can kind of get onto a line?"

"I do, indeed," murmured John Ferguson.

"Well, there was that. But then Ronnie had told me I had to go over there. And then, after I did go over there, Ronnie got so high-hat. But when I asked her if she didn't want me to play tennis on the Carrolls' court any more, she got more high-hat than ever. She kept telling me it didn't make any difference to her what I did, one way or the other. Can you understand *that,* Mr. Ferguson?"

"A man never understands these things, son. He just accepts them."

"Well, I guess so." Dick lifted his voice aggrievedly. "But you can't call it reasonable! And then this business about the party—I couldn't tell Ronnie that Lucille had practically *asked* me to take her, could I? I mean, what kind of a sap would that make me out to be? Because, look, I don't know how it happened exactly. Lucille and I were just talking along about this and that and the other thing—and the Westons' party came up in the conversation somehow or other and Lucille said she'd been asked, but she didn't see how she could go all by herself. I started to say I was asking Ronnie, o' course, but the first thing you know I was all twisted up and Lucille was saying she hadn't meant to *hint* or anything—I don't know, she kind of asked me without coming right out and asking me. But I don't suppose that makes much sense to you, Mr. Ferguson."

"Oh, yes," said Ronnie's father. "I've known a lot of women, Dick."

"Yes, but—I couldn't explain that to Ronnie, could I? Doggone it! You'd think that Ronnie could see how it was!"

"Sometimes they see," said Ronnie's father oracularly. "And sometimes they don't see."

He paused. Ronnie, sliding her hand along the banister rail, was coming very slowly down the stairs.

RONNIE'S father went out of the room, smiling to himself. The two young people, both very red, confronted each other.

"I—I heard the last part of that," said Ronnie at last.

"As a matter of fact," he muttered, "I was saying it kind of loud."

"On purpose?"

"Yes. You see, I kind of wanted you to know I wasn't so *crazy* about Lucille."

Ronnie looked at him for an instant.

"Maybe I believe you," she said with dignity. "Maybe I *don't.*"

"Listen," he said hoarsely. "You've got to believe me! You've got *to!* You've got to let me take you to the Westons' tonight! Because I—because you and I—"

He broke off, helpless again. They were both young enough to be afraid of words. But as they looked at each other, there was a promise between them, rapt and inarticulate. Suddenly he put gentle hands on her arms and kissed her. It was not like a kiss in any of the thousands of moving pictures they had seen. It was shy, inexpert, brief. It was only the instant's touch of his lips and his smooth, warm cheek. But she would remember this instant all her life long.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "I—I've got to dress now—for that ghastly old party! I'll be ready about eight."

He was tremendously stirred and embarrassed. But he, too, was trying to be smooth about the matter.

"Okey-doke!" he said.

He sauntered out of the house, and the screen door banged loudly behind him.

The Honor of the Dixie Belle

Continued from page 14

"He confessed?" my mother exclaimed.

"Yes. Callahan is dead. The old fiend murdered him. Made a complete confession."

Oh, Jerusalem dang it, I thought, Paw really did it; Paw really went and did it. I felt terrible a-scared and I ran out the side door and jumped on my bike and went down that hill road lickety-cut into Pike County Landing and straight to the calaboose.

There were a lot of men and kids hanging around the calaboose.

Mr. Greavis was at the door, and I told him I had to see Paw, and he said: "Hey, now, sonny, calm down." Then he turned and said inside, "Paw, your young friend is out here. Want to see him?"

"Hold it," somebody said, "we're busy."

I THOUGHT maybe they were hanging Paw in there already and I just scrambled up those steps and into that place, with Mr. Greavis hanging onto my shirttail. But they were not hanging Paw. They were just lawyers and friends talking to Paw. Paw was sitting on the edge of a cot and they were talking to him.

"We just can't believe you are telling the truth, Paw," one of the men they called Judge said. "You've already told three different versions of the killing."

"Only three, Jedge?" Paw said. "Pshaw now, I must be kind of slowin' down. Have I told how I run thet feller through my chum-chopper?"

"Oh, now, Paw," a man said.

"Arter I bopped him on the head with thet poleax, Jedge," Paw said, "he looked kinder like a goldanged gar a-layin' there, gaspin' fer breath. I spit some tobbacker juice in both his eyes an' I said to the feller: 'Yep, thet's whut ye are. A goldanged gar thet sneaks around a-doin' dirty wuk on the sly.' Yep, Jedge, an' he was, too. He was Mr. Lacey's pet gar thet he keeps to slip inter a honest man's net arter dark. So I jest happened to look toward my chum-chopper on thet bench in the corner thet the sheriff found all bloody. Goldang it, I says to myself, this feller would come in handy fer fish bait. So I cut his fins an' flippers off fust an' got rid of the head arter that.

"The rest of it run through fair to middlin' well, all exceptin' his heart, Jedge. Thet struck sparks in the chum-chopper an' dang near ruint the cuttin' blade."

My eyes were popping out of my head and my back was shivery all the time Paw was talking. But the men did not take it so big. They just shook their heads and stood up and the man called Judge said: "You don't seem to realize that this is a serious matter, Paw. Circumstantial evidence is against you and you have made a confession to the sheriff."

Paw just spit tobacco juice.

"Ain't found the body, have they, Jedge?" Paw said. "They got no corbus delicty without thet body."

The judge just shook his head.

"We're going to let you think this over a while, Paw," he said. "Maybe you'll decide to tell us the truth." They all shook hands with Paw and Paw said: "I thank 'ee kindly, sir, I thank 'ee kindly."

When the men were gone Mr. Greavis let me go over and talk to Paw.

"Are they going to *hang* you, Paw?" I said.

Paw just laughed.

"Well, Bobby," Paw said, "I was born to be hanged. Didn't aim fer it to heppen until my ninety-seventh year, dang it. Seems a shame I got ter swing at eighty-one, don't it?"

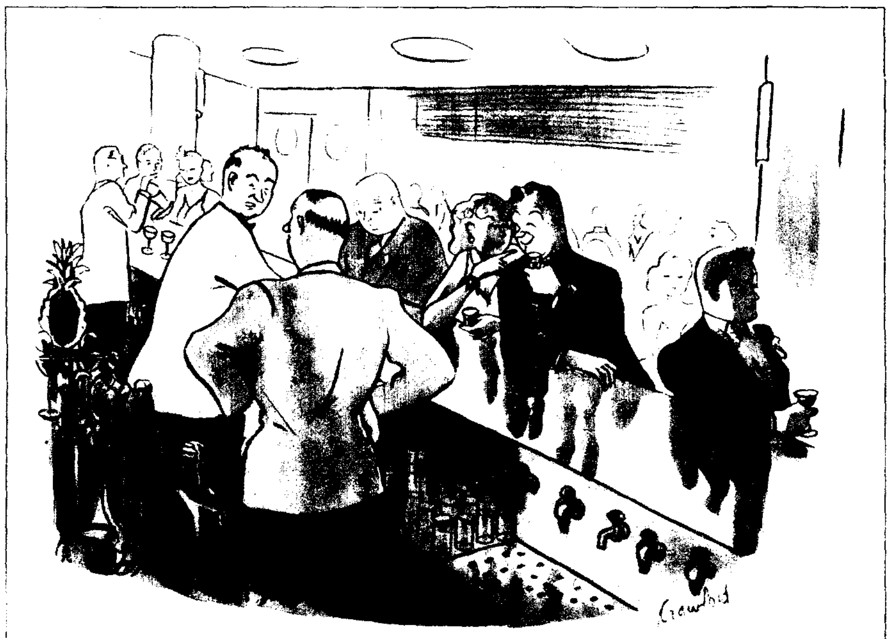
"I will not let them hang you, Paw," I said. "I will get a machine gun and cut loose at them. I will put the heat on them right."

Paw was proud of me.

"A right good idee, Bobby," he said, "but you promise me jest one thing. You wait ontil I'm safe on thet gallus an' outer range afore ye cuts loose."

THEN I remembered what Paw had said about that they would have to find Mr. Callahan's body before they could have a corbus delicty against Paw, so I asked him what that meant. Paw said it was a legal term and not fit for an honest man to use and he would have to wash his mouth out with soap. Paw was not a-scared; he looked like he was having the time of his life. I could not figure it out and it looked funny but I did not get a chance to interrogate Paw thoroughly on the fine points of the case, because a lot of ladies from the Methodist Church were calling to see Paw.

I left the calaboose while Paw was still talking to the church ladies.



"She couldn't reform him, so she decided to be a pal to him"

WILLIAM CRAWFORD

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by don herold

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Lucy had calmed down and looked pretty when I met her.

"How's Paw doing?" she said.

"Okay," I said, "he has not got any remorse yet."

"Why, of course not," Lucy said. "Paw is not guilty."

"You're just goofy," I said. "Paw confessed. I heard him telling it with my own ears."

Lucy shook her head and made me walk with her toward the Dixie Belle.

"Paw didn't mean to confess," Lucy said, "but all those fool people crowded around him and said they knew he was innocent. That got Paw's contrariness worked up and he confessed just out of pure spite. He never killed anybody."

"You're just a girl," I said, "and do not know anything about murders."

Lucy said, stubborn: "The proof of it is that they can't find the body. I bet Mr. Callahan is still alive."

OLD Adrian Reed had been hanging around and he caught up with us and started talking to me about the murder.

"Some people certainly have a nerve," Lucy said.

"Oh, hello, Miss Hough Huffy," Adrian said.

"You're a big help, I must say," Lucy said.

"I guess you think Paw didn't do it," Adrian said.

"Of course he didn't," Lucy said, "and your attitude is the final proof to me that you are just thoroughly and finally no good."

"I don't care two straws what you think," Adrian said.

"Why aren't you on your way to South America?" Lucy said.

"I'm waiting for my private yacht to get steam up, Sis," Adrian said.

"Have a nice trip, goodby and good riddance," Lucy said.

Adrian explained to me after Lucy ran onto the Dixie Belle that he had stuck around, not because he cared two straws for Lucy any more, only he had to keep an eye on Mr. Gollomb and see that he did not try any immoral tricks. Adrian said he had confidential information that Mr. Gollomb was a very immoral guy and did not mean it when he got engaged to Lucy.

But my mind was on murder and I was still awful worried about Paw, as I feared Paw had been careless about covering up his tracks. I asked Adrian if he knew what corbus delicty meant and Adrian said it meant that the cops had to show the dead body of the murder victim to the coroner before they could hang or burn any guy for killing the body. Right away, I saw the fine point to this, because if they could not find Mr. Callahan's body they could not hang Paw.

ADRIAN agreed with this, saying: "If Paw has been smart enough in getting rid of that corpse, he will walk out of court laughing. He will beat the rap."

But when I went aboard the Dixie Belle, I was still awful worried.

Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead had been let out of jail, because Paw took all the blame for killing Mr. Callahan. Cap'n Dan was in the grand saloon writing it all down in his big book; he thought the "Q" had put him in jail in another plot. I could not get Cap'n Dan to discuss the murder with me and I did not see Lucy or Mrs. Drumwright. So I finally had to be content with Buttinhead to discuss the murder with.

Buttinhead was still so a-scared his eyes looked half popped and he was sitting in the kitchen with Cap'n Dan's shotgun across his lap. Buttinhead had been afraid the white people in Pike County Landing would lynch him and he sure was grateful to Paw for taking all the blame so quick.

"I'se been a-prayin' fo' Mistah Merrihew all aftahnoon, Bobby," Buttinhead said. "I'll git him snow white an' shed of all his sins befo' the time comes fo' him to swing. You see if'n I don't."

My mind was not on religion; it was on murder, so I carefully explained my theory to Buttinhead. I asked him if he had any idea exactly what Paw had done with that body.

Buttinhead said that would take some studying and he did not feel in the right mood, so soon after getting out of a lynching, but I kept after him to think and finally Buttinhead surprised me by coming out with a good idea.

"Mistah Merrihew nevah chopped up dat man fo' bait," Buttinhead said; "he too pahticuluh whut he use fo' bait. Mistah Merrihew *buried* dat man somewheah, Bobby."

"What makes you think he *buried* him?" I said.

"Mistah Merrihew mighty kind man undah all dat cantankerousness." Buttinhead said. "He buries dogs, but lots ob folks does. He buries *cats* an' not many folks does dat. But Mistah Merrihew de onlyest man I evah knowed dat buries sparrers an' *peckerwoods.* Stands to reason den he'd bury dat man, don't it?"

In my sober judgment Buttinhead was right. Oh, Jerusalem, goldang it, foosh and thrice foosh, I thought, I bet Paw did not bury Mr. Callahan right. I bet he was in a hurry or careless or did not see minor details, besides being too little and old to handle a big lunkhead like Callahan. Buttinhead wanted to know why I looked under such a severe nervous strain and pestered me to tell him and finally I confided my worst fears to Buttinhead.

BUTTINHEAD said: "Bobby, you is plumb right. Dat man ain't buried efficiently an' he will come poppin' up somewheahs an' den dey will scotch Mistah Merrihew fo' good an' hang him."

This was the worst and most critical big crisis in my life up to that time and I did not gum it up, either, but my mind worked logically to the correct idea. I told Buttinhead we would have to find out from Paw exactly where he buried Mr. Callahan and then go and see if all the details were correct. Buttinhead got a-scared and began to jabber silly and say he could not fool with it as he had only escaped a lynching by the skin of his back teeth and he would not ask the Good Lord to hit him with a miracle twice in the same place. But I said I would go and ask Paw and Buttinhead would only have to help me, after that. Buttinhead acted worse a-scared than ever and I had to rebuke that nigger to a fare-you-well, what I mean. I carefully explained to him that Paw had saved his life by taking all the blame; now it was up to him to help me save Paw's life.

"Dat's right, Bobby, dat's right," Buttinhead said. "You shames me. I'se an ungratitudiness niggah. But I makes on'y one drawback. I helps you wid dat man, but only durin' de daylight. Yas, *suh!*"

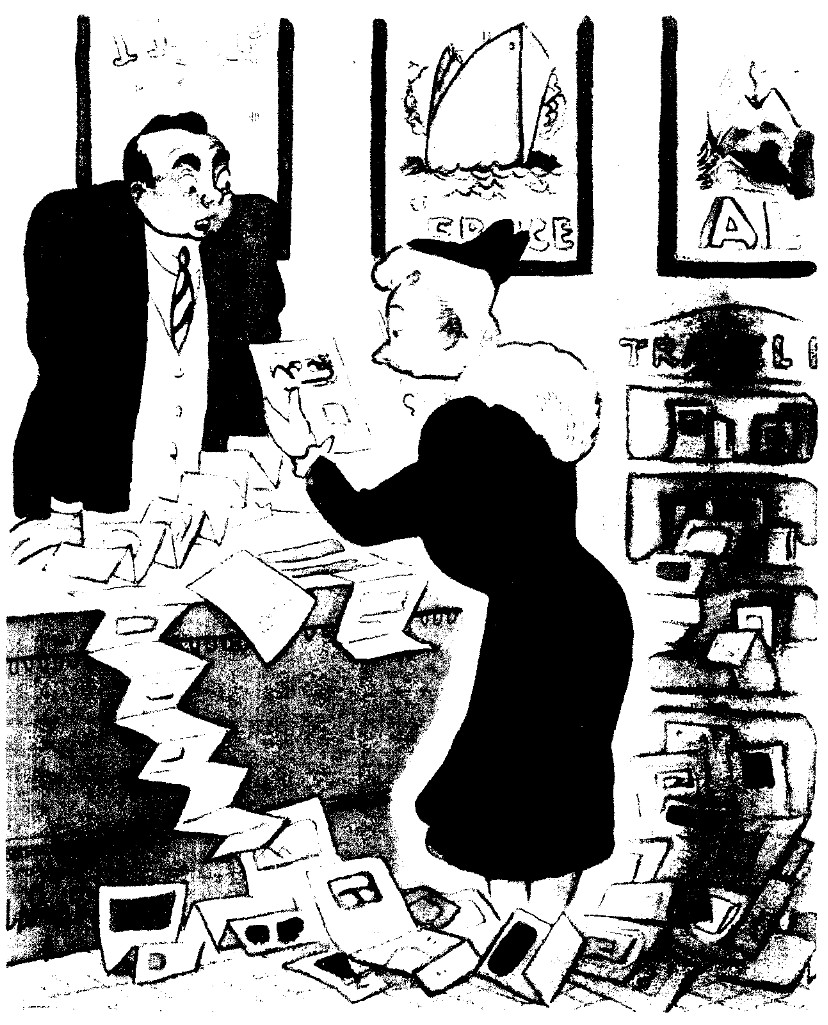
I FINALLY had to accept the compromise and told Buttinhead I would go right over and get the true dope from Paw.

But, kafooey on the kafooey luck, just as I was on my way to the calaboose my mother and Alfred caught me. My mother said to climb right into the car, we were leaving for St. Louis right after dinner.

"I can't," I carefully explained; "I am working on an important angle of this murder and it means life and death to Paw."

"Put him in, Alfred," my mother said, "and don't be rough with him. The child is hysterical, no wonder." My mother kissed me and felt of my hands.

"Your hands are just like ice, poor little boy," my mother said. "Oh, I blame myself for it all."



"Madam, there's just one more place I could tell you to go!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

She went right on talking about how my father was right and how she had to eat the humble pie and how she was going to take me away from Pike County Landing forever and sell the country place. But the word my mother said that popped into my head and stayed there was "ice." Judas Priest, goldang it, I thought all of a sudden, ice. That is it! The icehouse. That is where Paw buried Mr. Callahan. Oh, kafooey on my dumb head, that is the place, the very place. I said to myself Paw has put that body in the icehouse and I bet he did not bury it carefully and the men will put ice in it next winter and maybe find Mr. Callahan or else Mr. Callahan will be frozen in the ice and be delivered to some lady in Pike County Landing in her icebox and it will all come out and they will hang Paw.

"Let me out of here for just fifteen minutes," I begged my mother; "it is life and death to Paw."

But she would not and made me go straight into the house and to my room and undress and get in bed.

AFTER a while, Mr. Gollomb knocked on the door and came in. He had his suitcase. He said he had come to express his sympathy to me in the tragic eventuality that had happened to Paw. But he and Lucy were not going to desert Paw and would see to it that he got a fair trial. But before that he thought it was best to take Lucy away from such an environment and marry her right off. So he and Lucy were going to drive to St. Louis tonight and be married.

I was glad when he shook hands with me and left as I had decided to go out to the icehouse and find the corbus delicty.

"Nuttsky kafooeysky," I said to myself, "it is dark as heck, but I have got to go."

I locked the door and scrambled out the window.

I began to get a-scared when I passed the last section house on the Burlington tracks and there were not any more lights. My bedroom slippers were not so good and as soon as I turned into the weeds toward the icehouse the stickers started tearing my dressing gown. There was a big squawk and a splash and it made me jump and I was almost ready to back up and quit, yellow, but I saw it was only a bullfrog in a puddle. The crickets and tree frogs were going zing-zee-zing-zee and it was getting awful dark. I tried shutting my eyes to keep my courage but stumbled and fell, so I decided to put my head down and run the rest of the way to the icehouse.

I got to the icehouse in pretty good condition, only pretty sick at my stomach, and then I tried to go right up and open that big, thick icehouse door. But my mother says I have too active imagination and in my sober judgment she is right, because when I started to open that door I thought: "Gee heck, what if that body falls right out at me, like in the movies. I will fall right over and die or I will try to run and my legs will not work like in a bad dream."

Then I thought: "Yellow. Big sis. Little Lord Fauntleroy. I will not run. I will open that door real quick and take one look."

So I pulled open that door, and all of a sudden I heard a terrible awful groan: "Unnnnhhhhhh . . ." like that. I was so scared I kind of staggered back.

"Don't run, kid; come here!" the ghost's voice said.

It was Mr. Callahan's voice, sure. I tried to run but my legs acted up just the way I knew they would.

"I ain't dead," the ghost said, "my leg's caught. Come here, kid, quick!"

I still wasn't any too sure, as Mr. Callahan's ghost would have it in for me if he was a ghost, but I felt better and I edged into the icehouse doorway. A light flashed in my face and I nearly fell down, oh, my gosh, right there, and almost died.

"Are you sure I'm the first white man to scale Mt. Googloo?"

GARDNER REA

"Bobby Lacey!" Mr. Callahan said. "Well, am I glad to see you!"

It was that big klunk Callahan all right and he was not dead. He was lying on his side in a corner of the icehouse with two big, hefty square logs that had fallen down from a pile on top of his leg.

"Quick!" Mr. Callahan said. "See if you can move this timber."

I tried, but I could not move it, and Mr. Callahan was sweating and looked awful. He started to tell me more what to do and then all of a sudden he really and truly passed out.

Well, I felt my legs to make sure they would work as I would have to make a swift, dramatic dash through the elements for help. My legs responded in good working order and I really covered ground, what I mean. I reached the Burlington tracks and yelled bloody murder and ran some more and a section handcar came along and I told them of the crisis and to rush to the icehouse and give first aid to Mr. Callahan. Then, I ran some more and came to the Dixie Belle and yelled bloody murder and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead came running and I yelled help, fire, police, save Mr. Callahan. I just about passed out myself then, and began to bawl, and could not stop bawling.

EVERYBODY says that I did actually and truly save Mr. Callahan's life and am a true hero and should have a Carnegie medal for it. I heard the vital details of the big rescue from my mother who came to administer a sedative to my nervous system while I rested on the sofa in the Dixie Belle grand saloon.

Paw did not even attempt to kill Mr. Callahan, my mother said, only naturally resented his gumshoeing around the houseboat. Paw caught Mr. Callahan prowling in the houseboat and even Mr. Callahan admits Paw did not do him any violence. Paw just sneaked up on him and stuck his fish-sticker against the back of Mr. Callahan's neck and took the big lug's gun away from him and told him to skedaddle. Paw then threw the gun in a trunk and went on about his business.

But, oh no. Mr. Callahan would not take a plain hint that he wasn't wanted around Pike County Landing. Mr. Callahan was too ashamed to tell my father he had been disarmed by a little old man like Paw. So Mr. Callahan just kept on sneaking and prowling to find out where Paw had put his gun. Mr. Callahan found out Paw had a hangout at the icehouse, so Mr. Callahan thought sure Paw had hid the gun in there. So Mr. Callahan went to the icehouse on the sly to hunt for his gun and get evidence against Paw in the damage suit. The pile of logs fell on Mr. Callahan's leg and pinned him down and crushed his tibia oblongata or something. Mr. Callahan yelled and yelled but the icehouse walls were so thick nobody heard him.

"If you had not been a brave boy and gone up there in the dark all alone, Bobby," my mother said, "Mr. Callahan would have died from exposure and neglect and they probably would have hanged Paw for murdering him. I am so proud of you, Bobby. You inherit your courage from the Timberlakes."

PRETTY soon Paw came in with the man they called Judge and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead and Lucy. Paw was laughing and joking and feeling good and he said "Howdy," to my mother, friendly as anything and pretended not to notice me, just to be contrary.

"And what do you think of my hero, Mr. Merrihew?" my mother said.

"Bobby is the bravest boy for his age I ever heard of," Lucy said. "My goodness, I'd have died going to that icehouse alone after dark."

Paw just looked at me right hard.

"Wasn't scairt a bit, Bobby?" Paw said.

I knew better than to tell any lies to Paw, so I said I was plenty a-scared and tried to run but my knees were too weak.

"A honest lad, dang him!" Paw said. "Jest listen to thet now. The plain an' unvarnished truth comes outer thet boy's lips to praise the Good Lord an' shame the devil. Hanh!"

Everybody was laughing and joking because we all felt so good to have Paw out of the calaboose, when all of a sudden Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., came into the grand saloon of the Dixie Belle. Everybody stopped laughing and joking.

I will say this for my father. He is a good and cheerful loser.

"Well, folks," he said to Cap'n Dan and Paw and Buttinhead, "you've licked me to a frazzle. I went off half-cocked and I did you a grave injustice and I'm sorry."

The judge spoke right up and said my father should be more than sorry, that Paw and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead had an iron-clad case of false arrest against him and that he had advised them to sue.

Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., just laughed.

"Oh, that won't be necessary," he said. "I'll pay up. I'll make any settlement you people think is right. I know when I'm licked." Then he turned to Paw, admiring, and said: "That confession of yours was a great gag, Grandpa. You certainly built me up for a nice fat damage suit."

Paw got good and mad at my father.

"Why, goldang you," Paw yelled, "the idee of damages never oncet entered my head."

"Then why did you confess to a crime you never committed?" my father said.

"'Twas a matter of principle, dang ye," Paw yelled. "I allus have maintained as a guidin' beacon of my wuthless life thet any unanimous opinion folks git inter their heads is bound to be wrong an' dangerous. When I seed thet every last man jack an' boy an' 'ooman

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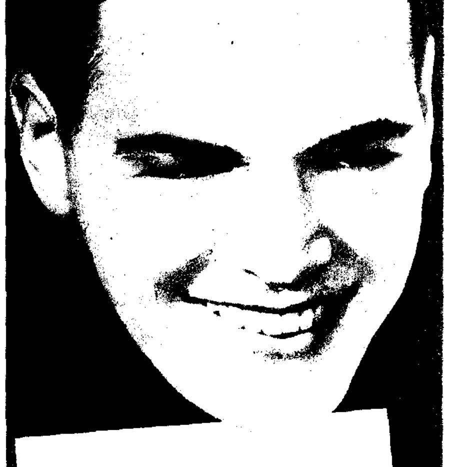

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in this county thought I was innercent of this crime as charged, I didn't have no choice but to rebuke sech an opinion, dang ye! So I up an' allowed I done it, but not fer any sech low an' beastly reason thet you imputes to me, Mr. Lacey, f'm the depths of yer black Irish iniquity. Hanh!"

My mother clapped her hands and everybody but my father and the judge were in favor of what Paw had done. But the judge said, "Mr. Merrihew, how much do you consider you have been damaged by this man's untrue accusations?" And my father pulled out his checkbook and said: "Name it!"

Paw said he would have to take a minute to figure it all up and he got a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote it down, while everybody waited.

"Well, Mr. Lacey," Paw said, looking up from his figures, "it comes to exactly four dollars an' twenty cents!"

I thought Paw would say at least a hundred thousand dollars and my father thought maybe two hundred thousand and the judge thought maybe all he could get.

"Four dollars and twenty cents?" my father said.

"Yep," Paw said, "not a penny more. Not a penny less. Ye've ruint forty-two pounds of prime an' fancy fish at ten cents a pound, wholesale, an' mind ye, I'm waivin' the state sales tax, not bein' in favor of it nohow."

"That's absurd, Mr. Merrihew," the judge said.

"Not a goldanged penny more!" Paw yelled.

THE judge asked Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead what their damage claims were for being put in jail under false pretenses.

"Are you representing the 'Q', sir?" Cap'n Dan said to the judge.

"No, Captain Minor," the judge said, "the one who damaged you is Mr. Lacey here and he is not connected with the Burlington in any way."

"Why, that gentleman is Bobby's father, sir," Cap'n Minor said. "I would never file a suit agin *him*, sir."

It was Buttinhead's turn, but before Buttinhead could think what to say Paw spoke right up and said he was retained by Buttinhead to act as his chief lawyer and Buttinhead did not ask any money damages. Buttinhead nodded, knowing better than to contradict Paw, and then Paw said Buttinhead had only one condition to make.

"This nigger is devotedly attached to Miss Lucy Hough yonder," Paw said, "and he demands thet you, Mr. Lacey, here an' now, agree to put Adrian Reed back in his job as assistant pilot of the Black Warrior towboat, so Adrian can marry young Lucy."

My father said right quick he would hire Adrian back. But neither my father nor the judge could get it into their heads that this was all the Dixie Belle people wanted out of him. So I jumped off the sofa to explain it to my father.

"These are truly good people, sir," I said, "and can stand on their own feet and do not have their hands stuck out for easy money from the rich capitalists. You better get wise to them, sir, you just better, and stop acting up like a tyrant!"

At last, Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., stood forth in his true colors, not being truly a villain or very bad or mean at all, just not understanding the Dixie Belle people.

My father put his arm around my shoulder and pushed me over to Paw and held out his hand to Paw.

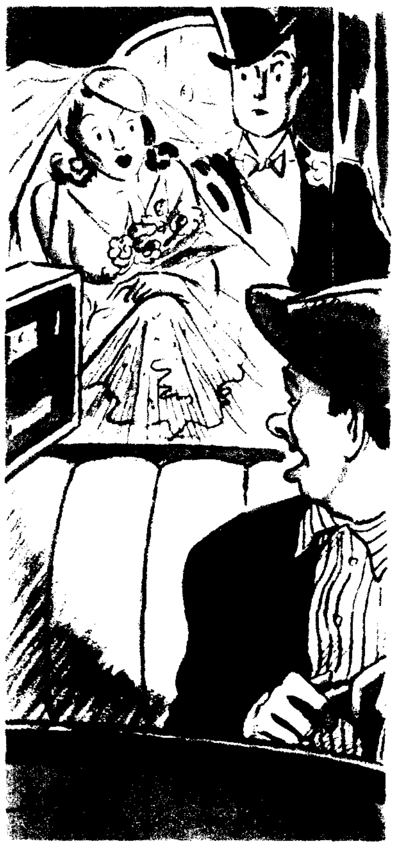
"I humbly apologize to you, Mr. Merrihew," he said; "you have shamed me before my own son and that is a hard thing for me to admit. But I do admit it and I would like to be your friend."

At first, Paw did not want to make up with my father but Lucy and my mother got to work on him and soft-soaped Paw and coddled him until Paw got mad and yelled, "Quit slobberin' over me, 'ooman!" Then Paw shook hands with Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr.

"Thet don't mean I've changed my opinion of the Irish, red an' black, one leetle bit, dang ye," Paw said. "But I reckon to be strictly fair; you ain't exactly a *black* Irishman. I see now thet your hair edges to brownish, an' a brown Irishman like Bobby here is fair to middlin'."

"Thank you, Paw," my father said.

My mother said she would never be able to thank Paw for what he had done for me and for my father, especially for my father, and she tried to kiss Paw but he would not let her. So my mother kissed my father instead and they left with the judge, saying I could stay up until ten-thirty and have a little visit with Paw right there in the Dixie Belle.



"Well, how do you like married life?"

A. ROSS

"Neat!" I said. "Now we can get after that big catfish or buffalo!"

In my sober judgment both my mother and my father were entirely regenerated and determined to live a better life and treat me better, because my mother did not look at the ceiling and say "Fish!" and my father said, "Wait until morning, Bobby, and I will help you catch that fish."

But my mind was on catching fish right now and I tried to get Paw to open up the hole and start in fishing. Paw said, Jerusalem goldang it, he had a little matter to attend to first. It was about Lucy, who was acting up contrary and did not want to marry Adrian.

WE LOOKED around for Lucy and she had slipped out somewhere.

"Kafooey on the luck, Paw," I said, "she has gone off with Mr. Gollomb to St. Louis. He told me she was going to marry him."

"Can't allow thet, Bobby," Paw said, "you, Buttinhead, git me Dan'l's shotgun."

Buttinhead got the shotgun and Paw and I started to leave the Dixie Belle to stop Lucy from eloping with Mr. Gollomb. But when we got to the Dixie Belle's gangplank who should be there but goofy old Lucy and goofy old Adrian, hugging and kissing each other.

"Hanh!" Paw said, "thet's better. Thet's hunky-dory."

Lucy was all slicked up and looked extra pretty and Adrian looked all right, though goofy.

"Oh, Paw," Lucy said, "Adrian is going to use the money he intended to spend on his South American trip for us to get married on!"

"It must be love, Paw," Adrian said.

"Hurry, Adrian," Lucy said, "we've got to elope!"

"She always was stuck on the idea of eloping," Adrian said. "It must be love that I will stand for it."

I said: "Huh, gee whillikers, who are you eloping *from?* You can't elope unless you elope from somebody, can she, Paw?"

Lucy just giggled and kissed me before I could dodge her.

"We're eloping from Mr. Gollomb," Lucy said.

"So long, Paw," Adrian said, "don't let the catfish eat you!"

"Goodby, Paw dear," Lucy said, and Paw got kissed on the sly, too.

PAW and I just stood there and watched Lucy and Adrian elope. They eloped around the corner of Front Street and I did not see them any more. Anyway, my mind was on fish.

"Come on, Paw," I said, "let's really get to work on that big catfish or buffalo."

But Paw said no, Bobby, we would wait until morning when my father could help us. Paw said so many tarnation occurrences had happened one after the other that a man had better sit down and think about them before he stirred his stumps into new trials and tribulations. So I sat up on the hurricane deck of the old Dixie Belle with Paw and only the moon shining and maybe a few stars.

Paw said all of a sudden: "Bobby, ye'll be a rich an' powerful man some day. Ye'll rule one of them leetle kingdoms thet makes up this country an' keeps it f'm bein' as Tom Jefferson an' the Good Lord planned. I hope I've larnt ye something, son."

I did not tell Paw what he had taught me because my mind was still half on fish and half sleepy. But I knew one thing: I would always be for Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy and Mrs. Drumwright, even, and Buttinhead, even, and all the people like them. I would have more respect for them than for any of the people my father and my mother had to go around with, that were drinking tipsy cocktails and chasing all over the country and being snooty. I would always be for the Dixie Belle that was so honest and beautiful even though ugly, and I would put that steamboat back on that Mississippi because they belonged together. And I would love that Mississippi better than any other place in this wide world and try not ever to get far from it or from the Dixie Belle people, because they were real.

"Let's just fish for only two minutes, Paw," I said.

Paw said, pretending to get mad: "Ye leetle fishy-minded tyrunt!"

But I am not a tyrant and Paw knows it, too. I have had a bellyful of tyrants already and I cannot tolerate any more. I am like Paw. I do not give a darn for tyrants whoever they are or any place they rise up in this country; I will be against them and would not mind using a machine gun on them and putting the heat on them with blackjacks and jujitsu and the boot and the thumbscrews and the rubber hose and raising a hue and cry against them and getting all good honest people to help me break their power. Kafooey and thrice kafooey on them.

But in the meantime Paw and I will do some good fishing.

THE END

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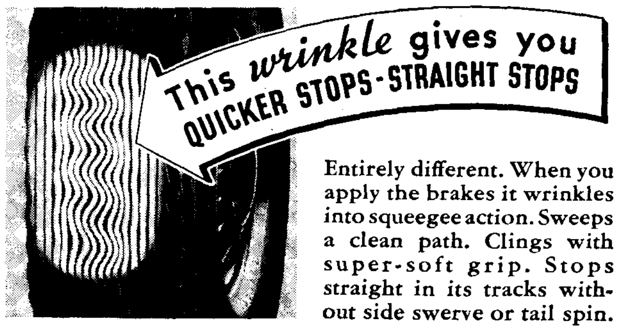

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OH, DAD, I JUST DON'T SEEM TO KEEP FRIENDS!

LOOK HERE, YOUNGSTER! DO YOU THINK THE TROUBLE COULD BE—WELL, BAD BREATH? ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH ASKING YOUR DENTIST ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.** ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

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OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Saratoga

Continued from page 13

Roger, knowing what was good and what was enough and that there was a time for everything, walked away.

He went up to the casino that night at ten. He found her playing at the same table. When she saw him she cashed in her chips and put on her wrap and they went out. "Want to go to Riley's?" he asked her. "Want to go out to Arrowhead?"

"No," she said. They were on the street in front of the casino then. "I'm tired," she said. "I want you to walk me back to the hotel."

"You mean I'm going to walk you back to the hotel and say good night?"

"If you don't want to," she said, "I can take a cab."

That humbled him. "All right," he said, "but I don't see why."

She took his arm warmly. They walked down through the crowd.

"I was awfully glad to see you this afternoon," he said. "I felt low all morning. I felt awfully low. I didn't know what it was. I didn't . . ."

"I was glad to see you," she said.

Ahead of him then he could see the bulk of the United States Hotel, as homely and lonely and large in that small town as the abandoned cotton mills you see in Maine.

"You won't change your mind?" he said. "You won't have a drink with me?"

"No," she said, "I'm tired. Perhaps tomorrow night."

He could have kicked himself for the pleasure he showed. They were standing then by the entrance of the hotel.

"The same place, the same time?"

"Yes," she said, "and thanks." She gave him her hand. "Good night."

She turned and went up the stairs and he saw her disappear in the crowded lobby.

HE CALLED for her the next night. She said she was still tired and all he could do was walk her back to the hotel. He had promised himself that if she tried this again he would let her walk home alone. But in her presence he forgot his resolution and he was up at the casino the next night and the night after that. On the fourth night he kept his promise to himself and lost his temper. "I'm damned if I'm going to be used for an escort," he said. "Why don't you hire a detective? Why don't you take a taxi? Why don't you . . . ?" Then the tone of his voice changed. "Won't you at least go for a ride?" he asked.

"Of course," she said simply.

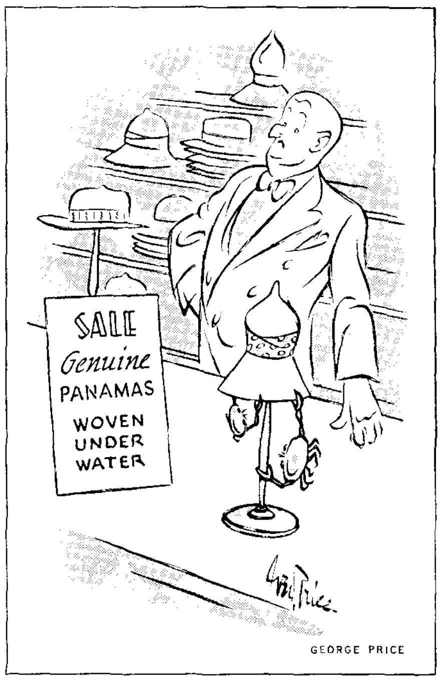
They were in front of the casino. The carriage that had taken them home the first night was there. They climbed in and she was the one who told the driver to go out Union Avenue. When they turned off the brightly lighted main street he put his arm around her. She leaned back in his arms like a person who is tired. "I'm crazy about you," he said. She didn't slap him. She didn't wisecrack. She answered in the voice of a person who is tired. "I'm crazy about you," she said.

Their carriage passed a lighted hotel, some empty school buildings. A party was in full swing in a house on Union Avenue they passed. They could hear people talking and laughing and the mechanical thumping of a piano. The driver listened carefully to the conversation of his fares.

"There are some things I ought to tell you," she was saying. "My father was a gambler. Like yours. Mother died and he started taking me around to the tracks when I was young. I got used to it. That was about the only thing I ever did get used to. And then when he died I just went on going around to the tracks because it was the only thing I knew. I'm a fool. You may as well know that in the beginning. Once, when I had some money, I owned a couple of horses. I can't seem to keep away from them. Sometimes I make money. Mostly I don't. But I know so many people now that when I'm in the red I can usually pick up a job.

"I model clothes at the track every afternoon for the man you saw me with. And then at night I work up at the casino. I go there at six and play until ten. I'm a shill. There isn't much doing between six and ten and they figure a woman at the tables will lead the suckers on. That's what I am. That's what I do. Are you disappointed? Did you think I was Mrs. Astor?"

"Why should I be disappointed?" he asked. "I don't even work as a shill. My father left me a little money and I play it. Sometimes I win and I live in style and sometimes I lose and I live like any bum. But I don't mind being poor because I'm always sure it won't last. It's a lie. I know it's a lie. It's crazy."



GEORGE PRICE

Up until then both of them had thought of their experiences as singular. But, talking together that evening, they found they had been identical. They knew the same hotels and people and places. They knew the same sensations, the excitement of winning and the remorse of loss and debt. They had both dodged landladies and hocked jewelry and borrowed. Their confidence, their familiarity with each other was something neither of them had experienced before.

Their carriage passed the race track. The driver noticed that his fares had stopped talking. It was not until they had come back onto Union Avenue that he heard their voices again.

"We ought to get married," Roger was saying. His voice was husky and low like the voice of a man who has just been awakened. "Neither of us likes the way we live. If we don't do something about it, we'll die like this. I'll be an old man hobbling around the paddock. You'll be old too. You'll be one of those old women with a purse full of dope sheets." He laughed. "If we get together maybe we could reform. We could buy a house and live in it. For years and years."

"It's a lie," he said, "the way we live. We spend ninety per cent of our energies planning to spend money we'll never have. We could help each other. We could change. We could spend our money for something besides whisky and flowers. We could buy a house."

"What would we buy it with?" she asked.

"I've got a little money," he said. "I'll play it tomorrow. On Espion. I'm sure of her and the price ought to be good. If she wins we'll get married. We'll leave the track for good. We'll buy a house. Is it a go?"

The driver didn't know whether she was laughing or crying.

"It's a go," she said.

The old horse, anxious to return to the stables, broke into a trot as they approached the village.

IT WAS on the next morning that Roger went around the track, saying goodby. "If Espion wins," he told MaGrath, "I'm going to quit the horses and get married and settle down. I'm going to change my way of life." Those were the words he used and they sounded awkward and mealy to his friends. The stableboys laughed and chuckled and instead of hailing him as "Twenty-to-one" they began that morning to call him "New-way-of-life."

There was nothing funny about that afternoon for either of them. It was a sober and important occasion in which there was hardly room for talk. They took a table and sat down. She ordered a vermouth. They said the things people say under stress. He asked her if she had eaten lunch, if she had read the paper, if she wanted a cigarette. "I told my boss I might be getting through tomorrow," she said. She rapped on the table. "He laughed. He thought it was funny."

"I told MaGrath," Roger said. "I told MaGrath I was getting through. He thought it was funny, too."

When the winners were posted at the end of the third he got up without saying anything. She followed. He went down to the betting ring under the grandstand where he thought he might get a better price and she waited for him by the gates that lead to the paddock. He found the price, when he entered the crowd, up to twelve and fifteen. He waited five minutes, eight minutes, keeping his eyes on as many slates as possible. Then at the end of the long corridor formed by the bookie's desks he saw the price go up to twenty. He pushed his way through the crowd and put down his money. Walking away, he saw the price go back to fifteen, then twelve. He returned to where she was waiting and they went down to the paddock.

ESPION was a horse whose sire and grandsire had brought Roger money. Haughty and a little fractious, she was being saddled in the shadow of an elm. They stood together, feeling a warmth for that animal that approached love. They watched her being saddled. They watched the nervous jockey mount. They saw his frightened smile. "She'll win for us, she'll win for us, she'll win for us," ran through Roger's mind like a refrain. They felt their relation to that horse was something the chattering crowd around them would never be able to understand. Then they joined the crowd that was rushing back to the stands. They walked slower than the others. They didn't talk.

Espion was top horse. Number two was Moll Flanders. Lead Pencil, Count Astrov and Jolly Iris followed in order. There were twelve entries altogether. But when the field paraded past them a few minutes later Espion was the only horse they saw. "She's a beauty," Judith said. Roger rapped on wood. The wait seemed endless. Then the field wheeled about and galloped up toward the barrier. "Want a drink, darling?" she asked. She could see how nervous he had grown. He didn't reply. He shook his head and handed her the glasses. The horses were at the barrier then and a quiet had come over the crowd. In the unnatural silence they could hear the splattering of the fountain in the field; the yelling of some kids in a distant parking lot.

Then that roar of thousands shouting and rising to their feet broke on the hot afternoon. A cloud of dust rose up from the backstretch and they could hear faintly, just faintly, the swelling drum of the field. At first the numbers were posted three, four, seven, then three, four, five, then three, four, one and then, at the turn, three went way off and it was five, one, seven and then Roger stood and began to yell and everyone around him was yelling and he was beating on the table yelling: "Espion, Espion, Espion, Espion, Espion . . ." and then Espion and Iris broke from the back and came neck and neck down the stretch and when she turned to tell him Espion had won she found him sitting at the table with his head buried in his arms.

"We can get married," she was shouting above the noise of the crowd. "We're going to get, we can get . . ." Then she noticed something unnatural about his position. In putting his arms on the table he had spilled her vermouth, the contents of an ash tray and scuffed up the linen with his elbows. "Roger!" she called, "Roger! Roger! Espion won! Roger!" She shook his shoulders. They were lifeless under her hands. He had fainted. He was out cold.

"BELOVED, we are gathered here together," the minister said that evening. MaGrath, the trainer, and Malloy, the bookie, whom they had asked as witnesses, cleared their throats. They took the vows, Roger slipped a ring on her finger and it was all over. They said goodby to MaGrath and Malloy on the steps of the church. The minister watched them go down the street together. . . .

She checked out of the United States, he left his boardinghouse and they spent what they sometimes called their honeymoon in a modest hotel in the north end of town. They were very happy together and they talked continually about the change they had made. But the money they had won on Espion, lying idle in the bank, worried them both, and on the third day Roger decided to borrow MaGrath's car and drive out to the country to see if there was a house around there they might buy. He taxied out to the track that morning, coming in through the gates for the first time since his marriage.

MaGrath was in good humor. Blue Bottle was running in the seventh that afternoon and he was sure of her and he would have given Roger his shirt. Roger didn't look around the track. He didn't dare. He knew how strong the temptation would be. He took MaGrath's car keys, thanked him and drove away. She was waiting for him at the hotel with some sandwiches and wine. The desk clerk told them the best road into the country and they left Saratoga behind them. . . .

It was in Washington County somewhere, down near the Hudson, that they found what they wanted. It was a small white house on the water side of the road. Four simple pillars supported the porch roof. A lawn reached down to the banks of the Hudson. The doors were locked and the windows were shuttered, but they, or at least she, knew what the interior would be like. They would be able to see the river, the valley and the mountains of Vermont from their tall windows. Standing there on the lawn, she planned the color of the carpets, the wallpaper and arranged the rooms.

They ate their lunch in the shadow of

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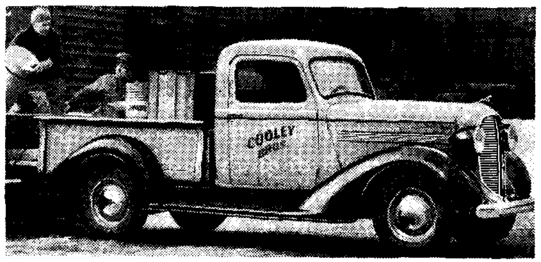

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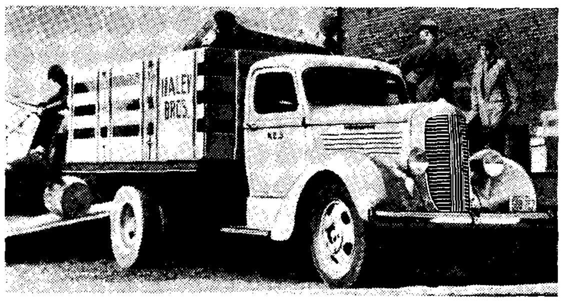

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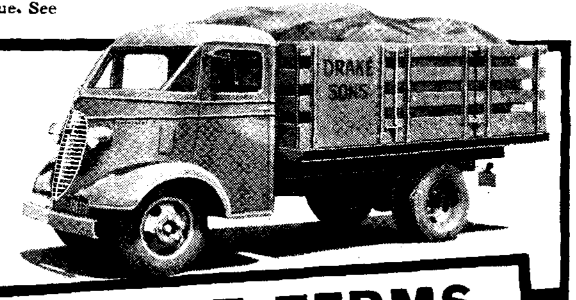

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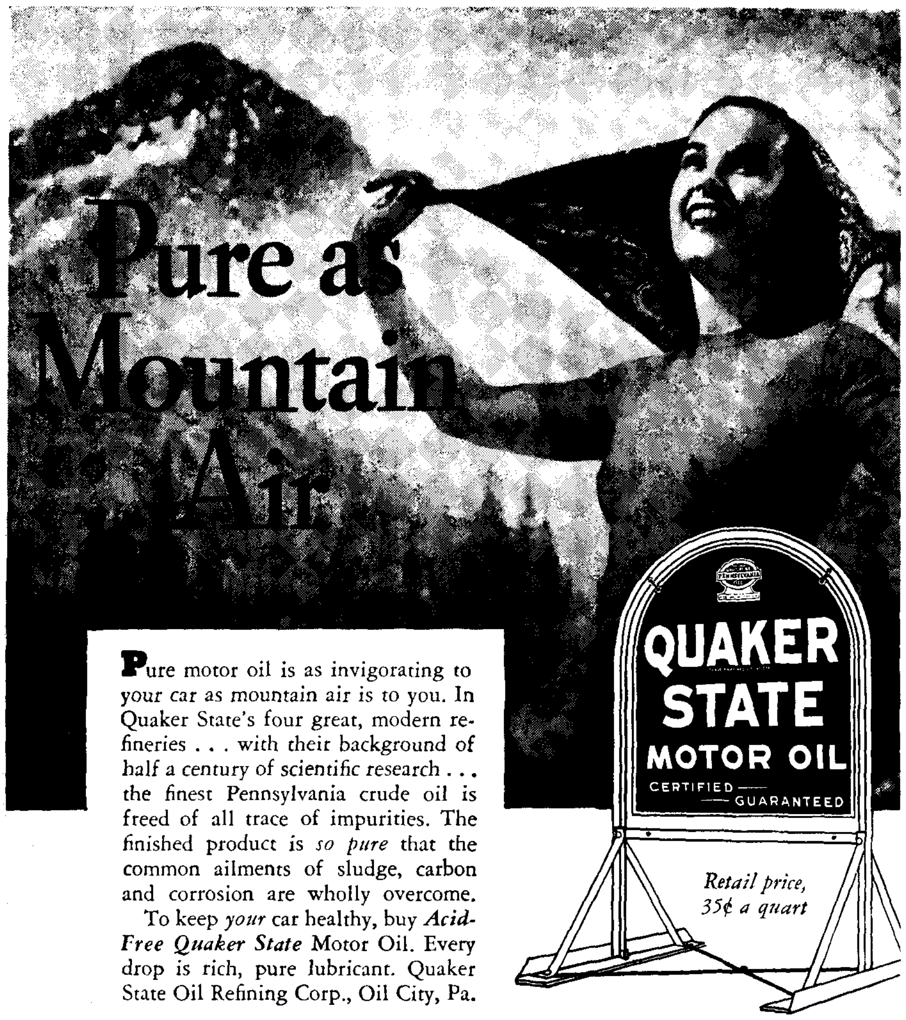

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a locust grove. She fell asleep and he sat beside her, listening to what were for him the strange noises of the country. A bird sang. A tree creaked in the wind. He left her and walked down to the bank and stripped and dove into the cool water. They might even have a boat, he thought while he swam, they could fish and swim and sail all summer.

When he returned she was awake.

"It's nice," she said. Her voice was sleepy.

"Yes."

"It's nice and quiet. Listen to that bird. I wonder what kind of bird it is."

"I don't know."

"I love it," she said. "I've always loved the country."

"So have I," he said.

"What time is it?"

"Three-thirty."

For some time neither of them spoke.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said.

"I was thinking," he said slowly, "that there must be some streams leading into the river. And that there must be some trout in the streams. And that . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Really?" she asked.

"No," he said tiredly. "I wasn't thinking about that at all. I was thinking that Blue Bottle is running in the seventh. And that's a sure thing and that I wish I had some money on her. That's what I was thinking."

"I thought so," she said.

"How did you know?"

"Because that's what I was thinking."

"We've got to stop it," he said angrily. He thumped the grass with his fist. He took her in his arms. "We've decided to change. We can. We will."

"Sure we will," she said. "It's just a habit. That's all. When we get back into Saratoga we'll go to the real-estate agent and ask him about this place. And we'll buy it before we spend the money for anything else. And we'll live in it."

But for some reason her voice lacked conviction. He realized resentfully how much a product of cities and crowds they were. In the silence he heard a sound, obscure, plaintive, a sound like the ringing of zinc. "We'd better start back," he said, "the races will be over and MaGrath will be wanting his car."

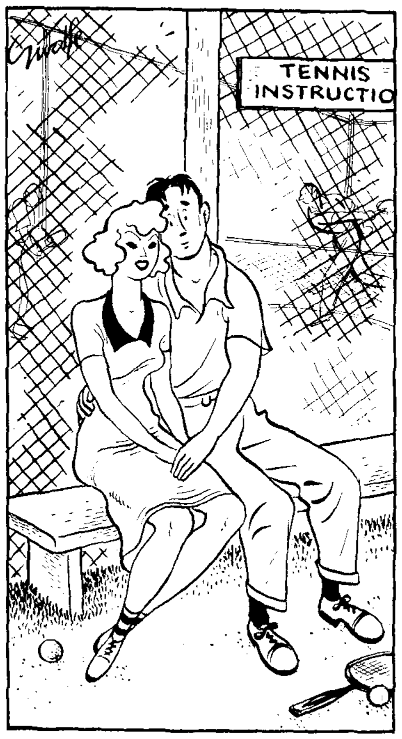
"Promise you won't put any money on Blue Bottle?" she asked.

"I promise," he said. "Cross my heart."

BACK in Saratoga he let her off at the hotel. His intentions, until he drove out Union Avenue anyhow, had been sincere. But the closer he came to the track the greater the conflict in his mind became until his thinking lost all coherence and became a series of meaningless resolutions and profane oaths. When he drove into the track the horses were lined up at the six-furlong barrier. That meant it was the sixth and he gave a sigh of relief. As he climbed out of the car he heard the roar of "They're off!" from the grandstand; but he didn't look, he didn't watch that race. He was searching the small gathering at the rail and in the field for a bookie's runner.

When he saw one of Malloy's men he asked him the price on Blue Bottle. It was eight to one. He gave him a hundred dollars. Then, cracking his fingers and swearing under his breath, he walked back and forth in the road, scuffing up dust. If he lost, he thought, he wouldn't tell her. And if he won he wouldn't tell her either. The less she knew about that angle of his character the better. And this was the last time. And since it was going to be the last time there was no reason why he should tell her. They would buy that house, that white house on the Hudson with the pillars out in front.

In order to calm himself he went up onto MaGrath's porch. MaGrath was sitting there sucking at his pipe. Neither of them spoke. Across the field they could see the entries for the seventh being paraded. He couldn't distinguish Blue Bottle at that distance. Then the loose, lightly reined field rode up around the bend. They were fourteen and it took them ten minutes to make a start. When the bell rang, Roger started involuntarily. A noise like a roll of drums filled the air and the field rocketed down the backstretch, straining for the turn and then he could hear the screaming of thousands in the grandstand and then through the dust he lost the colors and the horses and miserably he covered his face with his hands. He heard the noise of the crowd abate, then swell again when the winner was posted. Opening his eyes, he saw the smile of contentment on MaGrath's face.



"I never learned much skiing either, when I took lessons last winter!"

GEORGE WOLFE

They had some drinks. It wouldn't have been right to go away. They drank to Blue Bottle, then to MaGrath, then to Blue Bottle again. It was eight o'clock and the sun was setting when he hailed a cab to take him back to the village. When he came into their room it was growing dark. There was a note on the bed. "Darling," it read, "I got tired of waiting. I've gone out to the yearling auctions. The Barstows are selling a filly and I like her and I want to see who she goes to and for how much. I'll see you out there. Love. Judith. . . ."

He washed, changed his shirt and hailed a cab on Broadway to take him out to the auction ring where the yearlings are sold.

THERE was a crowd there that night. Jockeys, touts and trainers were jammed outside the open pavilion. He pushed his way through the crowd looking for her. She was sitting in the reserved section flanked by a Philadelphia family and a half dozen movie stars. She can still get around, he thought. He climbed up the bleachers and sat down beside her.

"Hello."

"Hello there."

A filly was being led around in the ring below them. The glare of light was strong and the horse was nervous. "Ten hundred; who'll give me twelve?" the auctioneer was calling. "Ten hundred; who'll give me twelve? Ten hundred; who'll give me twelve?"

"What made you so late?" she asked.

"Blue Bottle won and I had to stay and celebrate."

"Oh."

"Mad?"

"No, darling."

"Twelve hundred; who'll give me fifteen? Twelve hundred; who'll give me fifteen? Twelve hundred; who'll give me fifteen?"

"Is this the horse you like?" he asked.

"Yes."

"She's pretty."

"Fifteen hundred; who'll give me twenty? Fifteen hundred; who'll give me twenty? Fifteen hundred—"

Roger looked behind him at the movie stars. He thought they looked all right. Then he looked at the crowd around him. Half of them wore dinner clothes. The others wore polo shirts. He looked back again at the ring where the auctioneer was plugging twenty. "Twenty, twenty, twenty, twenty," he was calling like the refrain of a cracked record, "who'll give me twenty? Gone at twenty, gone at twenty. . . ." He thumped the desk. A stableboy led the filly off. Another horse was led in and the silent bidding, by nods and gestures, began again.

When Roger saw Judith open her purse he thought she was looking for cigarettes. He reached in his pocket and took out a package.

"It isn't cigarettes I want," she said, "it's a handkerchief."

"Oh," he said.

She found a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said, "nothing at all. The smoke gets in my eyes." Then suddenly she stood. "Let's go," she gasped, "let's get out of here."

She edged her way through the seats.

"What's the matter?" he pleaded.

"Leave me if you want to," she was crying. "I'm awful. I'm terrible. I should have been put in jail a long time ago. Leave me if you want to. Divorce me."

"But why should I leave you?"

"I can't help it," she said, "I just can't help it. I'm incorrigible. I don't know what I'm doing." She threw her arms around his neck. "I bought the horse," she sobbed.

WHEN she had quieted down a little they walked across East Avenue. They ducked under the fence and sat down together on the grass. Around them were the whitewashed stables. Further along he could see a group of men and boys, sleeping as he had often slept, wrapped up in papers. From across the road he could hear the auctioneer's rasping and unnatural voice.

"I guess there's just no hope for me," she said. Her voice was the thin voice of a woman who has been crying. "I didn't mean to buy that horse. But I couldn't control myself. I wanted her so. I've spent your money. I've broken all my promises and resolutions. I don't blame you for hating me, for wanting to leave me."

He didn't reply for some time. And then his voice was husky. "I broke my promise, too. I put some money on Blue Bottle."

She began to cry again and he took her in his arms.

"I guess there's just no hope for either of us," he said. "I guess we'll just have to go on the way we have been going on. I guess we can't hope for too much in the line of change. I guess all we can do is try to understand our limitations and let it go at that. I guess that's all we can hope for."

"I'm glad you put that money on Blue Bottle," she said.

"I'm glad you bought that horse. I hate to admit it, darling, but I love your weaknesses more than I do your strength."

HE TOOK off his jacket to cover her shoulders. They stretched out on the grass.

"Lots of stars," she said.

"August stars."

"Gonna lay down my sword and shield," a stableboy was singing.

"It won't be such a bad life," she said, "even if we are a couple of heels; it won't be such a bad life. That's a good horse we have there. We'll run her next spring. She'll pay for herself in a couple of races. We'll make a lot of money. We'll make all kinds of money."

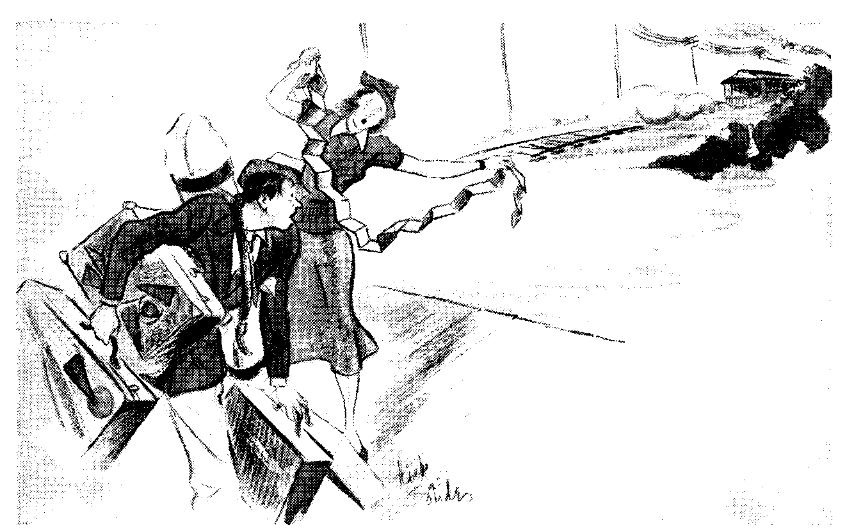
"And if we ever do want to buy a house," he said, "we'll buy a bigger one than the one we saw this afternoon. That would have been cramped, that little house. A big one on Long Island somewhere. And we'll stable our horse out there. And we'll race her everywhere. We'll race her in Australia. I've always wanted to see the races in Australia."

"And in France," she said.

"Sure," he said, "in France."

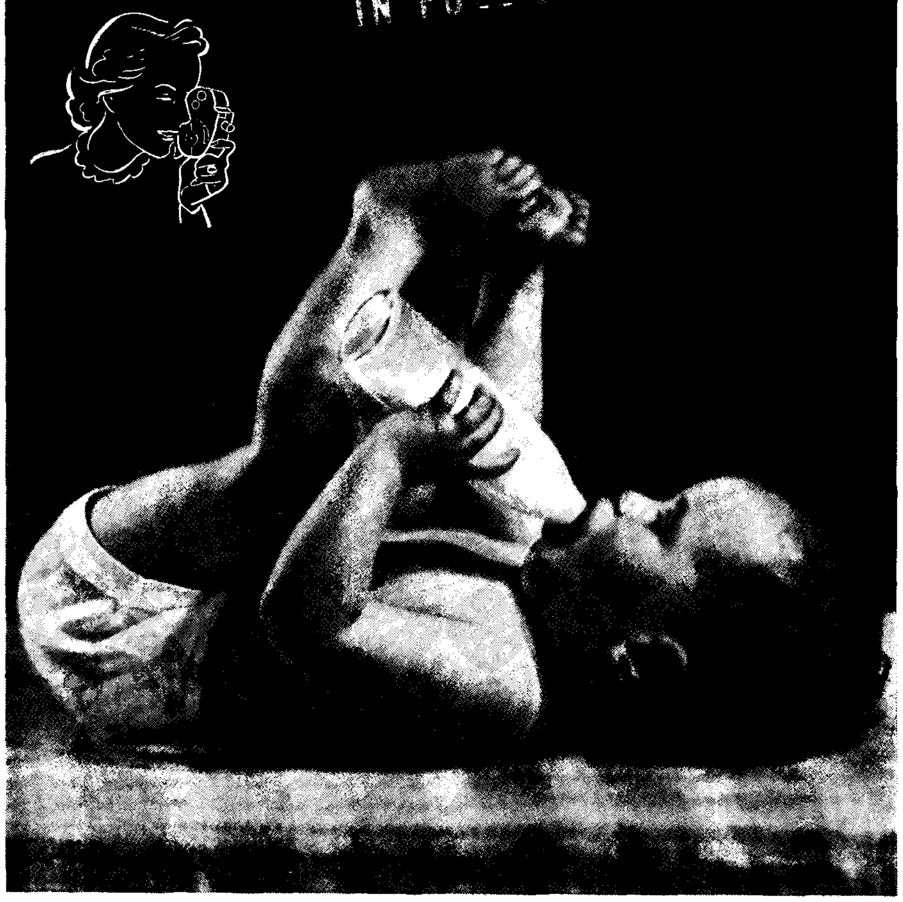
"And the first money we make," she said, "we'll spend on another horse. We won't have a big stable. Ten or fifteen. The Bereston-Gaige stables. I can see it now, printed on the vans and blankets. I wonder what silks we can have. I hope we can have blue. Something blue."

And when the meet in Saratoga closed and the crowd like a mighty army in retreat choked all the southbound roads you might have seen them in an old coupé drawing a shabby van and in the van a filly, handsome and a little bewildered. Roger was driving and Judith was sitting beside him and there was a bag of hamburgers on the seat between them and their money was already beginning to go and they were both singing.



"As near as I can make out from this timetable, we missed it"

KIRK STILES



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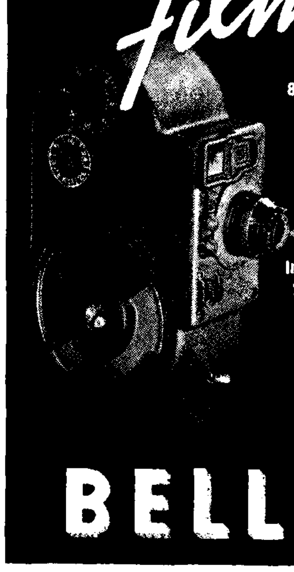

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Death in Headlines

Continued from page 11

Chicago and were maintaining a surveillance, being fairly certain that eventually one of the gang would turn up to claim the contents of the box. A newspaper found this out, printed the story and the whole plan of capture was *ruined.*

Later the F. B. I. received definite information that Alvin Karpis had just left a hide-out near Hot Springs, Arkansas. The agents had reason to believe that he would return shortly. A special squad of agents was sent to Little Rock as secretly and rapidly as possible. However, reporters got wind of it and set up a watch on the Little Rock office of the Bureau. Stories appeared in the papers, Karpis was warned and the agents had to start in all over again. It was discouraging.

One thing that frequently interferes with the effective handling of a criminal investigation is the constant surveillance set up by reporters and cameramen at the field office of the F. B. I. This inevitably happens in all major investigations and consists of not only photographing all persons, such as informants and witnesses going and coming from the Bureau office, but also stopping and questioning these persons as to what conversations have taken place with government agents. This naturally proves embarrassing and often results in important information not being brought to the investigators because of the inability to make proper contact without running a gantlet of reporters. Likewise the practice of some reporters in persisting in following the individual agents when they leave the office to perform investigative work has interfered materially in the progress of many cases.

A Trap That Failed

During the investigation of the kidnaping of Mrs. Stoll a reporter followed every known agent who left the office. Finally the reporters were called in and told frankly that they were thwarting efforts to solve the case. They were asked not to follow the agents, and were advised that any agent leaving to cover a "lead" would promptly return to the office if he were followed; from then on the newsmen co-operated one hundred per cent.

During the course of that investigation, by the way, the press learned that the ransom money was deposited at a certain point and that the kidnaper would pick it up there. At this point, shortly afterward, it looked as though a newspaper convention was in progress. No kidnaper would have gone near the place. However, when agents talked frankly to the reporters and outlined their difficulties they were willing to help out. After that, daily press conferences were held and between the conferences the agents were let alone.

In the case of the kidnaping of little Charles Mattson there is illustrated the extent to which some of the press interfere in the investigative activities of special agents of the F. B. I. Charles Mattson was kidnaped on the night of December 27, 1936, and within a short time the Mattson home was covered by newspaper representatives, comprising news services and representatives of most of the major newspapers in the Northwest. Persons entering and leaving the house were approached by the reporters. Bonfires were lit in the vicinity of the Mattson home to keep the reporters warm and likewise to light up the terrain. Special telephone wires were rigged up by reporters near the Mattson home. The affair reflected all the elements of a carnival, so much so in fact that feature articles appeared about the activities of the reporters themselves, such as that which appeared in the press on January 7, 1937, bearing a Tacoma, Washington, date line, which *stated: "Dr. W. W. Mattson, the boy's* father, issued an urgent plea for privacy for the last dramatic act intended to bring about the release of the smiling, freckled boy who was seized ten days ago. His statement, typewritten and unsigned, was given out in his office."

Accompanying this article in many papers was a wirephoto showing two newspaper reporters with blankets wrapped around them, apparently drinking hot coffee, captioned, "One of the long and tough assignments for reporters covering the kidnaping of ten-year-old Charles Mattson keeps them constantly stationed close to the Mattson home on what they call 'Pneumonia Lane.' The two blanket-covered reporters are drinking hot coffee and listening to police radio calls on the curb opposite the Mattson home."

6E
ANDERSON

". . . At this point you are inside and the prospect is offering you a chair"

C. W. ANDERSON

The father of the kidnaped boy was approached by four representatives of the press who stated that his house was being covered, and when the kidnap pay-off was to be made *the father* would be followed by newspapermen. In order to avoid this and the possible jeopardizing of the life of the boy, the newspapermen offered not to follow the father if he, the father, would agree to permit them to interview the kidnaped boy at length upon his return. The father naturally refused to make such an agreement and on the following day he issued his statement requesting all reporters and cameramen to withdraw in order not to jeopardize further the life of his son. There were various reports, however, that newspapermen were cruising around in the vicinity of the home and there was some reluctance shown on the part of some newspaper organizations, but the reporters were finally withdrawn within about twelve or eighteen hours after Dr. Mattson's request.

In the meantime the details of the various advertisements appearing in a Seattle newspaper, endeavoring to contact the kidnaper, were quoted in all *papers and comments were made by the* newspapers as to the nature of these advertisements. Certain newspapers rose in protest against the action of other press representatives in the Mattson case; notably, the West Seattle Herald, which, on January 14, 1937, in an editorial, stated: "Vicious, yellow journalism that trampled ruthlessly over the body of an innocent boy and flouted the efforts of a frantic father to save the life of his beloved son was, in the opinion of this humble editor, one of the *chief contributing causes to a degenerate* murder which shocked the nation."

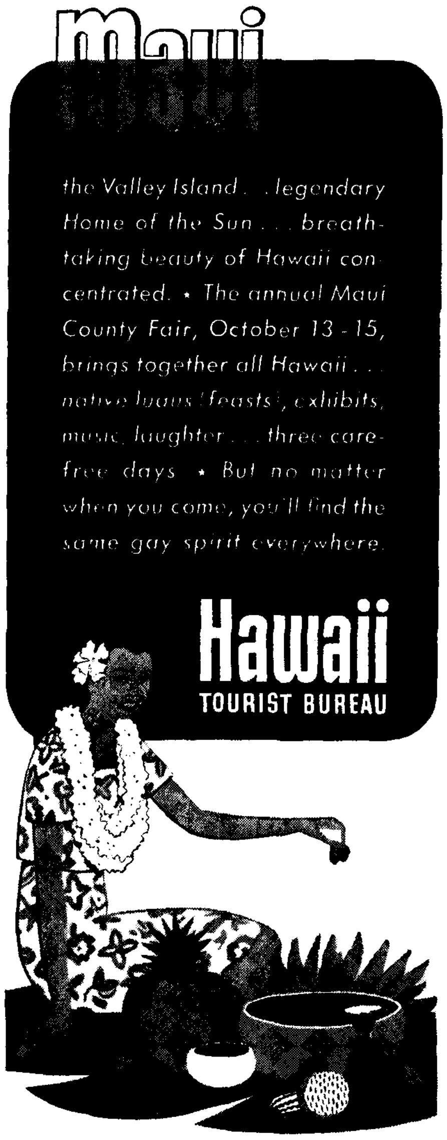
Time for Restraint

At about the same time one of the most responsible bodies of businessmen in the Northwest, the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, severely censured press-radio activities in the Mattson case, declaring that "gross mistakes many people believe may have prevented the return of the child unharmed" had been made by *newspapermen and radio* broadcasters.

Another incident illustrative of the difficulties experienced by special agents of the Bureau in pursuing dangerous criminals is one involving John Dillinger. Dillinger, with a bullet wound in his leg, went to a doctor in a Middle-Western city for treatment. The physician recognized him and, in order to assist the authorities, told Dillinger that he could not treat him at once because his X-ray equipment was being repaired. Dillinger made an appointment with the physician to return late the following Tuesday afternoon. The physician then promptly notified the law-enforcement officers and agents of the F. B. I. Careful plans were laid by the G-Men and local officers for the capture of Dillinger on his return to the doctor's office. However, on the appointed day at 2 P. M., one of the leading newspapers of that city published a story under the flaring headline: "U. S. Lays Dillinger Trap Around —— Building." Again a newspaper got a headline. Dillinger naturally did not return, for the paper printed the plans of the officers in detail. Many months elapsed during which Dillinger carried on his depredations before he was finally killed by special agents of the F. B. I. while resisting arrest.

Is there a solution to this problem? If there is one it rests with the newspapers, not with the Federal Bureau of Investigation or other law-enforcing bodies. Successful law enforcement is dependent on the co-operation of the press and on other molders of public opinion. In the main the press does a magnificent job. By holding up kidnapers as the reptilian crew they are the press has aroused the public against these miserable criminals. By publicizing the activities of our law-enforcement agencies the press has struck fear into the hearts of criminals.

But there should be some way of enlisting even further co-operation from the newspapers when a life is at stake. Censorship is obviously abhorrent. However, if newspapers would impose a voluntary restraint upon themselves, a restraint dictated by prudence and humanity, it would facilitate the work of the F. B. I. and all other law-enforcement agencies in apprehending kidnapers and saving the lives of their victims.



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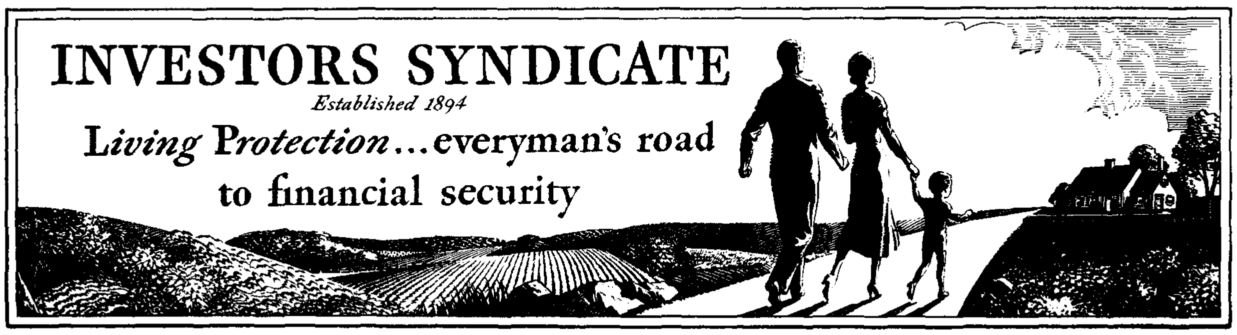

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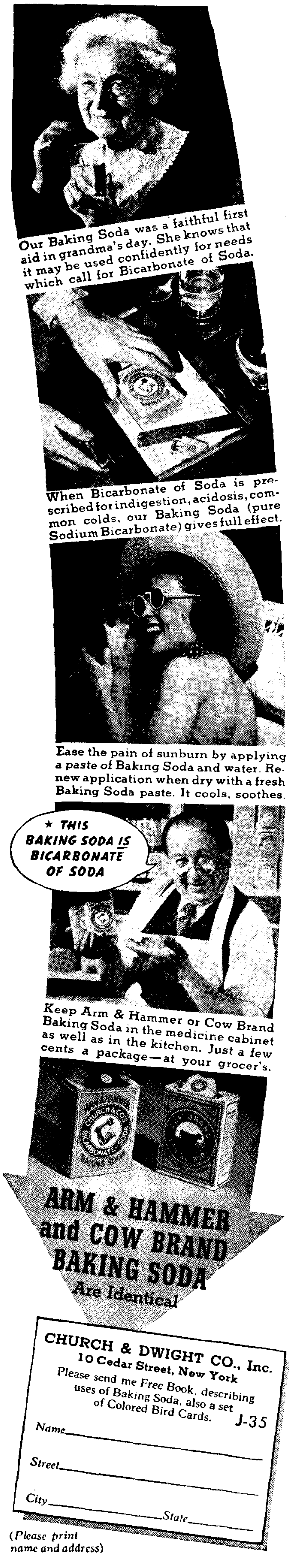
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The Runaway

Continued from page 21

everything that was good in letters, music, life; Stephen whose line had given eminent men to statesmanship, to science, to social service of every description, would never like Duane. She knew that. Duane was the cynical, lazy, clever, irresponsible type; he became blasphemous when anyone like Stephen was under discussion.

Duane was lawless. What decencies and conventions he observed were included in his scheme of life merely because they were convenient, personally desirable or, in earlier days when he had had a fashionable patron to please, expected of him. He loved to use words and do things not usually permitted in refined society, and could tear to pieces with a few brilliant phrases the code that years of stumbling human effort had painfully composed.

Stephen lived by law. It had been ingrained into him generations before his own birth; he followed it without ever knowing how or why he came to do so. The law of careful speech and act, the law that gives each man the responsibility to make of just one man a loyal citizen, an honest and self-controlled contributor to the good of the commonwealth, the law that leaves untouched another man's goods, and his good name, that shelters the homeless and counsels the doubtful, this had been a commonplace with him through all his days. He was a Christian of the type that finds endless and inexplicable joy in every day's labor, and that cannot see suffering or need without swift willingness to help.

"He's as dear as a father," she said to herself. "Dearer. I'll never fail him."

"*Now* what are you thinking about?" Larry demanded. Becky came out of a dream with a start. Of course! She was in the studio at Foxaway.

"Thinking that I must go!" Becky said. She went to lay her hand on the older man's full big hand as it rested on the arm of his winged chair. "Don't get up," she said. "And goodby. You've been awfully good, for a woman-hater, to Larry and me! I'll not see you again until I've gotten things straightened out at home, so it may be weeks. But I'll come back!"

"And we'll put a secret marriage over on them, Becky," Laurence said as he and she went down the narrow wooden stairs and emerged into the last cool light of the February afternoon. "What d'you think of the old boy's idea?"

SHE laughed at him, glancing up obliquely over a furred collar.

"Are we walking?"

"Will you? It's all cleared, and it's only three miles."

"But how'll you get home?"

"I'll walk back, thinking of my girl. I'm so damn' restless," Laurence said pitifully. "I don't know how I'm going to get through it. You off tomorrow night—I suppose I won't see you tomorrow at all?"

"Doctor Dinsmore wants me to go into town with him in the morning. I'm to fill in time with last shopping, and lunch with him at half past twelve."

"You couldn't call him off and lunch with me, darling! Ah, do! Think what a long pull it's going to be!"

"Oh, I couldn't!"

Laurence's face was grim, his jaw set. They walked rapidly along the cold darkening road without speaking again for some time.

"Larry, you're not going to be silly enough to be jealous of Doctor Dinsmore?"

"I'm going to be silly enough to be jealous of anyone! Who does he think he is, monopolizing you this way?"

"But you'll be continually miserable, and make me miserable too, if you're going out of your way to imagine things like this! Why can't you just be happy because we have found each other in such an extraordinary way, and because I am coming back, and then nothing will separate us!"

"Nothing? Ha! You're going off to Europe!"

"But Larry, you wouldn't want me to get a divorce one minute and be married the next?"

"Why not?"

"Well, it's just too—too sudden. Too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. I've been too precipitate all my life. Give me time to—to get my breath, to try to realize all that's happened!"

"You certainly don't think you're going to get much time to breathe running 'round Europe with the Lees!"

"Europe!" she said in a dream.

"Becky, play fair with me," he pleaded. "I'm in love with you. I'm counting the days until we can be married. Don't let this old boy throw a monkey wrench into the works!"

"I think it's perhaps a fortunate thing that *someone* slows us up a little, Larry!" They had reached the Dinsmore doorway now. Becky, breathless and rosy and exhilarated by the rapid walking, stood on the step above Larry.

He caught her to him, in the shadows of the doorway, and for a moment they clung together.

"God, don't I see you again?"

"I've been thinking how we might manage it. If you could be at home in the studio tomorrow at about four I'd stop in on my way home. For just about two minutes though!"

"I'd be anywhere!"

The next day, driving into town with the doctor over fresh fleecy snow, she asked him if he specifically disliked Laurence Moulton.

"No," Stephen said hesitatingly. "I think I only feel that it would be very soon, another marriage. I hope you'll wait—wait until winter, perhaps—"

"Larry is perfectly frenzied with impatience," Becky said in explanation as he paused. "He wants—but it doesn't really matter what he wants! All the California business has to come first!"

"You're pretty sure you love him, Becky?"

She laughed, with the little sound in the laugh that only women who love and know themselves loved ever reach. The face she turned to him was bright with color and radiance.

"Pretty sure!"

"He makes a fair income?"

"His uncle is going to help us at first. We'll all be together in a perfect Bohemian mix-up!" Becky explained, shyly eager. "The idea is that Larry and I spend a little time in Paris, just as a sort of honeymoon, and then come back and find some place farther down the island where we can settle. Mr. Fox—Duane Fox isn't painting now, because—*What is it?*"

THE last words were interjected on a note of fright. Becky put out her hand quickly as if to protect herself from what she saw in his eyes.

"What—what did you say?" Stephen asked quickly. "What name did you say?"

"His uncle—Duane Fox," she repeated, bewildered and apprehensive. "Why? Do you know him?"

He had recovered himself, but he was staring at her with a strange expression.

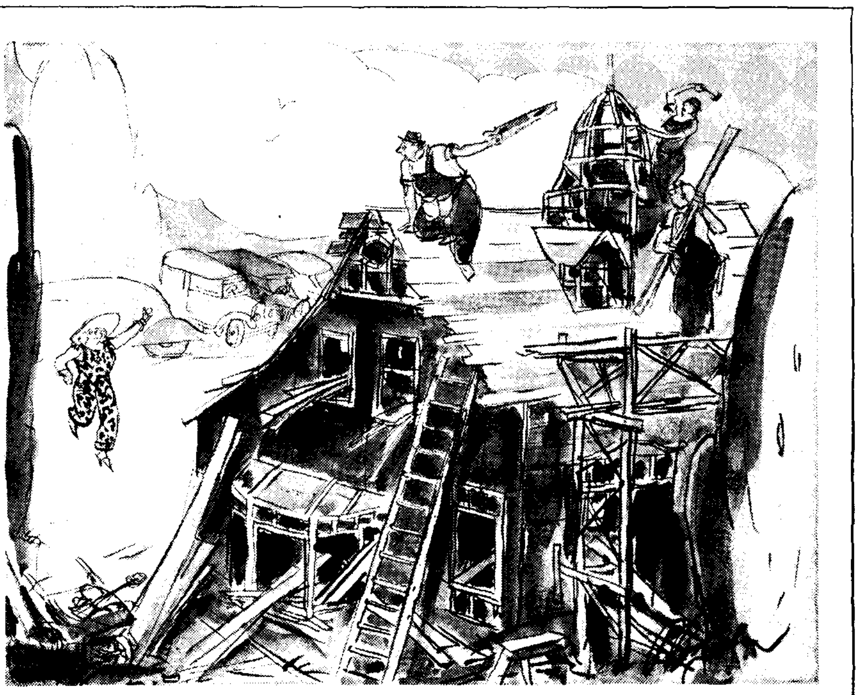
"Yes, I knew someone of that name once," he said, somewhat breathlessly. "It was many years ago, but it must be the same. There could hardly be two of that name, unless it was—was a cousin perhaps. I'm sorry to have frightened you, my dear. He—this man—Duane Fox, is your Laurence's uncle?"

"The uncle who's done everything for him. He adores him."

She talked on and Stephen listened, or seemed to listen. But Becky fancied that he was hardly hearing her, and it was with an abstracted manner that he left her, when they reached the hospital, merely reminding her that she was to call for him there at half past twelve.

Becky went off on her shopping round alone.

At quarter past twelve she and Carter were back at the hospital again to find only a message. Dr. Dinsmore had been called to Spuyten Duyvil for a consultation. Would Mrs. Gibson pick him up after office hours at half past three?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"Oh! I could have lunched with Larry!" Becky thought. Aloud she said: "Well, Carter, I'm going to have a sandwich in a drugstore and see a movie. Suppose you come to the office about three?"

"I'm becoming a cosmopolitan," she thought, going on her way. "I call my chauffeur by his last name and lunch in a drugstore! I love it. Stephen," Becky reflected, over a "Swiss on rye" and a cup of scalding tea, her elbows on a sticky counter, the world whirling around her at its maddest hour and pace, "Stephen knows Duane Fox. Queer! Are we in such a tiny little globe of space really, that we keep meeting each other and mixing into each other's lives? Perhaps Duane Fox admired my mother. Perhaps she liked him better than she did Stephen? She *couldn't*. But perhaps he wasn't always fat, with his eyes like that. We think we live among millions of people, but we really only live among a few! Anyway, I don't believe Stephen wants me to talk about it. I'll tell him what I got for the boys' presents—"

WHEN he came down from the hospital to the car she looked at him sharply. He looked very tired, but he smiled at her affectionately, and answered her first concerned question with the assurance that he had had some coffee and a sandwich. He was not keeping his late office hours today; he was to have four operations tomorrow morning and wanted to go home for a rest.

"And you're *not* coming into town with Gibbs and me tonight," Becky stated firmly.

"Oh, yes; I must. They're bringing this Spuyten Duyvil case into town, and I've got to see her again. I operate at seven tomorrow."

"Then you'll stay in town tonight?"

"Oh, yes. And you—unfortunately, won't!" Stephen said with a whimsical half-smile. "You'll be rushing past Albany and Buffalo—Becky?"

The last word was said with a change of tone. Becky looked at him with instant prescience. He was going to say something — something— Her heart closed on a little spasm of fear.

"Becky," he repeated, "if I asked you, would you do something for me?"

Color rushed to her face. Wrapped in her big soft coat, with gold-brown fur touching the gold-brown waves of her hair, and her eyes shining, she faced him squarely.

"Do you think there's anything I wouldn't do?" she asked.

Stephen laughed, flushing a little in his turn with touched pleasure.

"I believe you would. It isn't that that stops me," he said, hesitatingly. "It's whether I have a right to ask it."

"You!" The simple monosyllable, half whispered, was sufficient answer. But still he was doubtful.

"It would be for you as well as for me," he presently began again, finding words with difficulty. "It would be this: Would you—would you break with Laurence Moulton?"

Her eyes did not waver. But he saw the color drain slowly from her face. Becky swallowed with a dry throat.

"Break with Larry?" she whispered.

"Not forever. Just now. Just for these months when you'll be with your mother in California, and with Harriet and me in Europe. Would that be frightfully hard for you?"

"No!" Becky said courageously. She seemed unable to say more.

He went on speaking seriously, as if unaware of the betrayal in her eyes.

"I mean for you only to tell him that you won't—you won't consider yourself bound, you'll make no promises until—say, next autumn."

"But I have done that! He knows that! He knows that I'm not in any way free now." Her eyes narrowed. "Doctor, do you know anything about Larry?" she asked.

"About Larry, no. But his uncle—I knew something of him many years ago. It's not an association that has—that has any pleasant memories for me, and the thought of you belonging to it is hard. I wish, in all this time, that Duane Fox's name had come up before," the doctor said thoughtfully. "I wish I had known who he was. It seems extraordinary—not that I ever talked to Barbara about it, or that you and I discussed it except that once—but it seems strange that I never knew until now! And I can only ask you," he went on after a pause, "because you've come to be so very dear to me—so very dear to me—to consider this—this marriage. To wait. To tell him that nothing can be considered settled until you come back from Europe."

"Of course I will do that," Becky said simply. "If you will have Carter drive around that way—it's not much of a detour, I'll—I'll see Laurence today. Now. I'll not have another chance. It's all been said, you know," she went on. "It's nothing new. But I'll make it clearer, since his uncle is planning on it and having the little cottage fixed for us! He even suggested that I marry Laurence as soon as I get back, before we go to Europe. And that—that'll have to stop, of course."

"Duane Fox suggested that?"

"Yes. At least we were all speaking of it at tea yesterday. And afterward, walking home, Larry wanted me to promise it. But I didn't. I couldn't."

"Becky, if you love him, it isn't fair to ask it. And it isn't possible to explain—"

"No, no!" she interrupted him eagerly. "It's such a *joy* to have you want me to do anything! I'll feel happier this way, truly I will. I'll feel better about the divorce and everything! It *should* be this way. If you'll have Carter drop me at the end of the lane here—" She stopped, frowning a little. "But Larry'll have to take me home then," she offered dubiously.

"I'll send Carter back immediately."

"It's only to go in there," Becky said, "and say goodby, and tell him it's over. They'll be at tea, he and his uncle, and I'll say I don't want tea, that I've packing to do and that I'm late. And then I'll simply say, 'Larry, you understand that nothing is definite between us. You mustn't make plans or count on my coming back in six or seven weeks or going to Reno or anything. That's got to be clear before I go away, and I know you'll understand that perhaps we'll have to wait a long time!'

"AND then," said Becky, who had turned a little pale while outlining this course, "I'll just—go. So be sure that Carter isn't late, for after that there won't be anything to say."

"Could I wait for you?" Stephen asked.

"Would you?" Becky ejaculated incredulously. "Oh, if you *would!*"

"You really think that you will have the courage to say that to him, Becky?"

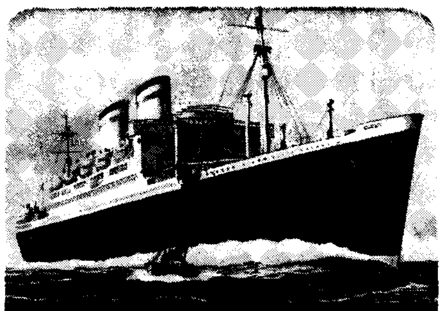
"Oh, yes. For it won't be disagreeable or angry. I'll just say it as simply as I can."

They had stopped at the studio-barn now. She got out of the car.

"Will you wait for me? I'll tell them you're waiting; that'll make it shorter. I'll only be a few minutes."

"I'll wait."

Becky went in through the always open downstairs door, mounted the inner stairway, stepped into the big studio. Afternoon light was gray at the high windows; the stove glowed red; Duane was in his usual place beside it. Opposite him a handsome woman dressed all in dark red was leaning back



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in a big armchair, Laurence on a hassock at her knee. A cocktail shaker and a tray of glasses were on a near-by table.

Laurence jumped up as Becky came smiling in, and there were introductions. Mrs. Huntress; Mrs. Gibson. Wasn't Mrs. Gibson going west? Yes; she was leaving at midnight tonight.

"You utterly adorable darling, I thought you'd forgotten!" Larry said in an undertone, pushing a chair forward for Becky. Becky seated herself on the edge of it, loosening her furs, her swift glance moving from one face to another. The presence of the stranger upset all her plans, but she must do what she could.

"I've only five minutes. I've been in town all day, and I've packing to do. But of course I had to come in to say goodby!"

"Not for long," Duane Fox said.

"We'll hope not for long," Becky agreed. Laurence had transferred himself and his hassock to her knee now; one of her hands was clasped in both his big ones. His adoring eyes never left her face.

"Isn't she marvelous?" he asked the visitor.

"She's grand," Mrs. Huntress said, in a man's hearty voice, made moist and rich by the drink she was enjoying. "And *I* understand you're going to take this boy in tow?" she added, eying Becky and Laurence with an understanding smile.

That the matter was being generally discussed gave Becky a moment's alarm. She seized the opening.

"Ah, nothing's definite about that!" she said, with a little flush. "You see, the difficulty is—the difficulty is that I have a small boy—"

"A superfluous small boy and a superfluous husband, of course," Mrs. Huntress agreed easily. "We all have 'em! Can't you tuck the child into school? My small boys adore their school."

"Tuck Gibbs into school? She'll put me there first," Larry said. "Everybody else is out of step but Gibbs."

"Well, he *is* adorable!" said Becky, laughing.

"And what'll he say in April when Mamma gives him a new Daddy?" Mrs. Huntress asked amusedly.

"Oh, not April!" Becky felt as if a net were closing around her. Duane Fox spoke from the shadows over his big chair.

"I thought we were going to manage a surprise wedding party as soon as you got back from the West?"

"Before you go to Europe. You said so, Becky," Laurence added, half turning at her knee to smile at her.

"Ah, Larry, how could I, dear? When nothing is settled?" she protested, trying to keep the conversation light and amused.

"Everything's settled unless Reno closes shop," Larry argued, himself good-natured and unalarmed.

"We get married in April and tell people when we get ready."

Becky, her face reddening uncomfortably, forced herself to protest:

"But we weren't going to tell anyone that we were even engaged, Larry! It might make the greatest difference to Gavin—to my husband, if he heard any such talk! And that might affect what happened to Gibbs."

"Gibbs again!" Larry said laughing. "Never mind, don't be frightened. Nobody knows but Sissy here, and she won't tell!"

"Me talk?—You needn't worry about me!" Mrs. Huntress said. "I'm the original sphinx."

BECKY turned toward her her anxious, apologetic smile.

"They've told you that Doctor Dinsmore has been a perfect angel to me, has done more for me than anyone else in my life?" she explained. "I was in real trouble, my little boy was dying, when he came along and befriended us. He's been like a father, only a father with infinite — infinite wisdom and power—" Becky stumbled along, smiling with suddenly wet eyes.

"It sounds like God!" the other woman said, exaggeratedly impressed.

"Well, that's God's way, I suppose," Becky countered simply.

"And Dinsmore doesn't want you to marry?" Duane Fox asked. His finger tips were touching; his face was turned toward the stove.

Becky started to frame some conciliatory phrase, save the situation with tact and pleasantness. But quite suddenly she seemed bereft of any power to do so. She began inwardly to pray as she answered in a flat low monosyllable:

"No."

"Says so?" Duane asked.

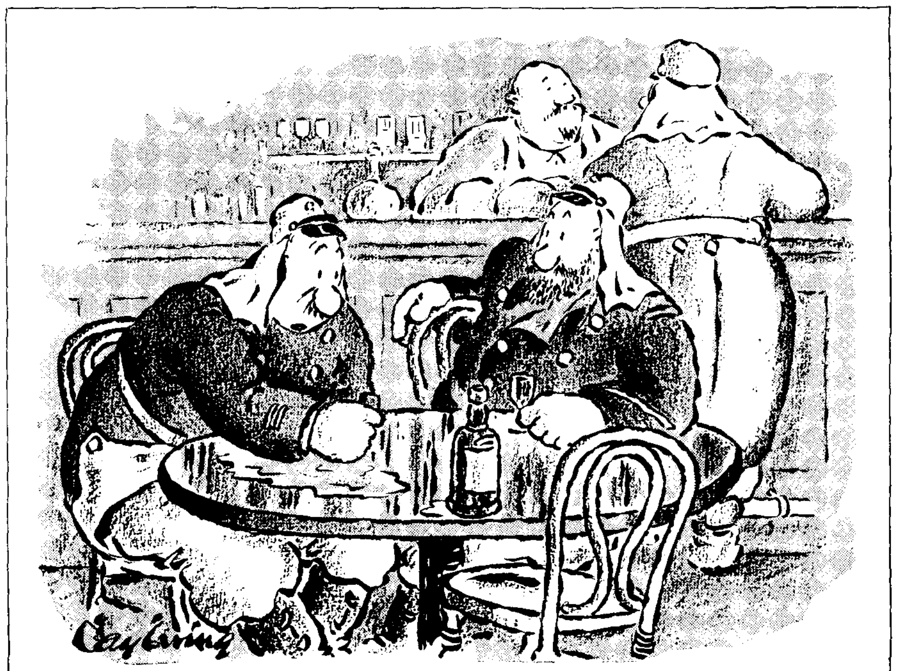
"We talked it over. He asked me—or at least he said it seemed to him wiser not to do anything too fast, not to decide at all now—"

She faltered to silence. Duane asked dryly:

"Oh, it seemed to him wiser?"

Laurence gripped her hand, spoke in a hurt tone.

"What's he got against me, darling?"



"So I says to her, I says, 'Either he goes or I go!' I says . . ." JAY IRVING

This is a nightmare, Becky thought. We're all trapped in here in this stale warm place, everyone so careless and amiable—and all steel and poison underneath! I wish I were out. I wish I were out!

Aloud she said eagerly:

"Nothing against you, Larry! Of course not! But you see, he—he knew my mother. That's one reason he's been so marvelously kind to me. He was fond—was fond of her years ago, and so when he had a chance to help me he did everything! *Everything!* For her sake."

"Ah? But I thought your people were Californians?" Duane asked smoothly.

"They are. At least everyone thinks they are. At least," said Becky, looking about the circle with the strained smile that asked for sympathy and understanding, "I thought so myself until a few years ago. And then my mother—that is, I always thought she was my mother—told me that I had been adopted. That my people were from this part of the world somewhere, but that she never knew them. Only my real mother, who had left home and had gone to a little private hospital, in Chicago it was, I think, and died when I was born."

WHY is my voice sounding on and on in this place? an undercurrent of her thought ran nervously. What are we all doing here? What is it that I don't understand? They're all thinking things and I don't know what they're thinking.

"Doctor Dinsmore," she went on aloud, "happened to come through the hospital ward where Gibbs was, and he saw me and knew me right away because I look like my mother and my voice is the same, and he asked us to come down here until Gibbs was well. And then we went to Florida and—but of course you know all the rest, Larry," Becky interrupted herself, her appealing smile turned to him now. "And so you know why I have to—and want to!—do everything he thinks right."

"And he thinks it right to keep us waiting? But surely, surely, we're the ones to decide that," Larry said. "I mean, darling, I'm not trying to rush you or anything like that, but what's so dangerous in a man and woman settling that for themselves? Duane here has kind of gotten his heart set on it; we're making plans to move out of here in June; everything's in line. What the hell?"

Unexpected firmness came to her, and although she laughed it sounded in her voice when she spoke:

"Larry, I'd give him five years instead of five months if he asked for it! It's only because he wants me to be happy, he wants me to be sure. I told him, only today, that I'd let it all wait until after summer. You and I can trust each other! We can afford to wait. Think what he's done for me and for Gibbs!"

"But he hasn't any right to ask that, Becky," Laurence persisted.

"I don't think I belong in this talk," said Mrs. Huntress. "I'm going to beat it."

"No, no; it's not a talk!" Becky said hastily, rising. "I only stopped in for a moment to say goodby. We're leaving tonight, and I've a lot to do. Goodby, Mr. Fox, and thank you a thousand times for being so good to me and Larry," she added, going to the older man and extending her hand. "I'll see you in April, if I'm back, and if not Larry'll have letters."

"Oh, he's going to let you write to me, is he?" Larry asked. Becky flushed suddenly, although his tone had been merely amused and ironic.

"He hasn't said anything about that," she answered.

"And Gibbs doesn't object?" the man pursued, in the same tone.

"Ah, Larry!" she said in reproach.

"Goodby, all!" Mrs. Huntress said rising.

"Well, we want to be sure that neither Gibbs nor Stephen Dinsmore is going to horn in on our honeymoon!" Laurence said. And quite suddenly, standing helpless in the middle of the floor, fumbling in her pocket for her handkerchief, Becky was crying.

The other woman slipped away, and Laurence put his big assured arms about her and shook her gently to and fro.

"Here, stop it, stop it!" he said. And as she had been unable to find a handkerchief he substituted his own, drying her eyes for her.

"I left my bag in the car!" she said with a childish gulp.

"Evidently what Stephen Dinsmore exacted from you in the way of a promise to throw Larry down hasn't made you entirely happy," Duane Fox observed with an air of speaking amusedly.

"Evidently n-n-not!" Becky laughed, Laurence's big arms still about her. "I don't know why I'm so silly!" she said; "but I've had a long day and I'm tired, I suppose, and I hate—I hate to go away to everything that I have to face in California!"

"He didn't want you actually to break the engagement?" Laurence asked. Becky, her coat and herself jumbled in his embrace, leaned backward to look into his eyes.

"It isn't an engagement, Larry! It can't be!"

"Come, we were talking housekeeping," Duane reminded her reproachfully. "But he knows, Larry knows, why Steve Dinsmore would go out of his way to cut my throat," he went on.

"Good evening, Mr. Moulton. Good evening, Mr. Fox," Stephen's voice said from the darkness by the door. "Sissy Huntress just came over to my car to speak to me," he added, advancing into the circle of the lamplight, "and I was afraid Becky was getting too—tired. How about coming home, my dear?"

Becky had left Laurence's side; she joined Stephen now, put a hand into his.

"Oh, yes, Doctor!" she said quickly, relief rising over her soul like the rising of healing waters. "I was just saying goodby."

"WELL, I scored last time, Dinsmore!" Duane Fox said lazily, from his chair; "and perhaps I'll score again. These two are in love with each other, you know. You can reason, you can delay things maybe. But in the end this girl and boy will be in each other's arms as Madeleine was in mine, eh? As night after night she and I watched the moon rise, and wakened to see the dawn creeping in. She's promised to him; she won't break her promise."

"She's another man's wife. She's not likely to have promised him anything," Stephen's voice said incisively, "until she is free."

"That's all!" Becky said eagerly. "Only that—if I were free, perhaps—"

"Oh, come, there was no perhaps about it!" Duane said sharply. "We were talking of a studio down the island only a few days ago!"

"If I were free," Becky said. "I said 'if' and 'if' and 'if!' Didn't I, Larry?"

"But you were positively going to be divorced, Becky. There wasn't going to be much 'if' about it," Larry said, gentle and hurt.

"I'm sorry!" she said simply. "But—it can't be definite. I came in to say that today. Didn't I, Doctor?"

"And Steve Dinsmore told you why it bites him to have you marry my boy, didn't he?" Duane asked. In the soft light of the room he turned a strange look toward Becky and the doctor who stood facing him. "I'm almost blind, you know, Steve," he said. "Didn't Becky ever tell you that? I'm losing the last of

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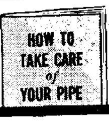
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my sight. That's a point for you, isn't it? A painter, and going blind! But I'll have my laugh. I'll have my laugh when my girl here comes back to this boy. He's like a son to me, but he isn't a son. No. He's no blood kin of mine, my stepsister's son!"

"There's no blood tie at all, Becky," Laurence said quickly. "I'd have told you, if there had been. If I'd been Duane's son I'd have told you!"

He had taken an eager step toward her, just as Becky, her face ghastly with unnamed terror, had stepped backward toward Stephen. She felt Stephen's arm firm and strong about her.

"What are you talking about, Larry?" she whispered.

"I supposed that Stephen there had given you a hint," Duane Fox's voice said smoothly. "I knew you the moment you stepped into the studio, just as he did, by your voice. It was only Madeleine that had that voice! Then Larry described you, the gold-brown hair and skin and eyes, and I knew. I've pictures of her; Larry saw the likeness when he met you, but he couldn't place it. You see, I loved Madeleine too, my dear. We both loved her, and she loved me! Too bad, wasn't it, with so much wealth and position and respectability on his side? She wouldn't give herself to Stephen; she gave herself to me. And she was as beautiful as you are, wasn't she, Steve? And she gave me what all his wealth hasn't given him: a child."

Becky's whisper came as sharp as a flash of steel.

"Larry?" she breathed, confusedly, the world going around her dizzily.

"You," Duane Fox said.

Again, without moving her eyes from the man by the fire, she stumbled a step backward, reaching unseeingly for Stephen's hand. It was ready for her; she clung to it without looking at him as she said in a quick frightened whisper:

"Don't let him say that! Don't let him *dare* say that! He's nothing to me or mine; he never will be! I'll never come to this place again, or speak to him again. It's not true!"

"Tell her it's true, Steve," Duane Fox said amusedly.

"It is true, Becky," Stephen said. "He's your father."

For a long minute there was complete silence in the shadows of the studio. To Becky the whole world seemed to have died into dimness and stillness and coldness. She turned; Stephen put out an arm to brace her.

"Take me away from here!" she said in a hoarse low voice. They went out of the door and down the stairs together.

"HOW do you feel?" Stephen Dinsmore asked, coming into her room.

"Fine," Becky from her pillows said with a languid smile. She stretched out a hand. "You missed Gibbs. Carrie-Sis has just taken him off to bed," she added. "I thought he might as well get some sleep before we go."

"Think you'll go?" the doctor asked, sitting down.

"Oh, I think so." Her eyes were widened with alarm. "Don't you think so? I only fainted, didn't I?"

"That was all. Just as we reached the car. And I got you away immediately."

Becky shut her eyes, shuddered.

"I remember being in the car."

"Oh, yes, you were all right. It's too bad, Becky," the doctor went on slowly, "that you had to hear it this way. I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. I hoped you never would know."

Becky, lying flat in her bed, gripped his fingers. She did not open her eyes.

"Did you have some supper?"

"Oh, yes, delicious. I'm all right. Only—" Becky said in a whisper, "only I don't want ever to see him again!"

"I don't think you ever need."

"Laurence knew. Laurence knew and he didn't tell me. He would have let me marry him, and not have told me!"

"I would have told you."

"And after I had married him then he would have told me that—that Duane Fox was my father. *Is* my father," she amended it under her breath.

"Becky, I would have told you."

"Yes, but they wanted me to marry Larry before I said anything to you."

"You wouldn't have done that, my dear!"

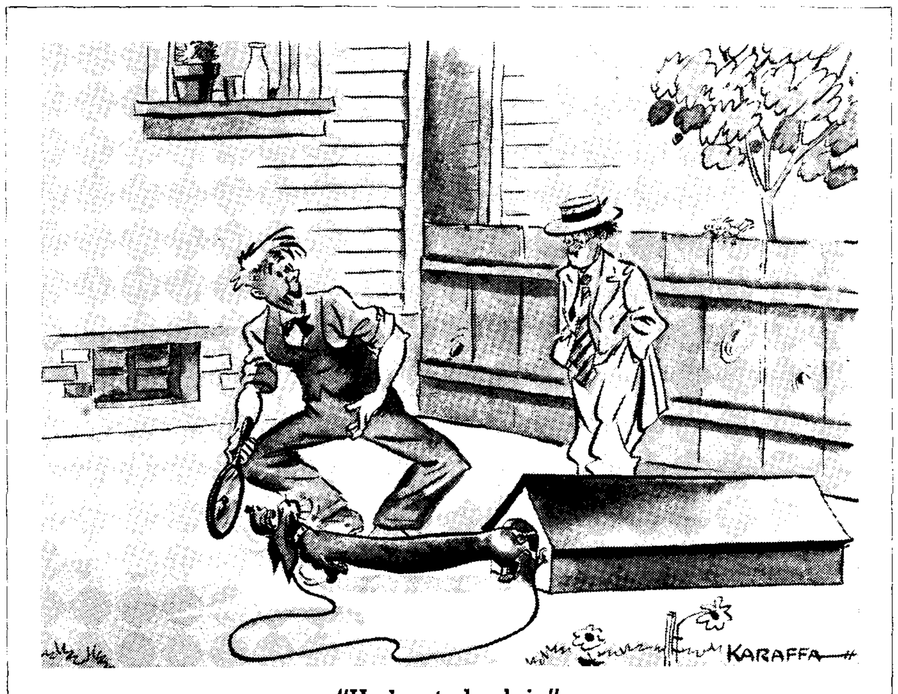
"Ah, I've been such a fool! You don't know what I would have done." She opened her eyes, drenched with sudden tears.

"YOU'RE pretty sure you want to start west tonight?"

"Oh, sure! I don't want ever to see them again!"

"Poor Larry! He really loves you, Becky."

"Perhaps he does. Perhaps he does. But I've been feeling strange—uncomfortable about it all—about him, for days! And I don't think I want to marry —not anyone—ever again. It makes me feel like such a *fool* to say this so soon after telling you I loved him. But it's true, and I'm horribly sorry. But oh, I so want to get away! I want to see my mother. I want to put time—time—time between me and that—that voice of his, saying that he is my father! Doctor," Becky ended, staring into his eyes, "could there be any mistake? Was that true?"



"He has to back in"

JOHN G. KARAFFA

"I'm afraid there isn't any mistake. I'm *afraid* it's true, Becky. We've all been so stupid, so blind," Stephen Dinsmore said, "and you're paying for it!"

She looked at him for a long moment in silence, amber eyes flaming darkly in a white tired face.

"Tell me about it," she said. "Funny!" she added in a musing voice. "I always used to think the only troubles in the world were money troubles. But this—this is *trouble*."

"Not necessarily. Take it just as one of those things that—that happens in this life. In a few days, in a few hours, your mind will get used to it; you'll accept it as we all have to accept changes and shocks. You'll be safe on the train tonight, my dear, rushing away from it all; you'll be with your mother and father in a few days, and it will all seem a dream."

"My mother was married to him?"

"I'll tell you the whole thing. But first I must say that I had no idea that Duane Fox was in this neighborhood, that Laurence Moulton was anything to him. If I had, I'd have gotten you out of it; I'd never have risked your meeting. I haven't heard of him for years and years; now and then I'd see his work in a magazine; I put him out of my mind as much as possible."

They were alone in Becky's bedroom. Only one lamp was lighted, her bedside lamp that threw a soft apricot radiance in the little circle that held her face and their interlocked hands.

"I came home from medical school one Christmas," the man presently began, after a pause when he had sat silent with a knitted brow as if trying to find the right thread with which to begin to unravel the story, "and my mother was giving a house party and a dance for Harriet. I was working hard, had spent my last vacations in Europe, taking special courses, and I didn't know many of Harriet's crowd well. But at dinner I sat next to a girl from Boston —Madeleine Satterlee. She seemed to me quite a sophisticated woman of the world then; twenty-six years old—I was only twenty-three. A good many men were mad about her, for she was very lovely. Smaller than you and lighter, with the softest little hand I ever touched. And eyes—they were like gold light.

"I was instantly, completely in love. I was a driveling fool. She took possession of me; there was nothing else in the world. For days I made myself ridiculous, trying to think up presents, meetings, notes that would win me one hour with her. An hour!" The doctor laughed ruefully. "A moment!" he said.

"She laughed at me, of course. We were skating and sleigh riding and dancing all the time, and she was the queen of all the girls—everyone wanted to be with her, to be doing what she did, to look like and act like Madeleine!

"ON THE last night, incoherent and crazy and with no hope at all, I asked her to marry me.

"She took it very seriously and nicely, but told me it wasn't possible. I stammered out something about her liking another man and she said very gravely, yes, that she did like another man, but that there was no chance there either. I said I would give her everything—travel, clothes, everything women like. And very gently she said no, that she couldn't marry a poor man, because she was too spoiled and too extravagant, but that all the same she wouldn't marry a man she didn't love for his money. I pleaded, I said that after we were married I'd be so good to her she'd have to love me! An old argument. She wouldn't listen to it, but she kissed me before she went away, and I went back to college almost out of my senses. Just the look of a girl's coat or some voice, or the sight of some little thing that brought her to me made me tremble for hours.

"This was at New Year's. Six weeks later I had a letter from her. It was a courageous letter, written in a sudden impulsive mood. She wanted me to know that something had happened that destroyed her chance to marry the man she loved, or had fancied she loved, and she asked me whether I had meant what I said. Her father was dead; for years she had been living with her mother in the house of an aunt who was a businesswoman, buyer for one of the big department stores. It wasn't Madeleine's kind of life; she was sick of it.

"She was quite honest with me, Becky. She quoted me back to myself. I had said that love would come to her after she was my wife; she was willing to take the risk. My mother and father were dead, I was rich. We were married in just another month, in the afternoon, here in this house.

"After the ceremony I was to go back, and she with me to Philadelphia for my medical work. I had another year before graduation, and of course interne work after that. But I had found one of the loveliest old houses in Philadelphia, small, but beautifully complete, and I planned that we should have a maid, have a home, even though I was so busy at the hospital.

"THERE were only a few at our wedding, forty perhaps, but there was a shoal of telegrams, and as we had a train to catch—that was before I had a car—I put them into my overcoat pocket and we said we would read them on the train. But we didn't; we dined on the train, and got to our little house at about eight at night. The maid had another supper for us, but we weren't hungry, and during the meal we went at the telegrams; Madeleine reading some, I reading others, passing them back and forth and comparing notes.

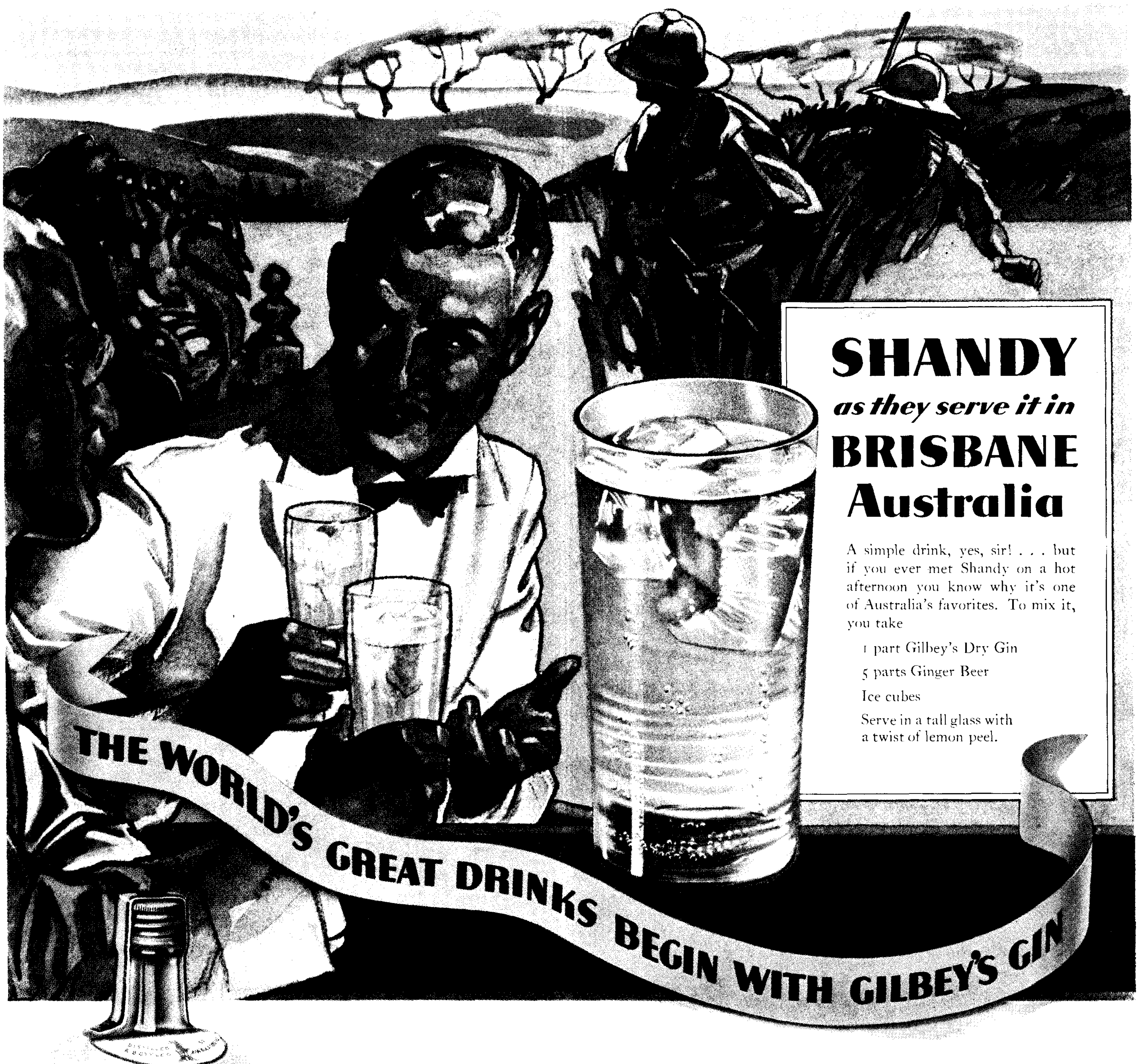
"Presently I came to one simply signed 'D.' I couldn't understand it, but I'd been reading so many, and I was in such a confusion of joy and love that I thought it was just some joke. I read it to her, asking her if she identified 'D.'

"'It can't be done,' it read. 'Freda has gone back to Vienna and freedom. What do we care for the world's opinion: I am coming to you at once. I know you'll wait for me.'

"That was all. Madeleine laughed as she took it from me, glanced at it, and stuck it into the pocket of the brown suit in which she had been married. But when we went upstairs she told me that it had come from the man she loved, that he had determined to end his marriage with a beautiful German singer who had been in this country that winter —there was something irregular about their marriage—she had been married before, or something. Anyway, now she had gone away. And he was coming after Madeleine.

"She laughed about it. She said, 'Of all strange things to happen on my very wedding night! I've not seen him for weeks!' But in a few minutes her face grew troubled. She came over to me and put her hand on my shoulder. She said—and she seemed so frightened, so small and troubled and young when she said it!—that she was not ready to be my wife, that it was too soon to be off with the old love and on with the new. 'Give me time!' she said. 'I'll come to you, some night; I'll love you—I love you now. But Duane and I had parted forever from each other, I thought that was over. And it's not over.'"

(To be continued next week)


THE WORLD'S GREAT DRINKS BEGIN WITH GILBEY'S GIN

SHANDY
as they serve it in
BRISBANE
Australia

A simple drink, yes, sir! . . . but if you ever met Shandy on a hot afternoon you know why it's one of Australia's favorites. To mix it, you take

1 part Gilbey's Dry Gin

5 parts Ginger Beer

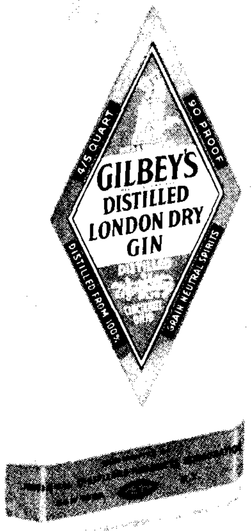
Ice cubes

Serve in a tall glass with
a twist of lemon peel.

A HOT afternoon "Down-under" in Australia. You're in the bar of Brisbane's swank Belle View Hotel. You say to the bartender . . . "*What's the best way to cool a fellow's throat on a day like this?*" . . . and what happens? Why, the bartender reaches for the Gilbey's Gin bottle and you find yourself with a shimmering, icicled glass of Shandy in your hand! And what a *gra-a-a-nd* drink it is!

Of course, it's only natural that Australia's favorite hot-weather drink begins with Gilbey's Gin. Most of the world's great gin drinks *do* . . . and *have for over 80 years!*

But what you must remember is that *you*, here in America, can have in your Martinis and Fizzes and Collins and Rickeys the same silken fulness of flavor that has been making the world's great drinks *greater* for generations! And all you have to do, whether it's a drink or a bottle you want, is to order . . . "*Gilbey's*".



GILBEY'S GIN

YOUR GUIDE TO
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
GOOD LIQUORS

The International Gin with Plants in England, Australia, Canada, and Cincinnati, Ohio

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COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Sheik Food

By Avery Strakosch and Ruth Seinfel

Hot? Don't want to eat? The desert hits up the temperature, too, but all sheiks take joyously to their daily food. Have a taste of sheesh kabab and you will, too

YOU come in off the sizzling street and you sit down and you wait a minute to get used to the cool dimness after the glare outside. When you look up, the suave captain of waiters is standing there with the menu. Half of it is written in the weird chicken-scratching of Arabic print. You squint at that a while, and then turn to the other column, which is supposed to be English. Maybe it's the heat, but you can't make much out of that side either.

"May I suggest *sheesh kabab?*" says the suave gent who seems to take your confusion for granted. "Very tempting on such a hot day. With a *baba ghanoug,* a cool eggplant salad, perhaps. Or stuffed vine leaves, and a cup of chilled *laban—?*"

It still sounds funny, but you take a chance, and pretty soon it turns out that even though you can't read the chicken-scratching, the food it represents makes good sense. Especially on a day when the mercury is doing Immelmanns in the stratosphere.

In this restaurant in New York's smart Fifties the guests may be theater folk, radio artists from Rockefeller Center across the way—people who have to be at their best no matter what the weather. They've discovered that the sheik in the desert knew not only horses and women but also the art of eating in torrid temperatures.

He knew that after a hard day of sheiking it was mighty nice to sit down to a juicy dish of lamb—cut off the leg if he were a rich sheik with many herds, off the shoulder if he were just an ordinary sheik—cubed and skewered on his sword and turned over the fire until it was crusty and charred. Then with a slab of unleavened bread dotted with sesame seeds he would push the mouth-watering morsels off the hot blade and pop them between his whiskers. He would enjoy both the flavor and the temperature of this food, life in the heat of the desert having taught him the cooling power of a hot dish with any meal.

A New Outlook on Lamb

Follow this *sheesh kabab* with some of that delectable pastry stuffed with honey and nuts baked by his favorite wife, and a cup of thick coffee fragrant with rose water, and a man could relax on his rugs and cushions knowing he'd had a good dinner.

In the crowded towns the fare is fancied up a bit. The silversmith on his way to the bazaar pauses at the peddler's cry of "*Sahleb! Sahleb!*" and refreshes himself with a dish of something made out of boiled milk and a chewy stuff called mastic. What he has for his lunch, however, is more to the point.

Kibbab saniah, he calls it, and it's the Syrian national dish. *Saniah* means tray in Arabic but we'll translate it as an ordinary baking pan. Grease your pan with olive oil and spread a thin layer of crushed wheat that you've washed thoroughly in salt water. Then comes the stuffing, chopped lamb and onions sautéed in butter, and if you want to get your family wondering what tastes so good, sprinkle the least bit of powdered thyme on this.

Another layer of wheat, another stuffing, and so on to the rim of the pan with wheat on top. Over this scatter a handful of pinoli nuts—you know them, those little white Indian nuts, as right with lamb as chestnuts with turkey. You bake this *kibbab* to a flaky brown in a medium oven for forty minutes or less. A substantial dish, filling but not heavy, and the crisp nutty flavor will give you a new outlook on lamb.

With this, your Damascan silversmith will eat a salad, fresh greens like romaine or any lettuce that's handy, made with a dressing you'd recognize as French, only over and through the salad are sprinkled fine crumbles of dried mint leaves.

At his elbow will be a little bowl, about the size and shape of a custard cup, and the contents look like custard, too, or rather like junket. It's a light, smooth, tart accompaniment to the meal, called *laban,* and you can easily make your own. Boil a quart of fresh milk, cool it to 125 degrees Fahrenheit, dilute three ounces of old *laban* in it, let it stand right there until quite cool, and then put it in your refrigerator.

Serve it chilled in little cups as a picker-upper with dinner, dust sugar on top and eat it as a not-too-sweet dessert, even stir it up with ice water in a tall glass and drink it as a very special kind of thirst quencher like lemonade, which it is not unlike in flavor. But be sure to save a quarter cup of *laban* for your next batch.

Because the bacillus, which by the way has numerous healthful properties, is self-multiplying, all you need to make new *laban* out of milk is some old *laban.* But how do you get the old *laban* in the first place? That's easy—any town of any size has a Near-East quarter, and the native grocer will be glad to let you have some *laban* for a few cents. Or you can write to one of the famous Syrian groceries in New York and they'll pack you up some very neatly and ship it by United States mail. Yes, it's worth it if you like adventure in your kitchen and will take a little trouble to get it.

Any of the necessaries for Near-East cookery that you can't get in your own town will be shipped to you with pleasure by the big grocers—they do it every day of the week. There's that crushed wheat for your *kibbab saniah* —amber-colored, clean and inviting, it lies in an open-mouthed sack on the grocer's counter. *Sesame tahini,* or ground sesame seed, stands in cans on the shelves beside neat tins of pickled vine leaves. And over all hang the lively aromas of spices and herbs and rose water and orange-flower water and nuts.

One item you will need is a set of skewers that town-bred Arabs substitute for the wild sheik's sword for broiling *sheesh kabab.* The proper skewer is square-edged so the meat won't slip, three eighths of an inch thick and twelve inches long.

The real fun of *sheesh kabab* is broiling it over a picnic fire. With a picnic in prospect, skewer your lunch the night before and keep it in the icebox in waxed paper. Cut your cubes of lean lamb two inches thick and alternate them as you would string varicolored beads, with quarters of onion, whole mushrooms, quarters of tomato, slices of thick fresh green or sweet red peppers—any or all of these. Allow a good twenty minutes for *sheesh kabab,* salt and pepper it while broiling, and turn often.

Those knowing folk who duck into a Near-East restaurant the moment the weather grows warm make quite a fuss about the imaginative ways these dark-eyed cooks serve simple food.

Vine Leaves in Your Dinner

Take stuffed vine leaves. For this you open a can of those pickled leaves the night before and soak them in water. Next day make your stuffing of uncooked rice (wash and wash it first), chopped raw lamb, salt and pepper. Lay a substantial pat of it on each leaf—some people put cinnamon in—roll, tuck in the ends and fasten them with toothpicks, and then pile the plump green rolls in a deep pot on the bottom of which already reposes a batch of lamb bones. Add enough water almost to cover, with a lid to press down the leaves without crushing them, and simmer gently for an hour. Stuffed vine leaves are like olives—a taste you can't describe, not quite briny and not quite tart.

If you can't wait to try this until your grape leaves come from the Syrian grocer, cabbage leaves will serve—in their own way. Or hollow out some small, shapely summer squashes or eggplant and stuff them instead.

What's sauce for the diner in hot weather may not be much fun for the cook, but our Near-East friends have given a thought to that, too. Their answer is a dressing that's guaranteed to prod loafing summer appetites, and it doesn't even require cooking. It's especially ambrosial on the fresh trout the family fishermen bring home, and it makes a feast out of cauliflower, broccoli, even homely boiled potatoes.

You make it with two tablespoons of *sesame tahini,* that ground sesame seed that comes in cans from the Syrian grocer, mixed with as much water, lemon juice, seasoning and a spot of grated garlic if you go for garlic.

Comes the coffee, Near-East style—have your usual brand ground superpowdered, use one teaspoon with half a teaspoon of sugar to a cup of cold water (for each cup), bring it to a boil, let it settle and pour off the liquid with care—add your drop of rose water to each demitasse cup, if you like. With the coffee comes the tricktrack board—backgammon to you—and a game played with little black rectangles marked with white dots, which you will identify without much trouble as dominoes. Being Oriental and wise, Near-Easterners like to take their ease after dining.

By
E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM
BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Poor man's food is what the Syrians modestly call their cookery. When the dessert course comes it's likely to consist of simple stewed pears, apples or apricots—but with a difference. The difference is two or three drops of rose water or orange-flower water, a delicately exotic flavor that will have your own tribe eating out of your hand if you try it on them.

There's nothing poverty-stricken about Syrian pastries, however. Those are miracles of flaky dough shortened to the vanishing point, rolled to chiffon thinness twenty or thirty layers to an inch, and stuffed to bursting with honey and pistachio nuts.

That one is called *baklawa.* Your Syrian housewife will bake her own *mamool,* a walnut of crumbly biscuit dough with the nut meats hidden inside. Or she will fry her *awamat,* a velvety doughnut, miniature size, dipped in a sugar syrup faintly tinged with rose water. But for her *baklawa* she'll not go near her kitchen. She'll send instead to a bakery run by a family that has handed down the secret for some three hundred years, and now flourishes no farther away than Brooklyn, New York.

OF COURSE IT'S RISKY,
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"Zingo–faster than a left jab," *I tells him*

I never knew there was so many fight fans in this town—an' they all seem to come to my station. I don't mind, having been in the fight game myself at one time, but they all want to gas about the fights—I can't get my sales talk in edgeways.

I think I got it figured out though. The next time some guy starts bending my ear about the fight game, I'll step out into the driveway an' square off.

"Look, brother," I'll say. "Watch that left hand—that's the way Golden Shell oil goes to work on your engine—like lightnin'!" I'll remind 'em how moving parts rub together dry, an' wear out the engine when that oil don't go to work *fast*.

"An' another thing, mister," I'll say, feintin' with my right. "This oil can go 15 rounds without even raisin' a sweat—I mean it's *tough*—it can take it!"

Then I let a left hook go—right on the button—"An' buddy, at 25¢ a quart, this oil is a *knockout!*" Boy will I be a *wow!*

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. I try it. But halfway through the act, the bell on the gas pump rings. What'd I do? I sat down on the runnin' board—just outa habit, thinking the bell meant the end of the round!

Ten-Goal Tommy

Continued from page 16

scoring No. 2 position as the "Big Four" of Stoddard, Hitchcock, Webb and Milburn regained the International Challenge Cup from England in London. This season at Meadow Brook, as the American mallet stars are preparing for next June's defense of the International Cup against England on Long Island, he is playing his sixteenth season as a ten-goal star. There are only two others in the game today: Stewart Iglehart, a brilliant young No. 3, and Cecil Smith, the long-hitting Texan who used to be a cowboy.

In 1935, Tommy Hitchcock was dropped to nine goals when injury dulled his form, but he still was at the polo peak because we had no ten-goal player that year. Smith and Winston Guest were the other 1935 nine-goalers. So it has been seventeen seasons—a long time to be at the top in a sport that combines the fundamentals of football, baseball, hockey and horse racing. A mistake in judgment when you bump horses at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour as you lean from your saddle to stroke a flying white willow ball may not mean ten seconds on the canvas or a sprained ankle for the trainer to mend, but concussions and broken arms or legs or collarbones.

But Hitchcock has been at the top in this game that is a sportsman's cavalry battle since Babe Ruth was just getting under way as a Yankee home-run hitter. Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier and was only fairly launched on his heavyweight championship career the year that Tommy Hitchcock played his first international polo. Gene Tunney was a preliminary fighter. Bill Tilden had been a tennis champion for only a year. Bobby Jones was two years away from his first national golf championship. Rogers Hornsby led the National League in hitting in that season of 1921, and Harry Heilmann the American.

There is a saying in the Meadow Brook country that the Hitchcock children learned to ride a horse before they learned to walk. And it's close to the literal truth. The elder Hitchcock, still active, was one of the pioneers of American steeplechasing, as well as a member of the first American international polo team. Mrs. Hitchcock was a gifted and enthusiastic horsewoman all her life; and master of the Aiken drag hunts for many years. To be a Hitchcock meant to be a polo player. That did not except the feminine members of the family any more than the father and his two sons, Tommy, Jr., and Frank.

Mrs. Hitchcock was a polo strategist no less than her husband and sons. In 1910, when Tommy was ten years old, Mrs. Hitchcock formed the Meadow Larks, a club of youngsters, boys and girls, of the Long Island neighborhood. Westbury folk became accustomed to seeing the Hitchcocks, mother, Tommy and two daughters, playing a game on the Hitchcock family field, opposed by neighbors' youngsters.

In the Lafayette Corps

At seventeen, president of his class at St. Paul's School in New Hampshire, football and hockey player, Tommy found his country at war. He applied for the air corps. He learned to fly, fulfilled requirements and passed tests. But he was too young for Army red tape.

On a visit to Tommy at St. Paul's School, his sister, Helen, probably his closest boyhood confidante, heard his plan. Tommy was going to join the Lafayette Corps — and immediately.

In an incredibly short time he had worked his way through the flying schools at Avord and Pau and went into action at the front, flying with Bill Wellman, Dave Putnam and other grim, grinning American boys.

Quickly he downed two German ships. The Croix de Guerre with three palms was his—and promotions. He rarely talks of the war now. Garrulousness is not a Hitchcock trait. There arrived the day when tight-lipped silence came to the family at home with word that Tommy, on March 6, 1918, had been shot down behind German lines and was missing. The family was in Aiken. A week later came word that Tommy was alive—but in prison. Attacked by three German planes, he had caught a bullet in the thigh.

Several months later he escaped and made his way to Switzerland. That was in August, 1918. The wound healed slowly because of malnutrition due to prison fare. There came hospital weeks in Paris. Armistice Day, November 11, found him on the Atlantic, en route home.

Businessman Tommy

Today, Tommy Hitchcock is the businessman Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., with offices in one of lower New York's chasms, where 9 A. M. finds him five days a week. Often he flies from his Sands Point home on Long Island to the city. His business day is not short. Polo matches in which he plays, save for late-season championship events, are scheduled no earlier than 5:30 P. M. on week days. But a spring, summer or fall day is lost that doesn't find him up on a polo mount for an hour or two—in practice or in a game. In the winter, he boxes frequently. At Harvard he played some football—not well, he says.

In build, he's powerful, stocky. But a stranger might not pick him as the athlete—until seen in action. Then he's rhythm. That's true at boxing as well as at polo. Joe Fitton, former fighter who trained Hitchcock for years and who boxed with him as polo preparation, says he has the kick of a horse in his right hand.

His greatest shot? He doesn't remember it. But Paul Brown, the artist whose sketches of horses and polo make the horse jump out at you, does remember. He went home to his studio that day and put the play on paper.

"It came in the eighth period of the Greentree-Santa Paula match at Meadow Brook in 1931," says Brown. "The Argentines, led by Manuel Andrada, were leading. Greentree needed two to tie it up. Tommy overrode the ball in midfield, checked and turned back on it as Joe Reynal came to him. Hitchcock had time only for a quick shot but got a full swing. He put everything he had into it as a pass to the goal mouth.

"José Reynal said afterward: 'I sat helpless and watched the ball climb into the wind. It wavered to right and left but held a generally true line. Finally it came to earth and rolled between the posts. It didn't seem possible.'

"Figuring from the point where the ball was hit near the middle of the field over by the sideboards, the length of the shot was about 170 yards."

Polo doesn't have yard-markers and measuring officials, as does football. The score's the thing, not recognition of the individual play. But it's a pity that stroke couldn't have had official recognition.

Sheer Flattery

Continued from page 18

for the dull-textured leg. The degree of dullness is predetermined by twist, however. All that turning of the strands tends to obviate light refraction, which is what a polished surface does when it reflects light. Some stockings have a shiny surface when you buy them, to make them look better on the stocking counter, but they get nice and dull as they are worn.

Stockings today are made in three different lengths, instead of the one—take it or leave it—our grandmothers wore, so no one need commit hosiery hara-kiri by tight gartering or garter-fastening below the welt. The short stocking is about 28 inches long, intended for women 5 feet 4 or under, who wear size 8 to 9½ hose. The average length is meant for the woman 5 feet 5 to 5 feet 7 and over, who wears size 8½ to 10½; it is 31 inches long. The long stocking measures 33 inches, and is for those stately damsels of 5 feet 7 and over, who wear size 9 to 11.

Handle with Care

Gauge is the least important of the widely advertised code words. It means nothing but that the stockings have been knit on a certain number of needles. High gauge makes a fine, closely knit stocking, but you can see that for yourself when you examine the stocking.

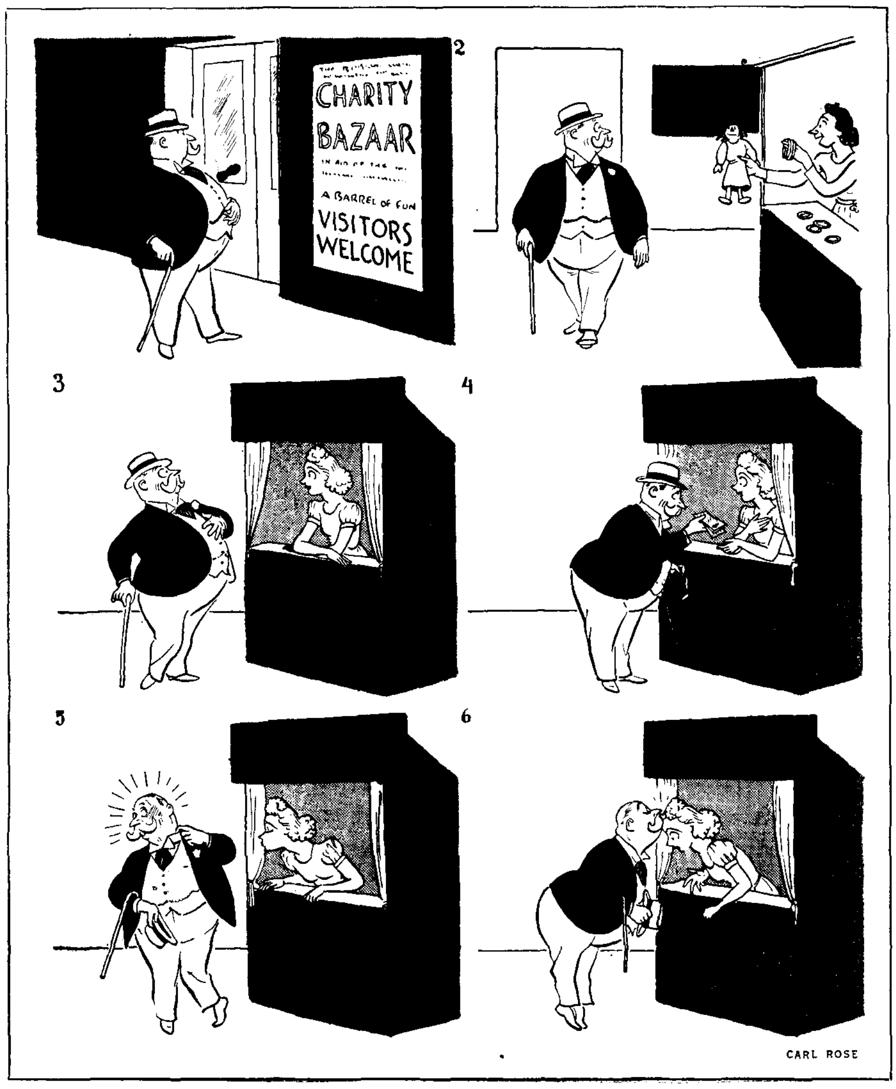
You can also see reinforced heels and toes, which protect the foot part of your stocking against friction, and they are what they appear to be: heels within heels, undercoats or overcoats of fabric.

However, you can have stocking trouble, even if you buy proper thread weight, twist, full-fashioning, gauge and reinforcements, unless you give your hose meticulous care after they are yours. Don't step into your stockings as if they were boots. Roll them gently from the top down to the toe, place your toes into the tip gingerly, gradually unwind the stocking with your forefinger, guiding the seam on the back. Keep your nails smooth. Rub cold cream into that bump at the back of your heel. The life of a stocking literally hangs by an easily severed thread.

Wash your stockings before you wear them; it takes away the shine and also releases the elasticity of the silk. And wash them carefully after every day's wear, for perspiration is the archenemy of silk. Don't wear the same pair every day; rotating two or three pairs, all of the same color, means you can remate them when one goes.

Wash them in lukewarm water, with well-dissolved soap flakes. Swish them up and down; don't twist them. For a nasty mud spot, directly apply a soap flake, then rinse. Never wring them. Wrap them in a Turkish towel, then hang them over a towel rack as Andrea Leeds does, with a towel on top so they don't slide off. If you want them to keep their shape, pull the seams out, wet, as they were when the stockings were new.

You can't tell what section of the country a girl comes from by her stockings any more, for the same shades are popular in New York, El Paso and Seattle. There are about eight new colors a season, sixteen a year, and more than half are similar in tone. This fall we will have a rosy beige shade to blend with the vintage colors decreed for our fall costumes, and golden tan, to accompany browns and greens. They will be called rose-blush or honey-gold, no doubt—why do manufacturers choose such meaningless names for colors? But whatever they are christened, it's certain they will continue to cloak American girls' legs with—that naked look.



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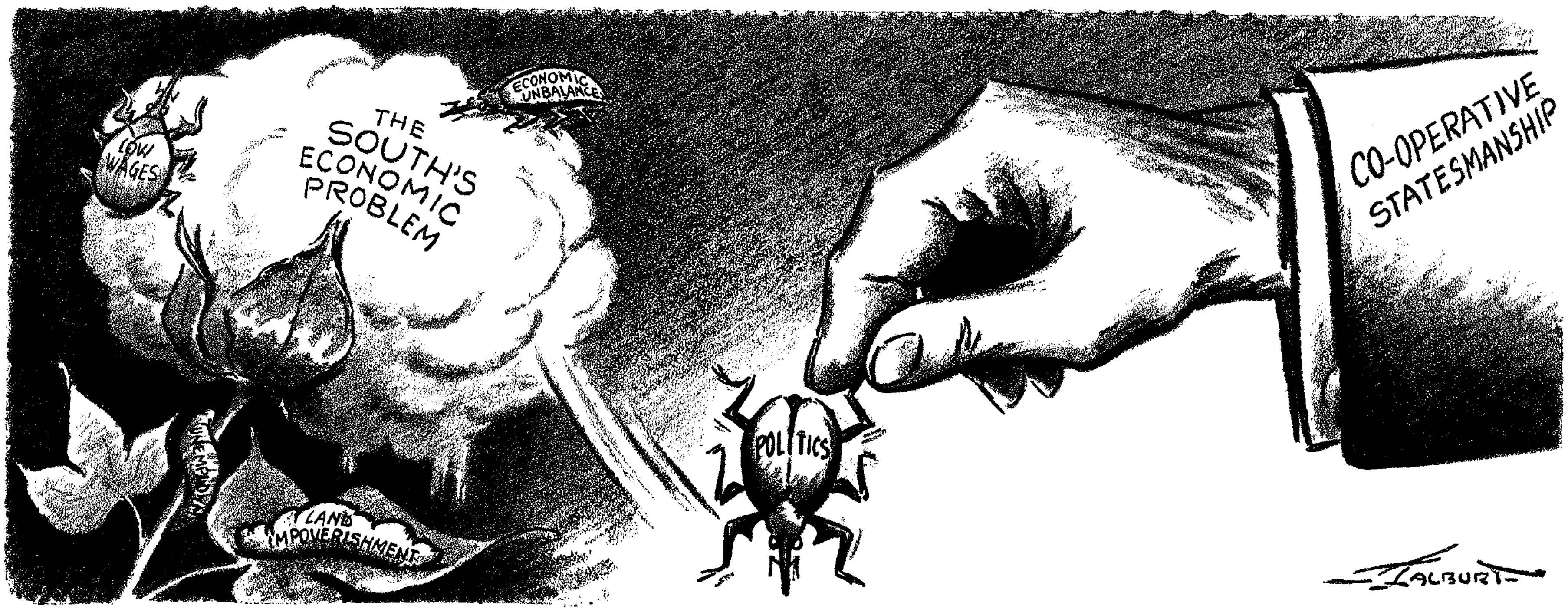

In Fairness to the South

A ROUGH justice sanctions the present ambition of the federal government to make of itself a society for improving the condition of the poor South. Previous national policies helped to make the South poor. What one administration takes away a subsequent administration may seek to restore.

Few politicians even in high office are wise enough to play the role of destiny or Deity in the creation of new worlds or in the destruction of old ones. So if Washington is to undertake a solution of the problem of Southern poverty, it is just as well to find out what Southerners themselves think and want done about their own affairs. Lowell Mellett is now making such an effort on behalf of the President.

No doubt exists of the comparative poverty of the South. By every token, the South has less money to spend than other sections. Agriculture is at the bottom of the scale so far as money is a measure. Even in a boom year such as 1929, the average individual income of the farm population of twelve Southern states was barely $162. It is difficult to understand how any American could be fed and clothed, to say nothing of being educated, kept in health or entertained, on any such sum. Many, however, lived on less.

The income of any farmer is limited by his production. Agriculture in other sections is more productive than in the South. So we find that on the average the California farmer earned ten times as much as the South Carolina farmer when the Brookings Institution made a study of America's capacity to consume.

Despite the poverty of much of their land the people of South Carolina are quite as proud as the citizens of California or New York, and they will instinctively resent having good done to them in a superior way even by their own national government. The South acquired a lasting distaste for the uplift methods of the national government during the Reconstruction era seventy years ago. Then, as now, in the Wages and Hours law, moral reform and financial advantage were so tangled that it was not certain what motive was uppermost. The South was uplifted ethically while the North and West were economically enriched.

The crude facts are that as a result of the forces set in motion seventy-five years ago Southerners are economically handicapped. The land itself has been wasted. One social order died with Abraham Lincoln. In the following decades there was too little money to protect the land. So arable soil was washed away. Lands, fertile under an ancient system of agriculture, became sterile when free men lacked the resources to prevent erosion. Productive farms of two generations ago are desert lands now.

Slavery could not be endured. The methods of production based on slave labor had to be destroyed. No doubt there. But while Americans quarreled over the solution of political and social problems, rains continued to fall and the Mississippi and other great rivers continued to float fertile soils down to the sea. Land itself, the support of all human life, became poorer.

The task of stopping the impoverishment of the soil in the South, or in the North or West, for that matter, is so large, so comprehensive, and, incidentally, so thankless, that only the national government could hope to carry the burden.

On the general proposition of saving the land from further destruction and of restoring its fertility where possible, there will be little argument.

The poverty of the poor farms made possible the low wage scales paid in some factories. This was as true of the Pennsylvania silk mills as of Southern cotton mills. Wives and daughters of Pennsylvania coal miners were willing to work for little when factories were moved to the coal regions. The sons and daughters of Southern farmers were willing, at first, to take factory jobs at wages below those paid in the North and West.

In recent years, however, rates in some Southern sections have risen and today, according to the Department of Labor, the South by no means has the lowest wages in all industries.

The decent purpose behind the Wages and Hours law was to raise these low Southern wage scales. Freedom from Southern competition rather than compassion for ill-paid Southern workers explained the support given this measure by Northern industrial states.

Nobody knows yet just what effect that operation of the Wages and Hours law will have upon the South. When it is made effective it will act as a tariff between the states. The consequences of a new tariff may be very far-reaching.

What has been happening in recent years is a migration of Southerners north and west. Three million people born in the South are now living west of the Mississippi.

More favorable economic opportunity has inspired this great migration. Not least important of the present influences are the large relief expenditures available in the Northern states. All of this, even the desire to be eligible for more generous relief allowance, is the expression of the desire of Southerners, white and Negro, to better their own material situation.

Before the World War many European nations made definite and, upon the whole, successful efforts to improve and to conserve their lands so that the basis of a better living might be provided. The standard of living in this country actually rose higher than in any other country. At the same time, once-fertile lands in the South and elsewhere in the United States were destroyed at an accelerated rate.

Certainly the destruction of good land and the consequent impoverishment of the people invite the wisest and most constructive thought available. If the government is to intervene in the South, however, a spirit different from that seeking merely to get rid of low-cost industrial competition will have to be found. The problem of increasing the income and lifting the standard of living of a great region calls for all generosity of purpose and the winning of the co-operation of those immediately concerned. Statesmen and not politicians are needed.

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